

CHILDREN'S world

Rs 4

APRIL 1981

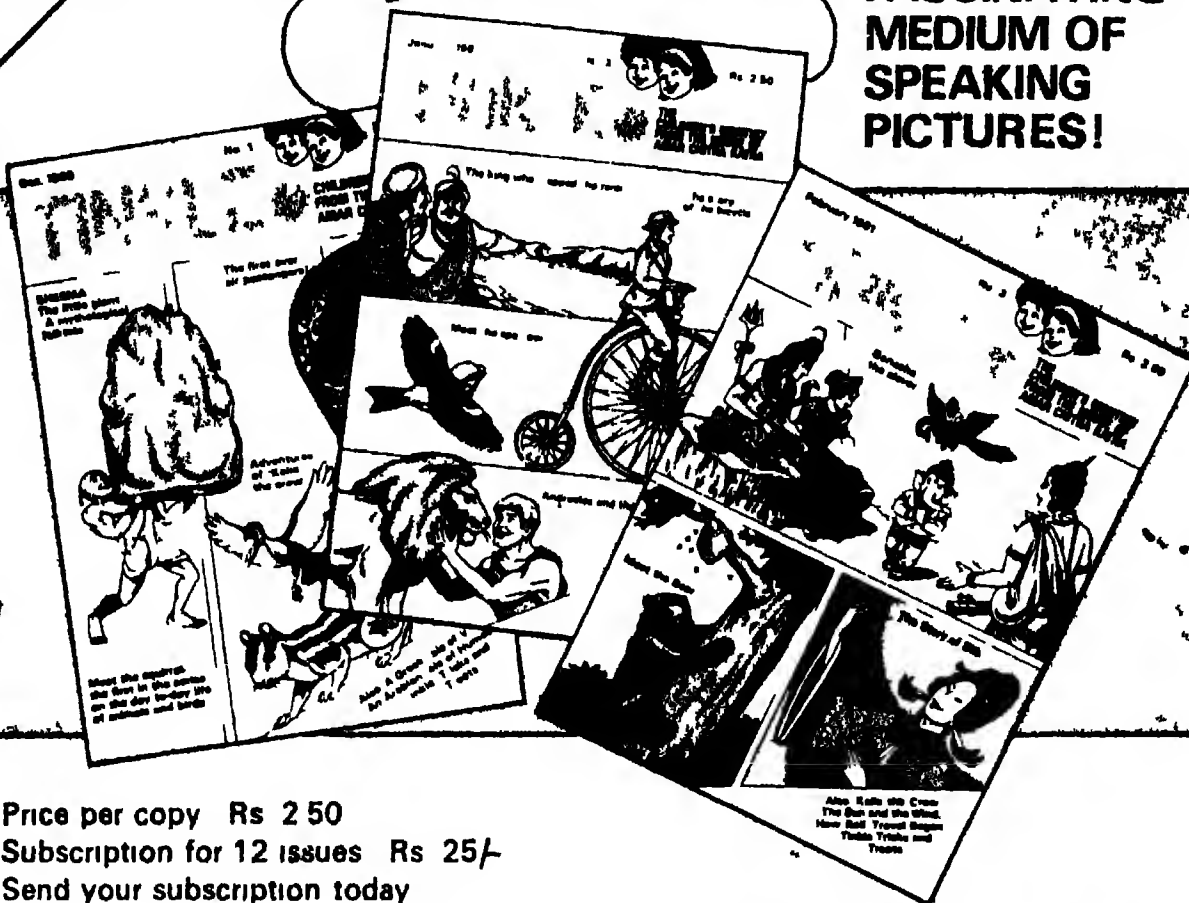


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**Cover : Prime Minister Indira Gandhi and one of the
prizewinners of Shankar's International Children's
Competition (1979)**

(Transparency by our Staff Photographer)

(See pages 46, 47, 48 49)

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An Experiment

WE wish to take you into confidence and tell you about an exercise that we indulged in, recently

WHENEVER a subscriber failed to renew his subscription or discontinued it, we sent him a questionnaire to find out why he had done so

WEREN'T the replies revealing? In nine cases out of ten, our erstwhile readers stated they had **outgrown CHILDREN'S WORLD**

YES, revealing they are, because we feel **your** magazine has something for **everybody**.

IT was Prime Minister Indira Gandhi, who remarked the other day at a children's function that "within each grown-up there is a child hiding", just as there are 'many grown-ups within every child'

ALL the more reason why "grown-up" children, too, shouldn't take an equal interest in whatever children find fascinating

THAT brings us closer to the point we wanted to remind you of. We stand on the threshold of the fourteenth year of our unique experiment in journalism of making children and 'growing-up' children, too, take a look at their own talents — in black-and-white and colour!

IF we have succeeded in this experiment, it is all due to **you** — whether you have been just a reader or a contributor-reader. It has been an association of abiding value and everlasting friendship

GOOD wishes, and exciting reading for another twelve months!

EDITOR

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TWO CAN PLAY

(Photographs: S. Janardanan)

Here's Silky and Dinky who
look so much the same,
They never seem to tire of this
bling game



'MEOW' calls Mama,
"Will you now quit all play
And eat your food?
I can't wait all day



'Just a moment, Mama,
We'll be there in a trice,
You lay out the saucer,
Just milk will suffice"

AY A GAME

Text : Navin Rajen)

'I'm waiting — I'm waiting,
Do you hear me, I say,
Come down this minute,
Or I'll come up all the way



One pump and two pumps,
And three pumps and four,
The kittens are home
Before Mama reaches the door



Very hungry, indeed, and so
greedily too,
They lap up their milk until
they are through!





"Good night" is one thing
they don't happily say
Curled up like fur balls,
What an end to the day!!



A year of fulfilment

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- * Relief granted to 1.85 lakh unemployed youth
- * Health Card Scheme benefiting 55 lakh School students launched
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- * Fishermen welfare activities constituted in 400 fishing villages. Ten thousand houses for fishermen nearing completion—construction of another 15000 taken up. Insurance scheme for fishermen introduced
- * Rs. 300 crore scheme for raising the economic conditions of the Harijans above poverty line drawn up
- * Interest relief scheme benefiting 1.35 lakh small farmers introduced
- * 33 point relief and reform measures announced in the budget implemented

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open an alternate path of progress**

Department of Public Relations
Government of Kerala



the redsilk cotton tree



AISHVARYA stood under the Red-Silk-Cotton-Tree which was in full bloom. Lots of silky-smooth red flowers lay like a carpet around the tree. Aishvaarya had picked up all the best ones. There were so many flowers that if she tried to walk, they fell one by one from the fold of her frock. Aishvaarya wondered what she could do with her jholi'ful of flowers. They were so pretty, with their huge red, silky soft petals, and the hard greenish black sepals—Mummy would love to have them!

Aishvaarya looked up at the tree. It was a huge gnarled tree, and there were so many, many flowers on the branches. She could come here for days and days to collect them. But how could she take them home?

There was a knot in the gnarled tree and below the knot a cubby hole. Could she leave the flowers there, while she raced home to fetch a basket?

Aishvaarya moved slowly towards the hole on her grubby, knotty knees.

PLOP went the first flower into the hole—and S-C-R-E-E-M! M M M followed a gentle tinkling—glass-bell-like scream from inside. "Who's that?" asked a sweet, soft tinkling voice. "Silky, Silky, how many times have I told you? I DON'T WANT ANY MORE RED-SILK DRESSES THIS YEAR! If you don't want to give me any soft white cotton from your pods, just say so. But I'M NOT GOING TO WEAR any more red-silk dresses, so THERE!"

Aishvaarya was so startled she didn't know where to look, or what to say. All she could see were some squirrels, a crow, and some other birds on the tree, and THEY don't talk! Before she could turn and run home, another voice spoke.

"Aw! Scarlet, you know it's not me," said the kindly-gruff old voice. "Why should I give you my beautiful red-silk-cotton-flowers to wear as frocks, if you don't want them? I'm not going to waste them on you, anyway. You can have

all the cotton you like. I have found a new admirer for my red-silk-cotton-flowers”

“NEW ADMIRER?” asked the tmg-a-lmg-lmg lady’s voice. “Who is SHE? WHERE IS SHE?”

“She’s the one who put the flower in your house, Scarlet. Come on, and see. It’s little Aishvaarya, and she’s gathered lots and lots of red silk cotton-flowers. But she doesn’t know how to carry them home!”

Aishvaarya crouched lower and lower now. She didn’t know what to do! Who would come out of the hole? From the voice, she knew, the gruff one was the nice old red silk-cotton-tree himself. But Scarlet? Was she a-a witch or-or-a-a FAIRY?

“O-O-Oh!” said the tinkle bell voice. “Oh, it’s you. And you are called Aishvaarya!”

Aishvaarya looked up and was startled to see a little doll-sized girl, wearing an upturned red-silk-cotton flower like a hock. On her head she wore the greenish sepals like a cap. How beautiful she looked with those red wings through which everything looked red.

“Helloooo Aishvaarya,” sang Scarlet. “I’ve been seeing you everyday. And I was wondering when you would come to play under this tree. Oh! I’m so lucky. I’ve found a friend at last. Will you come here every day?”

“Ya, I mean Yes, yes, yes, yes I will,” said little Aishvaarya. “Yes I will, Scarlet, but tell me, are you really a REAL FAIRY?”

“Ha-ha-ha—ha,” laughed Scarlet in her tinkle bell voice. “Yes, little Aishvaarya, I REALLY AM A REAL FAIRY. Come, I’ll show you how to make a garland of those red-silk-cotton-flowers. Then you can come here every day, play with me, and gather lots and lots



of red-silk-cotton flowers for your mother.

Oh, how wonderful that will be, Scarlet. Thank you so much. Thank you so much, Red-Silk-Cotton-Tree—for the flowers! Aishvaarya remembered to add.

Then Scarlet and Aishvaarya sat down beneath the huge Red-Silk-Cotton-Tree and made a beautiful garland out of the red-silk-cotton-flowers.

At last it was ready, and Aishvaarya and Scarlet decided to play. But just then Aishvaarya’s mother called out to her.

“I must go now, Scarlet,” she told the fairy. “I’ll come tomorrow and every day, okay?” Bye-bye and thank you.”

“Okay, Aishvaarya, bye-bye,” replied Scarlet in her tmg-a-lmg voice. “Oh, what a lovely secret we both have! You are my friend and I am yours,” she sang as Aishvaarya raced home.



"Mummy, Mummy, see what I got,"
Aishwarya yelled as she ran into the
house. "See, Mummy, a garland of red-
silk-cotton-flowers for Ganpatibapa's pu-
ja," she panted, saying it all in the same
breath. "And, Scarlet and I will make
one every day for Ganpatibapa,"
she added, while her mother wondered
who Scarlet was. But Aishwarya would
not tell her. It was hers and Scarlet's
and the Red-Silk-cotton Tree's secret
you see!

Vaijayanti Tonpe



MUDDU was a big dog. She had a little pup called Rustom. Rustom loved to play under the big trees. He loved to frighten small pussycats. And chase birds and butterflies. And play with his friends, the bigger dogs near his house.

One day, he saw a cat sleeping on top of a tree.

'Ah-ah! A pussy to chase! What fun!' he thought.

"Bow-wow!" he barked, trying to climb the tree. "Bow-wow-wow!" BOW!

But the pussy slept on. And Rustom couldn't climb the tree.

'How dull to be a dog!' thought Rustom. 'I wish I could be a cat. Then I could climb trees, play there and eat there. And curl up and sleep there, too! Oh-oh-ooohhh!' he cried. 'I want to be a cat!'

He cried so much that a fairy who lived on the tree heard him. She poked her head out of her house.

'Who's crying?' she asked.

"It's me!" said Rustom, with a sob. "I want to become a pussy."

"A pussycat?" asked the fairy with surprise. "Hey, you little puppy, you can't become a cat by crying!"

'Then what should I do?' asked Rustom, eagerly.

THE DOG WHO WANTED TO BE...



'Well, said the fairy, "since you've asked me, I'll make you a cat."

Swish! went her wand. And Rustom was a cat!

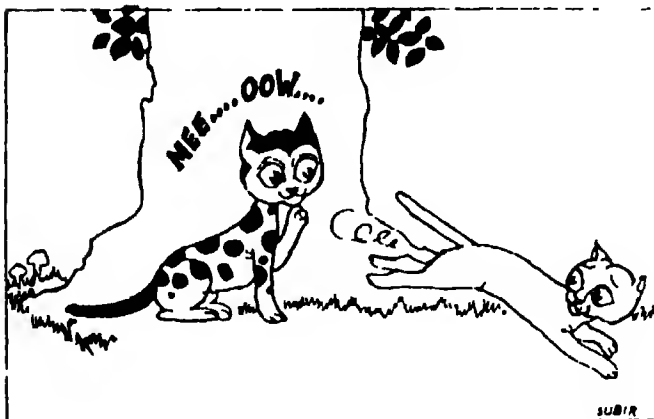
The dog-who-wanted-to-be-a-cat looked at himself with wonder. He was so happy that he wagged his tail. But the tail only curled upwards!

'Bow-wow!' he barked happily, but what came out was a soft meow. oow! Still Rustom was very happy.

He jumped onto the tree, purred 'thank you' and was off! He thought he would play with the sleeping kitten. He wanted to be friends with her. But the dog-cat still smelt like a dog, you see, and the kitten got frightened. She jumped up and ran away!

So the doggie-cat had no one to play with. At last, he just curled up and went to sleep.

Now as he slept, two monkeys came there. They made so much noise that they woke up Rustom. Rustom sat up and watched the monkeys have fun. They jumped from branch to branch. They swung by their tail, by their front



legs, back legs, and even with one paw! Oh! What fun they were having!

"Play with me?" asked Rustom, the dog-cat

But the monkeys just dived to another branch

"Play with a stupid little cat!" they said and giggled

"I'm not a stupid little cat!" said Rustom angrily "And I can jump just like you!"

He jumped and CR ASH! Down he fell!

He tried again and again, till the monkeys, who were laughing so much, almost fell off the tree!

"Sto-o-p-id cat" they giggled "Trying to imitate us!"

Now Rustom felt very sad. He wanted to cry. Suddenly, he remembered the fairy. So

"Chir chir chir!" he scratched the bark of her door. "Chir-chir-chir!"

"Who's that disturbing my sleep?" asked the fairy, as she opened the door of her house. "Oh, it's you. You want to become a dog again?"

"A dog? Chee!" said the dog-cat. "I want to be a monkey!"

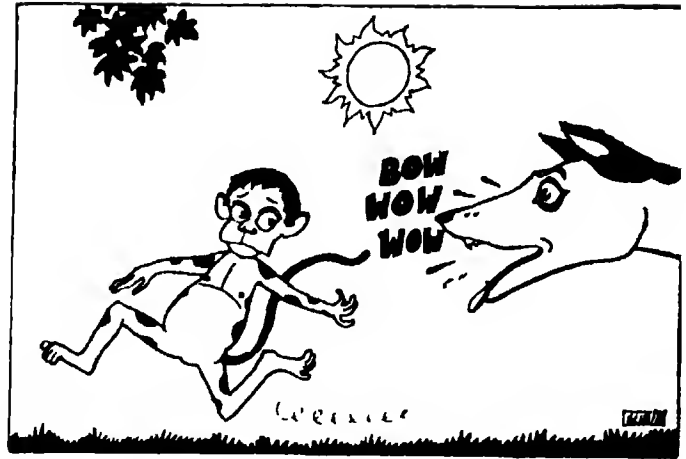
"Okay! Last time. Don't come to me again!" said the fairy.

Swish! went her wand. And Rustom became a monkey!

"Thank you! Thank you!" chattered the dog-monkey as he looked at his long tail, furry body, and four monkey legs.

Happily he jumped in and out of the branches. He swung by his tail. He took flying leaps from tree to tree.

"What fun! Oh! What great fun!"



sang the dog-monkey "Wheee! Watch me go!"

He took a l-o-n-g jump to a far-away tree and

CR-R-A-ASH!

Down, down he fell.

"Hee, hee, hee!" laughed some birds that were sitting on the branch of the tree. "The monkey thinks he is a bird! Silly monkey! Hee, hee, hee!"

The dog-monkey felt very sad, indeed. The monkeys had gone away to their forest again. But Rustom didn't want to go. He was feeling hungry. And tired. And sleepy. And he wanted to be with his mother again.

He jumped down and ran to where she was lying in the sun.

"Bow-wow-wow!" barked his mother at him. "How dare you come here you monkey! BOW BOW!"

"I am Rustom!" cried the dog-monkey.

But his mother couldn't recognise him.

"Bow-wow! WOW!" she barked. And all Rustom's friends, the big dogs who lived near their house also joined in. And they all chased Rustom away.

The dog-monkey quickly jumped onto

the topmost branch of a tree

"Huhum huhum mm I" he
cried "I don't want to be a mon- key!
I wa- ant to be a dog only! I want to
be with my mo- ther! I want to play
with my friends! I want to be Rustom
the dog!"

"And you will be, my little friend!"
said a kind voice

Rustom looked up. And there was the
fairy, smiling at him

"Please, fairy, I made a mistake," said
Rustom the dog-monkey. "A dog should
be a dog."

And a monkey a monkey! said the
fairy with a laugh

"Yes!" said Rustom, wiping away his
tears. "Can you make me a dog again?
Please?"



Swish! went the wand. And Rustom
became a dog again—a happy little
puppy

And you couldn't have found a hap-
pier dog in the whole world!

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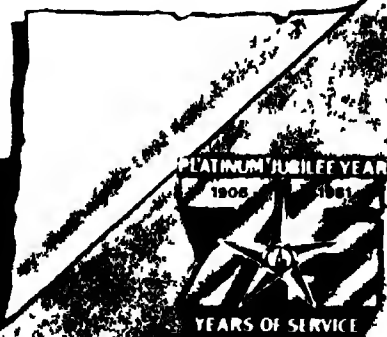


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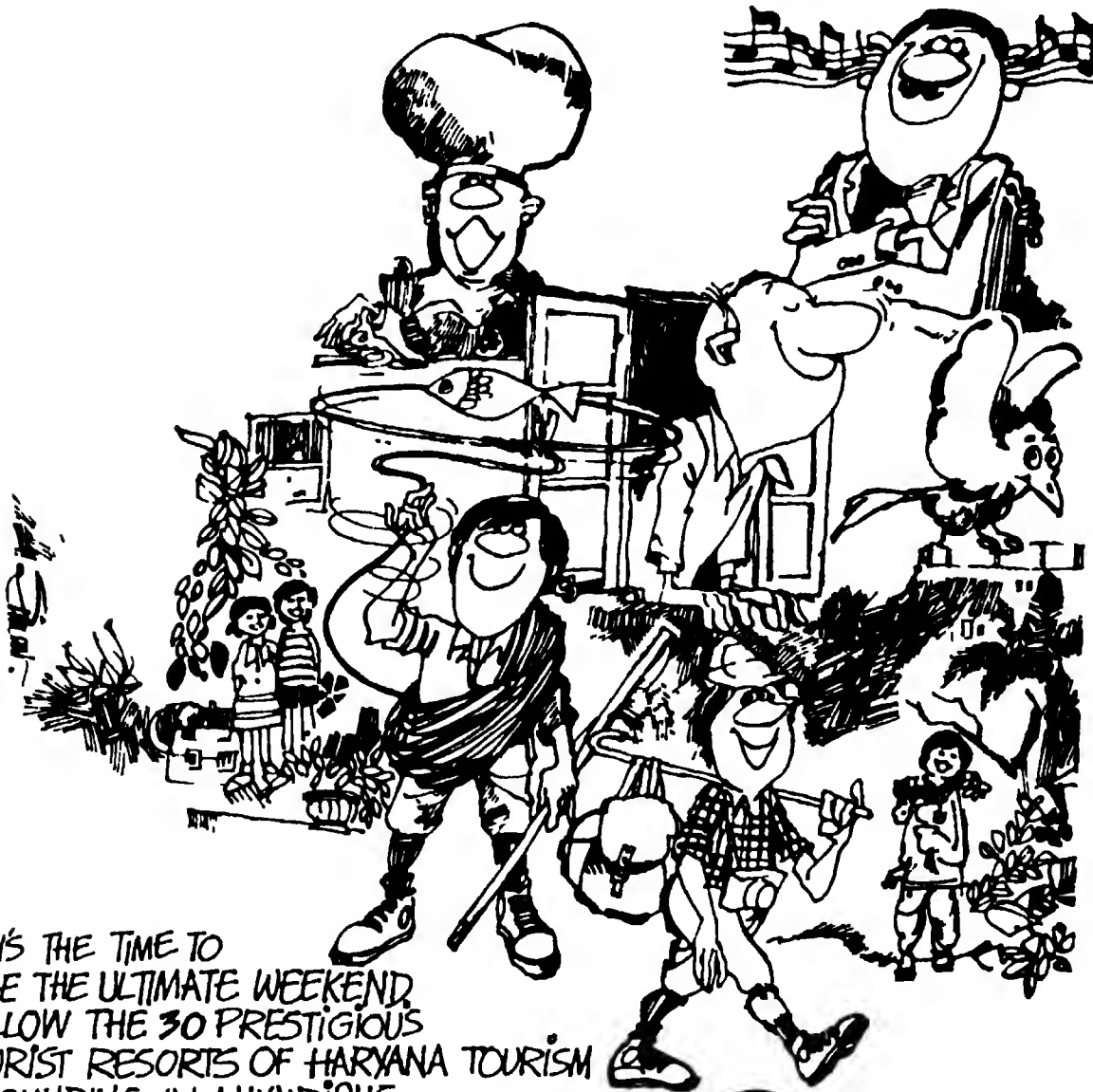
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When the Cat Is Away

—Written and illustrated by Geeta Sekharan—

EVERYONE was afraid of Grand-uncle. He was big and tall. My! So tall that if six-year-old Shalu, the youngest of us, stretched herself on her toes she could only reach the top of his big brown belly.

A long nose with a bump in it and glittering eyes of which, acting on our mothers' advice, we kept out of sight, made an awesome face. Most terrifying of all was his shock of shining thick white hair (Maya wanted to know what shampoo he used) which danced menacingly on his head. Grand-uncle was always in a long white khadi *kurta* and a sparkingly clean white *dhoti*, one end of which he held in his hand as he walked.

"I know Mummy says I must not say such things," Shalu would say. But Grand-uncle walks just like Chandu, the temple elephant.

A faithful umbrella which accompanied Grand-uncle wherever he went, now swung in the air, now tapped the ground in a slow rhythmic beat.

But Shalu had this to add as we watched the portly but majestic figure disappear through the gate, "he never smiles like Chandu."

And he had never even spoken to me. Every one—mother, aunts, uncles, cousins, granny—was afraid of Grand-uncle. Even I.

We were all in my granny's house in a village in Kerala for the holidays—Pradeep, Maya, Shalu and me, Rahul, of course. We'd been pushed out of the kitchen where my mother and aunts sat cutting vegetables for lunch and gossiping (they call it exchanging news). "Go away," they sighed when they saw us. "Go away and play—or Grand-uncle will be here soon and catch you children."



We trooped out and peeped into the separate two-roomed house in granny's compound where Grand-uncle lived. Grand-uncle was nowhere about. In a burst of courage I said, "It's so hot outside, let's play in Grand-uncle's room. There's a lot of time before he comes back from the club."

Kalyani, granny's old cat, followed us into the clean, cool room and weakly sniffed at the single cot, table, and chair, which left us a lot of space.

"Poor Kalyani!" Pradeep lifted her onto his lap. "She's had twenty-three children and they've all deserted her in her old age."

It was actually I who started it. Looking at the inkpot, pen, and books neatly arranged on the table, a picture of Mahatma Gandhi on the wall, I thought of Grand-uncle and said slowly, "Imagine if you were Grand-uncle's son."

"Gosh! Rahul!", everyone shuddered. "And brought home a bad report," continued Maya.

"Like *you* did these exams?" I asked sweetly.

"Okay, don't you two start again," Pradeep glared long-sufferingly at us, "but think how you would feel when Grand-uncle raised his umbrella to whack you."

Saying this, Pradeep pulled out an imaginary umbrella from under his arm and started swinging it at poor Kalyani, who scrambled bewildered around the room while Maya squeaked, "Please Grand-uncle—I mean father—I promise not to climb more than two trees a day or sing while I'm studying!"

"Yes, and that's what we'll get if Grand-uncle catches us now," said Shalu, her eyes large and scared, looking at us and collapsing with laughter.

"Oh, don't be a baby—he's not going to return till lunch-time," I said amiably.

"You know what?" started Pradeep. "Mummy was telling me that when they were kids, too, he was a great terror. During the Independence struggle, he fasted for ten whole days in jail."



"Not *ten* days!" echoed Maya disbelievingly. "He's not a superman."

"Oh, but he is," said Shalu simply.

"Gosh!" I mused. "I couldn't stay ten *hours* without food."

"Ten minutes is more like it," corrected Maya witheringly.

"And they say," piped Shalu, "he always had a terrible temper, and if anyone annoyed him—he—"

"Boiled him and ate him for dinner," I completed.

"No!" breathed Shalu aghast.

"Of course he made him wash behind his ears first."

"Even Mummy's afraid of him," reported Pradeep. "Remember how that day—Leela!" he called in as gruff a voice as he could manage, imitating Grand-uncle.

"Yes, Grand-uncle?" answered Maya timidly, acting the part of Pradeep's mother.

"What is this that's happening?" bellowed Pradeep walking up and down. "I see that your son Unni—"

"Pradeep!" Leela auntie reminded him.

"Yes, Pradeep—he doesn't seem to know a word of his mother-tongue! Disgraceful!"

"Er— yes, Uncle, the thing is —" muttered Leela aunty apologetically

"Do you know the greatness of our language and literature?" thundered Pradeep

"Only granny won't listen to his lectures—but even she's scared of him," I said

"But the way she *tries* to scold him " Maya's eyes gleamed, and she hobbled around like granny does and shook her fists at Pradeep still 'Grand-uncle' "Yes, yes, you come home for lunch at *two* o'clock Why as early as two? Make it three o'clock tomorrow " said 'granny' with sarcasm

"You know I've work at the club," interposed 'Grand-uncle'

"Work!" repeated 'granny' irritated "I know what your work is at the club—reading the newspaper which you've already read at home, and gossiping with people whom you see ten times a day Work—Pah!"

"Now, Sarsu," began Grand-uncle' knitting his eyebrows together "You let me do my business or—"

"Okay, okay" 'granny' retreated, seeing 'Grand-uncle's' temper rise, but continued grumbling under her breath "No, don't listen to me Men! You'll never change! The spots of a—" here Maya groped for the right words "Once a leopard, always a leopard," she finished glibly

We giggled at Maya's version of the conversation "But it's Pannamma who takes the cake I said, remembering the woman who sweeps the courtyard I picked up an imaginary broom and started poking the ground lazily, more interested in the sights around Suddenly, my jaw dropped and shouting, "The master! He's coming!" I began to sweep furiously, clearing the way for Grand-uncle

The laughter in the room suddenly shrank to a trickle, a splutter and then—dreadful silence I, who had my back to the door, turned And froze The door was slightly ajar and standing there was Grand-uncle!

I felt a sickening weakness in my knees as I realised he had been standing there all the while He stepped into the room We stood, rooted and speechless, knowing well what was to follow

"And what does Grand-uncle do when he finds four monkeys imitating him?" asked Grand-uncle with deceptive mildness

I glanced at his umbrella fearfully and then gathering all my courage said hopefully, "He—only—twists—then—ears?"

"No!" he boomed

Our hearts sank So it was going to be the umbrella-treatment

Grand-uncle suddenly swooped down with his umbrella and—poked my tummy!

"Not bad," he said appreciatively "You were almost as good as us when we used to mimic *our* grand-uncle And I thought you city children didn't know how to have some fun Always creeping around like Kalyani along the corners of the rooms!"

As he spoke we gathered around him in astonishment "You, Grand-uncle? You, too?"

"Yes" he chuckled

"Now he looks as friendly as Chandu," whispered Shalu

"We used to have this dreadful grand-uncle who seemed like a monster to us, and we used to get our own back on him by holding these mimicry sessions" confessed Grand-uncle

"But now we won't be able to do it any more," said Shalu

"Why ever not?" asked Grand-uncle with concern

"B-because you don't seem like a monster any longer," she said

Grand-uncle's belly was shaking with laughter beneath the spotless kurta, and we all grinned He turned to Maya and asked in a loud whisper "Tell me, does Sarasu—your granny—really say all that about my coming home late?"



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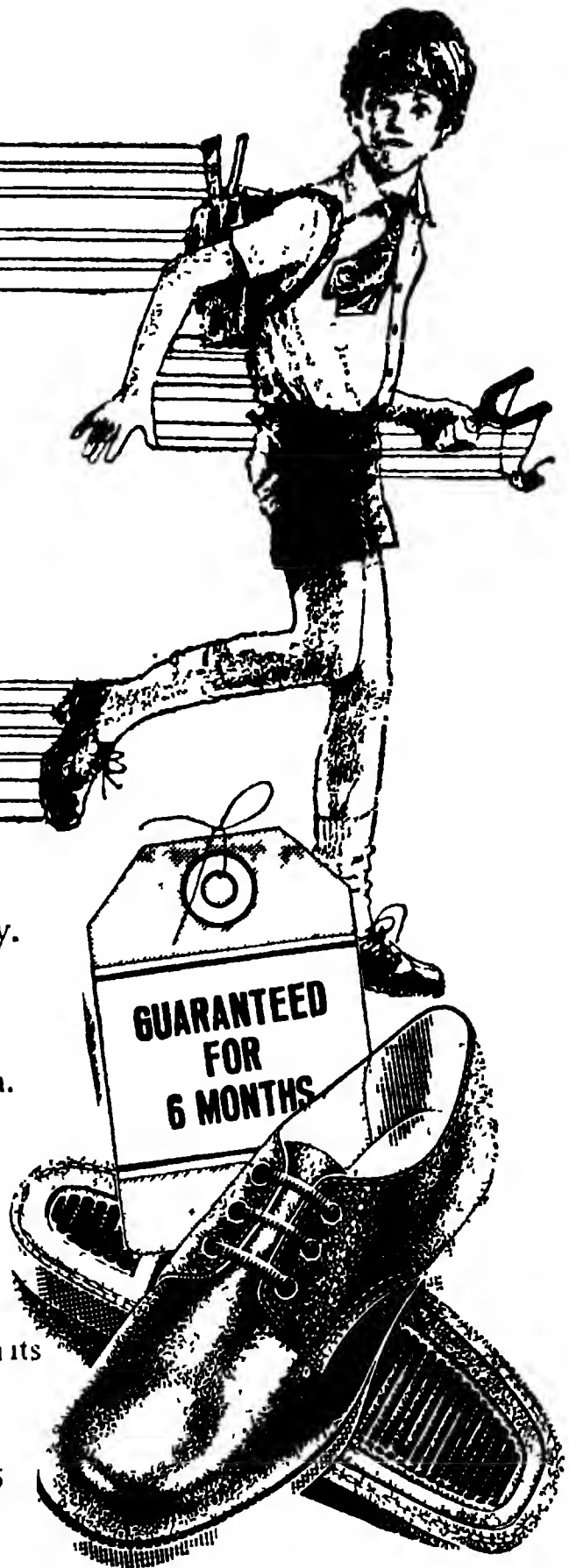
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THE TWO FRIENDS

MEENAKSHI and Devaya were good friends. Right from childhood they had played and stayed together. Even when they grew up, they remained friends. Early morning every day, they would get up and go to the river for their bath. As Devaya went into the water, she would praise the good Lord and say, "Long live God!"

Meenakshi would always say, 'Long live the King!' and every day Devaya would chide Meena. 'Why do you say 'Long live the King'? Don't you know it is God who has made the King?'

To this Meenakshi would reply, "Don't you know the King is greater than God? What has God done for us? We are as poor as we were once. But the King can do a lot for us."

One day the king's men heard the two friends talking thus, and went back and reported the matter to the king. 'Your Majesty, there is a girl in your kingdom who prays for your welfare

every day.

The king became curious and asked them what more they knew about her. The men then told him how the two friends had been going to the river for their bath every morning and what they were talking. The king ordered his men to bring Meenakshi to his court.

Accordingly, the next day, the king's men accosted Meenakshi and delivered the king's message. Meenakshi immediately finished her bath and accompanied them to the king's court.

The king asked her, "Why do you say 'Long live the King' when you go for your bath?"

Because, the girl replied simply, 'You're greater than the greatest. All this kingdom is yours, and you can fulfil everyone's wish.'

'Then, why doesn't your friend also say so?' the king asked her.

"Your Majesty, she does not understand. She thinks God is greater than

you, and in her ignorance says, 'Long live the God'."

The king was very pleased by her faith in him and ordered his men to fill up a fresh large pumpkin with precious jewels and give it to her.

Meenakshi took the royal gift and went home, though wondering what she should do with such a large pumpkin. She would not be able to eat all of it, she thought. She therefore, went to the gardener and sold it to him for 40 copper coins. With the money she bought foodstuff and cooked a good meal for herself. She was grateful to the king for making her forget for once what hunger is.

It so happened that it was Annakoot day and Devavam wanted to offer the Lord a variety of dishes. She went to the market and bought a few things but she could not get pumpkin, without which her offering to God would be incomplete. So, she went to the gardener, thinking he might help her. He remembered the pumpkin he had bought from Meenakshi, and sold it to Devavam for 80 copper coins. He felt quite pleased with himself for having made a profit in the deal.

Devavam took the pumpkin home and set about preparing the meal for the Lord. When she cut open the pumpkin, her astonishment knew no bounds. It was full of precious jewels. She prayed to the Lord and thanked Him for the bounty He had given her. She decided to use all that wealth to build a temple for him. Soon the temple was built and Devavam visited it every day to offer prayers.

One day it occurred to the king that he should find out what had happened to Meenakshi. He called his men and asked them to bring news of the girl.

'Yom Majesty,' reported the courtiers, "she is still as poor as ever. She

moves about in tattered clothes. But her faith in you has not waned."

"Bring her to me," ordered the king.

Meenakshi was brought to the court. "What did you do with the pumpkin I gave you?" asked the king.

"Yom Majesty," she replied, "I cannot tell you how grateful I am to you for that pumpkin. It was too big for me to eat it myself. So, I sold it to the gardener for 40 coins and with the money I made a good meal. It was one of the best meals I had ever had!"

'Thimpph' was all the king said before sending her away.

He then called for the gardener and asked him about the pumpkin.

"Yes, Yom Majesty, I remember buying a pumpkin for 40 coppers and then selling it to another girl for 80 coins," said the gardener.

'Do you know where that girl lives?' asked the king.

'Everyone knows her, she is a great devotee and has just had a temple constructed.'

The king ordered his men to bring the girl to his court. Of course, she was none other than Devavam. The king asked her how she had managed to build a beautiful temple.

It is all due to the benevolence of my God, she replied, and went on to tell him how God had given her a lot of precious jewels in a pumpkin that she had bought from a gardener to prepare a feast for God on Annakoot day.

The king then realised how small he really was and how great God was. For, even though he had thought he would make Meenakshi rich with his gifts, it was Devavam who really got them, for God had willed it so.

He thanked Devavam for having opened his eyes and for making him a humble and wiser man.

Madhuri Sahai

Juneli at St. Avila's

THE STORY SO FAR

Juneli is quiet during the long drive to her boarding school. Her father Mr. Choudhary's attempts at cheering her up are in vain. After their parents have left, Juneli and her friends have a lot of news to exchange. They do this in the Green Dorm, where Balbinder causes a minor flutter with her curling-pins. But Balbinder's fate does not prove as interesting as the excitement of meeting a new girl in their dorm. But Urvashi Dastidar, Mr. Choudhary's friend Dr. Dastidar's daughter, turns out to be a little baby elephant who is determined to dislike not only Juneli and her friends, but everything about St. Avila's.

The excitement of being back at St. Avila's is heightened the next day when Mother Superior announces the election-by-vote of a new headgirl because the present headgirl, Swaroopa Gupta, has gone abroad.

Juneli and her friends almost end up coming to blows, because there is divided opinion on the choice of the next headgirl. Juneli, Rita and Latha would prefer Alka or Jamila to be headgirl because they have qualities of leadership, but Balbinder and her gang would prefer Sheila Talwar or Radha Dixit because both of them are fashionable and smart.

The quarrel is averted because the girls are distracted by Moustachio's blue nudi. Moustachio is actually a teacher of Bengali and otherwise a poet, well-known for his weird dress-sense. He takes Class VIII for a 'free period', and it turns out that Moustachio has a truly nasty temper, and the dull students really try his patience. The period ends on an unpleasant note, with Balbinder being slapped by Urvashi for

reciting something about the "elephant ambling by."

Sheila Talwar becomes the headgirl! Only a chance mention of Swiss chocolates, received by some of the "lucky few", reveals how a fashion plate like her got voted to such a responsible post. But Juneli and her friends abide by the count of vote and decide to respect the new headgirl, meanwhile, choosing to amuse themselves with the new kids of the Carefree Club, which Juneli had formed the previous term.

But nothing—neither the Carefree Club nor the poshly Miss Hathu with proportions to match—compete with the unexpected news that there are two vacancies in the Girl Guide Company. Rita and Juneli run excitedly to the meeting to enrol. There they witness the proceedings of a Guide meeting: the competition between the four patrols for highest marks for neatness. Sister Sybil then introduces the Guides to Miss Wyhe from Canada who, being a first class Guide herself, is to attend their meetings whenever she can while she is in India.

Miss Wyhe teaches them how to make a new knot. They then sing some songs, discuss plans for the future, which include a Camp-fire and a Snapper Hike, all of which is new but sounds like great excitement to Rita and Juneli.

After singing the closing-song Taps, the company disperses, while Juneli and Rita go to Sister Dierdre to be fitted out in their new Guide uniforms.

Now read on.

Chapter 7 : Music and Proverbs

"I SAY, gals, WHAT do you think you're doing?" said Latha bursting into the 8th Standard classroom "Have you forgotten we've to go for music now?"

"Gosh! I'd quite forgotten," said Rosita jumping up "Come on, Juneli and Rita! Ina, leave that painting of yours alone!"

"Yes HURRY, if you don't want Baldwin on the warpath!" said Latha again "And remember it's NOT going to be a combined class this time!"

"Oh dear! Are you sure?" asked Nandita in a whining voice "How I HATE Baldwin's classes! I can't think why they have made it compulsory!"

Indian Music had been introduced at St. Avila's only the previous term. Mr. Chauhan, the new music teacher, was very strict and grumbled because the girls knew so little music and were apparently not as interested as they ought to be! Short, plump, fair, and impatient — Mr. Chauhan had been nicknamed 'Baldwin' from the word go because of his bald head! He had given Nandita a rare dressing in her very first class because of her complete ignorance of music and inability to keep to the correct notes! Everyone was afraid of his sudden flashes of temper though they agreed he was a good teacher and had taught them some lovely songs.

"Come on, Urvashi," said Juneli, "you'll like Baldwin's classes. They are great fun, really."

"I'm not interested in *your* Baldwin," said Urvashi, trying to look superior, "not after the wonderful teachers who taught music at Villa Alpina!"

"I suppose you were the star-singer there?" said Poonam sarcastically.

"Of course, she was!" said Rita. "And you were the best dancer, too, weren't you, Urvashi? And also the best swimmer, debater, tennis and badminton player?"

"Oh Urvashi was the best at everything,"

said Swati, "but I keep on forgetting if there were others beside yourself at this Villa Alpina of yours! Were there really?"

"Of course, there were!" cried Urvashi, stamping her foot "You horrid, hateful girl!"

"They're only teasing you," said Juneli, laying her arm on Urvashi's "You mustn't get so worked up about it, old thing!"

And I WAS the best singer at Villa Alpina, though I didn't say anything about it before," said Urvashi, her eyes flashing.

"I'm sure Baldwin will be in raptures over your voice," said Poonam with a sneer "Come on, everybody!"

Luckily for them, the music room was empty. Baldwin was with Mother Benedicta, discussing a school concert and came in a few minutes later. He gave them a sweeping glance and pulled out the harmonium "We'll have a little practice of 'saigam' first," he said, "and remember to throw OUT your voices! No screeching like bara-owls!"

Fortunately, it all went smoothly, even Nandita trying her best.

"I shall teach you a new song today," said Baldwin opening his thick note-book. He named a well-known bhajan of Meera's "Have you heard it before?"

"I know it very well," said Urvashi from her corner, "I had learnt it years ago."

Baldwin gave her a searching look "Indeed?" he said "Then you will sing it for the class. Come, here."

Urvashi got up promptly. The whole class stared.

"I'll say this for her," said Latha in a whisper, "she hasn't a jot of nervousness about her!"

"I don't know how she dares to talk like that!" said Ina "I simply wouldn't have dared — and to Baldwin, of *all* people!"

"I know," agreed Juneli, "he just reduces my knees to jelly when he glares like that!"

"I'll play for you," said Baldwin, playing



a few notes on the harmon.

There is no need – said Urvashi loftily – I can play for myself!’

Indeed!’ said Baldwin glancing at her. Very well, play it yourself and hurry up!’

Urvashi sat down with a plunk and pulled the harmonium towards her. The whole class watched her agog! What was going to happen now?

But for once Urvashi had not boasted in vain! A gasp went round the class as she sang in an exquisitely melodious voice and with just the right feeling. Baldwin’s brows, which had gone up alarmingly as he pushed the harmonium towards Urvashi, cleared as if by magic! ‘Sabaash!’ he cried as the song ended.

Well done! The girls broke into a vigorous bout of clapping.

She does have a fab voice and no mistake!’ said Jineh. ‘I say Urvashi, congrats!’

I told you I could sing, didn’t I?’ said Urvashi in a matter-of-fact voice.

‘You’ll be Baldwin’s blue-eyed boy from now on!’ said Poonam cattily. ‘That’s something at any rate!’

‘Shut up, Poonam!’ said Rita. ‘Or we’ll have Baldwin on us like a ton of bricks!’

The class was smoothly over and most of the girls congratulated Urvashi warmly afterwards. Some like Balbinder and Nandita, were jealous and hung back. They were just going back to their classroom when Alka stopped them. ‘Go to the hall, all of you!’

To the hall?’ asked Jineh, amazed. ‘But we were due for general English with Sister Anette. Does she know about it?’

Of course – said Alka, smiling, quick march!’

The girls needed no second bidding! Whatever might be in store for them, it was certainly going to be more exciting than grammar!

What do you think is going to happen?’ Jineh asked eagerly.

No idea – said Rita, shaking her head.

No talking, girls – said Latha from the back. Here’s the hall. Keep to your line.

They entered the hall in an orderly line to find the rest of the upper school already seated, including the two Captains and the head-girl. Sister Anette was there, too.

Girls, I’ve called you all here for a special reason. From now on, these two periods will be reserved for various literary activities. You will have debates, symposiums, literary games or things of that sort.’

Cheers followed, led by an enthusiastic Jineh and her friends. Everyone looked interested, except the head-girl and her special friend, Radha. They looked bored and annoyed.

It’s so silly to spoil our free periods like this!’ muttered Radha.

Idiotic – said Sheila.

Latha and Rosita, who were sitting just in

front of them, looked up, astonished

"We shall have a game of proverbs today," said Sister Anette. Each class shall choose a proverb, make up a short play illustrating it right now and act it on the stage. The others will try to guess what the proverb is. I shall allow you just fifteen minutes to get ready. Each class go to a corner and discuss it. Class Eleven will open the game, of course.

Latha drew an eager crowd into their corner. Sounds great huh! What shall we choose?

There was an animated discussion and they picked on the proverb Give him an inch and he'll take a yard. They also decided on parts. We'll have to make up our own words on the stage itself! said Lina. There's no time for anything else.

Just then Sister Anette rang the bell. The girls of Class XI went up the stage. They acted A bird in hand is worth two in the bush. It was rather simple and everyone guessed it at once. Class X acted 'Look before you leap' and Class IX. Where there is a will there is a way.

At last it was the turn of Class VIII to perform. Latha was the house-wife, opening her door to a garrulous neighbour, Rita, who came in to borrow a pinch of sugar and departed with Latha's house-coat itself! Both girls were extremely stage-free and full of humour. Between them they made a really enjoyable skit. Everyone cheered them.

"We'll have something new next week," said Sister Anette. Put on your thinking caps everybody!

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"Do you know, Mrs. Sengupta, this boy who lives nearby is the most wonderful boy I've ever seen—such a perfectly marvellous child."

"Such exquisite manners," my mother would say.

"Such a cultured voice," Raghu's mother would exclaim.

"So clever," Baby would sigh.

"So clean," Raghu's mother.

"So soft and gentle," my mother.

"Knows so many things," Baby.

And, meanwhile, Raghu and I would be sitting there (going through this punishment all for a slice of cake and two 'samosas'), and the visitor would look at us and say,

"But your sons don't seem to have been influenced by this marvellous boy. Aren't they friends?"

And then, of course, Raghu's mother and my mother (and Baby) would talk about us in most horrified tones, making out that there was nobody as dirty, as rough, as ill-mannered, as lazy, as stupid, as—I forget what comes next. As Raghu says, the things we have to suffer for the sake of our stomach.

Anyway, I told you last time that I had found Raghu one day with a pillow around his middle and a clean hanky. He told me afterwards he was trying to act like Raghu to see what it felt like.

"I tell you," he said, "it's pretty awful with that bulk of fat hanging around all the time and having to use

a hanky every time instead of sniffing. It made me feel like a cat in a fish-bowl without fish.

By the time I could understand what Raghu meant by that last sentence, I found he was talking about something else.

" at school once a week so will you come?" he asked.

"Come where?" I said.

"To school," he replied.

"But I go to school every day. I assured him. 'You see me there, don't you? In fact, we go together usually, don't we?'

Raghu looked at me with an utterly puzzled expression on his face.

"What are you talking about?" he asked.

"About school," I replied. "What are you talking about?"

"About school," he said.

"So what about school?" I asked.

Raghu looked at me without speaking for a little while and then asked me what I had been thinking about.

"Oh, about that cat," I said. "Had the cat eaten all the fish in the bowl or were there never any fish?"



"What cat? What bowl?" asked Raghu. I could see he was quite puzzled.

"The cat you felt like you were when you were like THING," I replied.

"What! What! whatwhatwhat!" exclaimed Raghu.

It took us a little time to get it all clear, and by that time, the fire brigade (Baby) and a police squad (my brother) had already been sent looking for us.

What Raghu had been telling me was this. Mr. Krish was holding classes in acting in school, once a week in the evening.

"So will you come?" asked Raghu.

"I want to, but what about our mothers?" I said.

"I'll tackle them," said Raghu. But whatever else Raghu can do, he cannot tackle mothers, at least not my mother and not his own at all. We were both told that apart from being lazy, stupid, dirty, impolite, we were also shirkers—that we wanted to go to these classes only because we did not want to do any homework.

"But I'll do my homework every day," I pleaded. "Every single day."

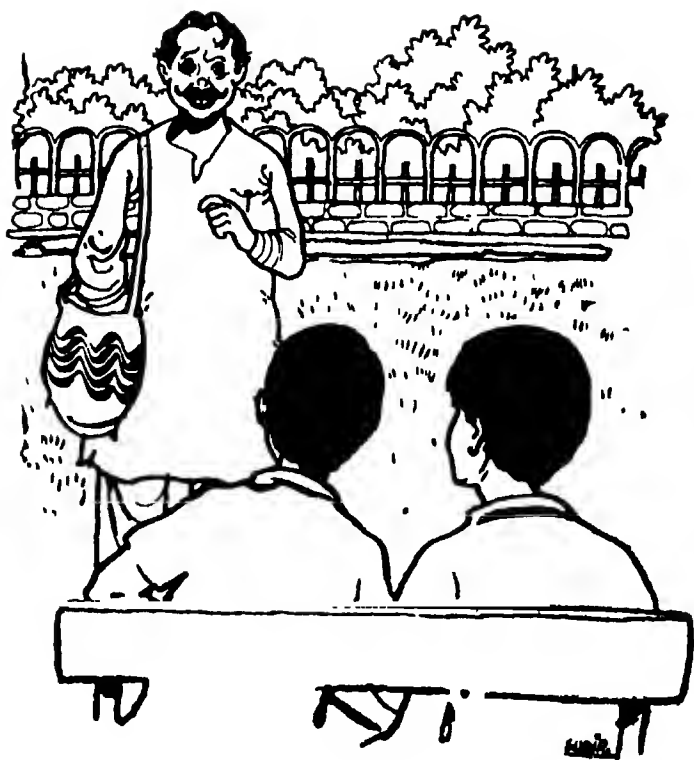
"Nothing doing," said my mother. "And that's my last word, so don't talk anymore."

"But, Mummy," I said, feeling almost, like you know, like my eyes were itching.

But my mother took down the flon with a flourish, and brought out the board and rolling pin with another flourish, and then she washed her hands grandly and I knew I was defeated. One can't fight chapatis for attention.

When I saw Raghu, I knew that he too had been defeated. We sat glumly on a park bench, even wondering whether we should run away when, along came guess who?—the painter man.

He still looked terrifying—huge, with those strange eyes staring out, and his way of walking as if he was afraid of hurting the ground. He saw us and waved a big hand and came across. I was about to run away—I was still afraid of him. But Raghu caught my arm and then he stood up.



and although his voice trembled slightly, he said, "Good evening, sir."

"Good evening, good evening," boomed the painter man. "And why are you both looking as if an octopus is nibbling at your toes?"

I was so surprised that I gaped at him and I'm sure, my mouth hung open. Here we were, two chaps just sitting on a bench and this strange man had immediately made out that something was wrong. Did he have X-ray eyes or were our faces so open, with every one of our feelings so plain for the world to see?

"Nothing—nothing much," Raghu mumbled.

The strange man stared at us for some moments, then he turned to me and asked, "Mothers?"

This time Raghu too gaped, and his mouth hung open, first like mine, and after that, of course, everything came

out. Mr. Krish, the acting classes, the no-permission, every thing. The painter man heard it all quietly and then he just turned, waved his hand, and walked off.



I don't know how or why it happened, but both Raghu and I have been allowed to go for the acting classes.

And more surprising, my mother has been scolding me much less suddenly, and she says funny things like, "Boys will be boys", whenever I pull down a tablecloth in passing, or stub my toes against a chair. It seems Raghu's mother has also been like this, enouser and enouser.

And another thing—THING is joining the acting classes! Puff pant, puff pant—

See you next month

P. K. K.



"I WONDER why they need three copies of everything!" my sister Ambika wondered aloud one day.

"Didn't you know?" asked Uncle Nagabhushanani who was staying with us then. "Fancy that!"

He settled himself comfortably in the armchair and began 'The Princess of Indrapuri'.

"I asked you why they want three copies of everything!" Ambika interrupted.

"Yes, yes, my dear, I am coming to that." With these words he continued with the story.

The Princess of Indrapuri was fifteen years old. All arrangements had been made for her marriage. Clothes, jewels, gifts, cooks to cook sumptuous feasts, musicians to perform on the big day, officials to escort the guests, priests to perform the ceremony — everything. The only thing lacking was the bridegroom. You are probably wondering why this was so and well may you wonder.

The trouble lay in the horoscope of Princess Parjata — for that was her name. Now I am not a learned man and I can't tell you what was wrong. But learned astrologers in other royal courts pursed their lips and shook their very learned heads and said it was too, too, terrible even to mention. No prince, therefore, had courage enough to marry her. There were still a few lesser princes who had not yet received Princess Parjata's horoscope but by now the king had had enough.

He left royalty severely alone and began to look among young men of noble birth. Of these too, not many were ready to marry the princess. And of these, not all were suitable. One could not mount a horse, leave alone ride it, another fainted even when he was just watching a swordfight, a third one began to feel dizzy while riding elephants, and a fourth one could not make up a decent poem in Sanskrit. It was all very worrying for the poor king.

Princess Parjata was not very much upset

The princess of Indrapuri

by all this. She felt sorry when she saw her father's distress. Otherwise she liked her life as it was, and was not at all keen to go to a different country where everything would be strange.

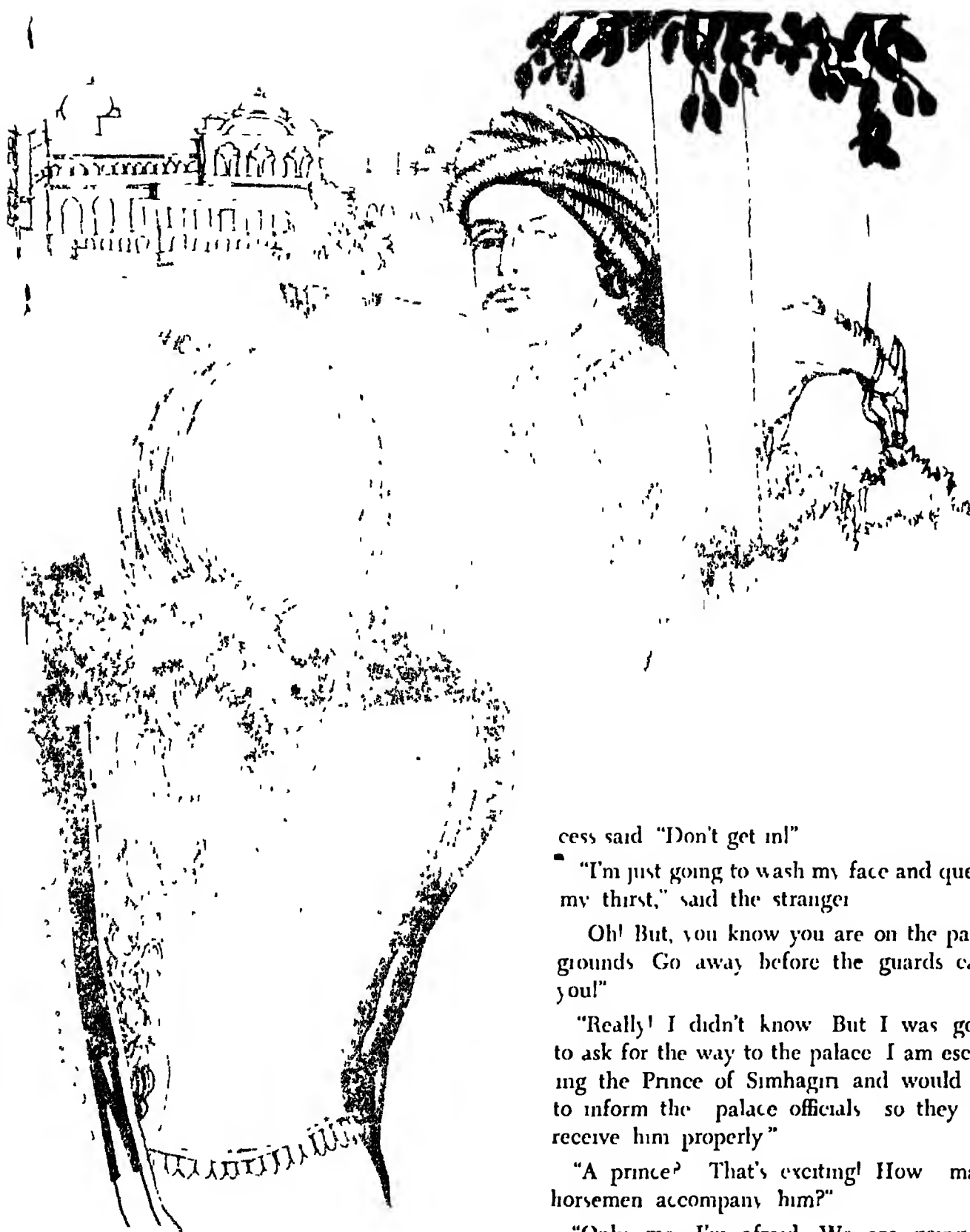
On the day the story begins the princess had, as she often did, given her maid the slip. She liked a certain spot on the river (the palace grounds came up to it, by the way), where she watched herons catching fish, and it was here that she met the stranger.

He had just tethered his horse to one of the trees that grew near and was walking towards the river.

"Stop!" Princess Parjata called. "Stop!"

The stranger turned. He was dark.

"The water is very deep there," the prin-



cess said "Don't get in!"

"I'm just going to wash my face and quench my thirst," said the stranger.

Oh! But, you know you are on the palace grounds. Go away before the guards catch you!"

"Really! I didn't know. But I was going to ask for the way to the palace. I am escorting the Prince of Simhagiri and would like to inform the palace officials so they can receive him properly."

"A prince? That's exciting! How many horsemen accompany him?"

"Only me, I'm afraid. We are going to Simhagiri urgently, but the prince's guru, Pandit Shivdas particularly wished him to meet your king. Does he have a daughter, by

any chance? Of marriageable age?"

"Yes, indeed," replied the princess cautiously and directed him "Well, be careful, it is quite treacherous there!" she warned, and swiftly made her way back.

She didn't meet the stranger till five days later. It had just rained and she had slipped out to watch the butterflies. A startled exclamation made her turn back to see her new friend.

"Just the person I wanted to see!" said the dark one. "Can you tell me something about your princess?"

"The princess? Well, she is a princess, a king's daughter, that's all!"

Of course. What I meant was why is the king so desperate to marry her off?"

"Desperate?"

"Yes, desperate. If he is ready to give his daughter to the Prince of Simhagiri then he must be desperate."

What is wrong with the prince of Simhagiri?"

"Not with the prince. But something is wrong with Simhagiri. It is a smaller country and your king can afford to give his daughter to a more powerful prince."

"Hm... you see, I've heard there is something terrible about the horoscope of the princess. So no one wants to marry her!"

"How dreadful! M m m. Why doesn't your king have a swayamvara or a sort of competition for the princess's hand?"

"You mean like Rama marrying Sita or Arjuna winning Draupadi?"

"Exactly. You are well informed." He beamed at her.

Princess Parvata shrugged. "That is a good idea, but if that has to work, the princess must be very pretty or the king very powerful."

"The princess, is she not pretty?"

"Not very. She is slim as a reed and brown

in complexion."

(When you consider that in those days women were thought beautiful only if their measurements were ample, the princess was really not pretty.)

"How old is she?"

"Fifteen!"

"Fifteen? Why, she is almost an old woman! No wonder your king is desperate. Why, he even offered me his daughter!"

"You?" the princess could not conceal her shock.

What do you mean 'you'? The dark one drew himself up indignantly. "I'll have you know that my father is the uncle of the third wife of the brother of the King of Vagha-puri!"

I beg your pardon, the princess said hastily.

"That is all right. You couldn't have known," said the dark stranger, mollified. "You see, your king asked me, 'Can you ride a horse? An elephant? Can you fight with sword and spear? Do you know archery?' I said, 'Yes, certainly.' He got terribly excited and asked me, 'Can you compose poems in Sanskrit?' I can't and told him so, but I can sing. He was feverish with excitement now and asked me about my family. You know of my father. My mother is the fourth sister of the fifth wife of the maternal uncle of the King of Hastagiri. He just shot out of his seat and said, 'Why don't you marry my daughter? I couldn't get a better son-in-law!'"

What did you say?"

I told you I was smart!" The dark one smirked with pride. "I guessed there was something fishy. I told him I already had two wives! But he told me, 'My daughter is just a slip of a girl, so thin you'll hardly notice she is around.' I said, 'So I should like to notice all the wives I marry. Ha ha ha...'"

"I should hope so!" The princess blazed. "I don't want to marry a man who won't

notice me!" And she stalked off

The stranger, speechless and motionless with amazement, followed her with profuse apologies

"That is all right. You couldn't have known," she said and continued walking

"Your Highness! Just one question. Please, why were you so eager to tell me all the drawbacks your father had?"

"Because I didn't like your prince, that is why! I pecked at him through the curtains when he was eating. Why, he told my father five different ways they cook egg plant in Simhagiri!"

Your Highness, my prince enjoys his food. But we have a large kitchen staff — one head cook, five assistant cooks and three kitchen boys. The princess doesn't have to come near the kitchen if she doesn't want to!"

"No, thank you. He'll remember a big blob of butter when he sees the moon and may be sugarcane when he sees bamboo!"

This time the princess did not wait

The next day the prince and his courtiers left. The king stayed inside in a huff and it was the lesser officials who saw them off.

Certainly no one was prepared for the large party that arrived two weeks later, headed by the Prime Minister of Simhagiri. With him came gifts of flowers and sweets and silks and jewels and a proposal from the Prince of Simhagiri to the Princess of Indrapuri. The king forgot his anger in his joy and received them all with due courtesy. Not only that, he immediately accepted the proposal.

"Call the princess!" he ordered. "Call the priests. Call the musicians!" Understandably, he was in a tearing hurry to have the betrothal solemnized lest the prime minister withdrew the proposal.

"Could I have a word with your Majesty in private?" requested the prime minister of Simhagiri.

"No no," stuttered the King of Indrapuri getting up hastily, afraid the prime minister would change his mind if he waited. "Call the priests. Soon, hurry. I must have a proper bath before this solemn occasion," and he made good his escape.

The Prime Minister wrung his hands. "I've got a message to deliver. A letter. A very important letter!" he clucked like a hen.

"What is the message?" an imperious voice rang out. It was the princess, who, as was her habit, had been pecking from the curtains.

Your Highness. Your Highness!" It was now the turn of the Indrapuri courtiers to cluck. "It is not maidenly or seemly to be seen in court without your ladies-in-waiting!"

"What is the message?" The princess stood erect, her eyes only for the Prime Minister of Simhagiri.

The Prime Minister of Simhagiri bowed low.

The very person I wished to meet. I carry a letter for your Exalted Highness from the brave, learned and glorious Prince of Simhagiri!" And he handed her the letter.

The courtiers of Indrapuri clucked some more.

"Your Highness, it is not seemly to accept letters from strangers!"

The princess hesitated before opening her letter. Then she made up her mind.

"I shall soon be the wife of him who sends this letter. He won't be a stranger then!" So saying she opened the letter and began to read. It ran:

"To the Exalted and Wondrously Beautiful Princess Parijata of Indrapuri. I, Prince Martandasimba of Simhagiri wish to say the following words:

The nobleman who accompanied the so-called Prince of Simhagiri was really the prince and the so-called prince was the nobleman. I knew that my guru Pandit Shivdas and your father had been students under the

same guru and had great affection for each other. When my guru pressed me to call on your father but wouldn't give me the reason, I wished to find out what the motive was Hence the masquerade

I laughed at your description of my friend, Vichitra He loves food

I am sure you know I haven't two wives You, I hope will be my only one I do not think you are ugly or old Please pardon my indiscreet talk

I do not worry about your horoscope My father laughed at my adventure An astrologer told him he'd die at the age of eighteen Ever since he crossed eighteen he has been laughing himself sick at all astrologers He has given his blessings for our marriage

I remain,

Martanda Simha

*Viradi viru maha viru
Prince of Simhagiri*

"Your Highness!" Two ladies of the court pounced on the princess "For shame! Your mother Her Majesty the Queen is hunting for you everywhere!" They led away a smiling, glowing princess



"I suppose the wedding was celebrated with great pomp," Ambika began

"— and ceremony," said Uncle Nagabhushanam

"But where do the three copies come in?" I asked

"That's it," Ambika nodded

"I'm coming to it You young people are so impatient The family astrologer who had been away on a six year pilgrimage came back and the king told him all that had transpired in his absence

"That cannot be!" exclaimed the astrologer "Princess Parijata has got one of the finest



horoscopes I've seen!"

"He hunted for his records which he had buried safely underground in a brasspot and checked the palm engravings

"There! What did I tell you! A magnificent horoscope! Just magnificent!"

"So they went round making investigations and found that the mistake had arisen when a royal scribe had copied the horoscope wrong The king was furious Exiling people had gone out of fashion after the Pandavas, so he merely sacked the scribe But he made a rule saying that all royal horoscopes must have three copies This custom went to the west and came back to us years after we had completely forgotten it!"

Uncle Nagabhushanam gave us a seraphic smile We returned it What else could we do?

Subhadra Krishnamurthy

The boys approached the bungalow from different sides. Jonti tried to enter from the back.



He had only climbed the first few steps, when, suddenly he halted as if an alarm had sounded inside him

Has anything gone wrong? Why should they keep a light on

unless they want to attract intruders? Is it a tr

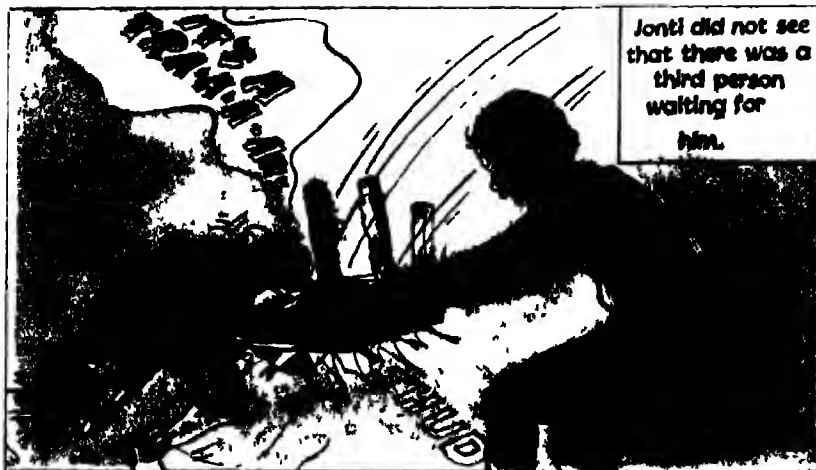
TRAP!



Just then the moon shone bright and Jonti could see two men blocking his way. Oh!



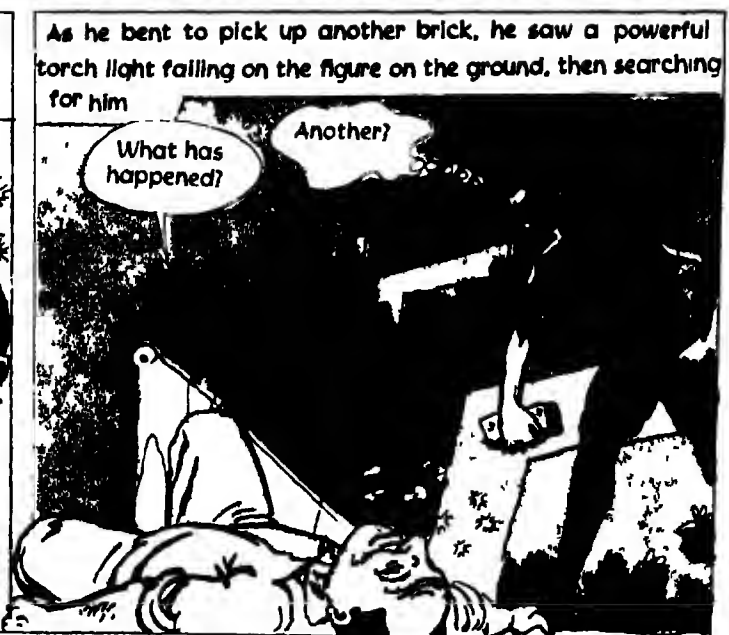
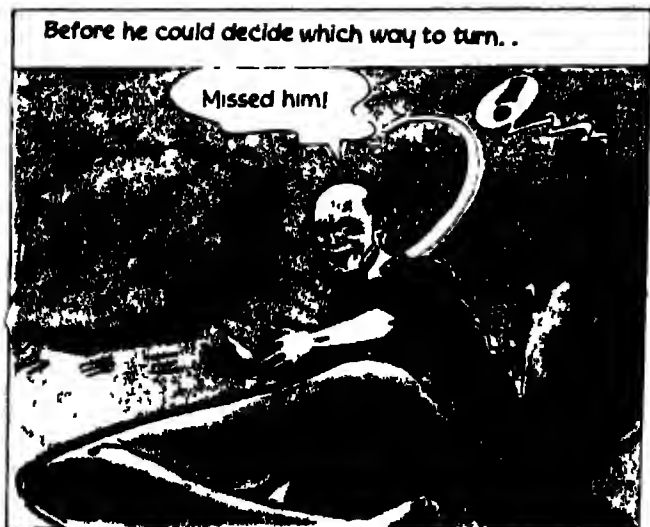
He swung over the rails and threw himself into the air



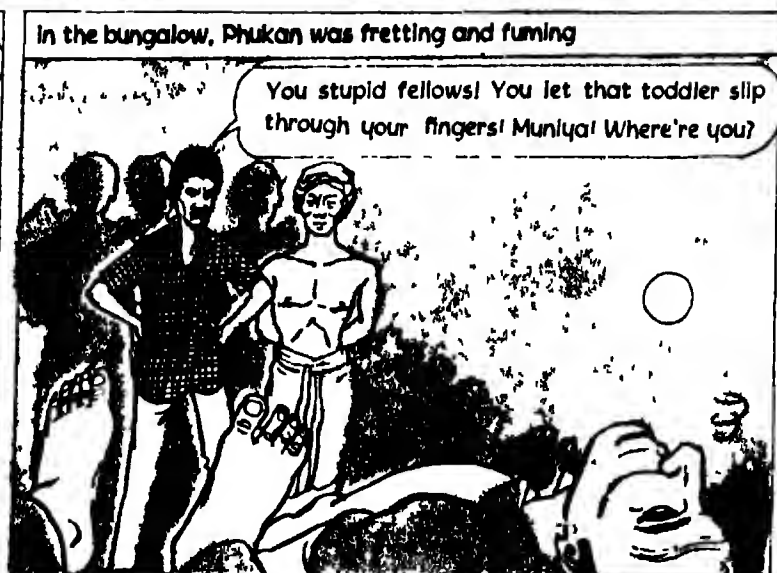
Jonti did not see that there was a third person waiting for him.

Babul, who had entered the building through a window, heard the warning,





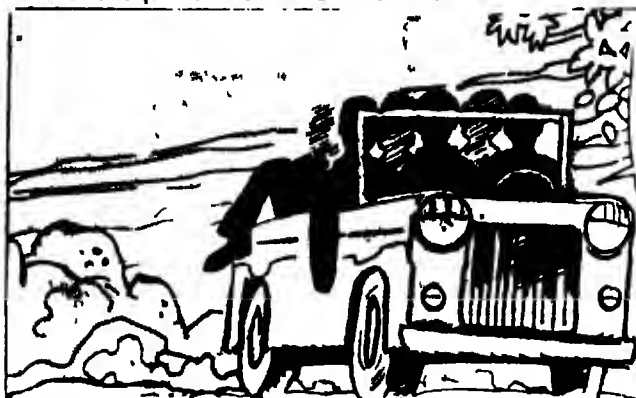
Dhanai ran fast. Though breathless, he stopped to whistle for Makhoni.



The leader of the poachers came forward, scratching his head, apologetically.

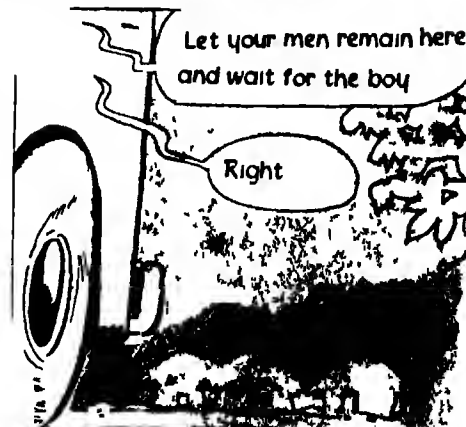


They dumped Jonti, Babul and the two injured men at the back of the jeep. Two of the gang squeezed themselves there, while Muniya and another sat in front. Phukan drove fast.



We must catch the brat before he reaches the village or get to the Forest authorities. Otherwise, we'll be finished!

At the village, there was no sign of the boy or the elephant.



Let your men remain here and wait for the boy.

Right

(Don't waste your time to catch him alive. Use your knives. No gun, mind you. It'll wake up the village.)



All right

The jeep headed towards Mr. Neog's house and stopped a hundred yards away.



We both shall wait here for the boy. You know where you have to take the other two?

Yes, yes. Stay here till I come back.

That's the safest place. No one will think of searching for them there!



Meanwhile, Makhoni ran as fast as she could, with Dhanai atop...



Unaware of the danger that lay ahead.



Contd.



NEWS

IT is a matter of pride for CHILDREN'S WORLD that four of the nine prizewinners of the third Competition for Writers conducted by the Children's Book Trust last year (see box below) are regular contributors to the magazine. Among them, Miss Alaka



Alaka Shankar

Shankar (remember her story 'The Milkman and the Monkey' in the last issue?) wins the First Prize in the picture-book category. She is the author of six books for children—all published by CBT. The others are Mr G Radhakrishna Pillai, who had been writing on international cricket, hockey and tennis for us, Miss Minnie P Swamy, whose reports on children's activities read just as well as her stories, and Mrs Pratibha Nath, whose Read-aloud Stories are popular with our young readers. Our congratulations to all the prizewinners.

CBT has just announced the fourth Writers' Competition. The last date for receipt of entries is August 31, 1981. More details can be had from the Editor, Children's Book Trust, Nehru House, New Delhi 110002.

Turn over for other happenings in the Children's Book Trust



CHILDREN'S BOOK TRUST RESULTS OF WRITERS COMPETITION, 1980

FICTION

- Second Prize** (Rs 3,000) Arup Kumar Dutta, Jorhat, Assam
TROUBLE AT KOLONGJAN
- Second Prize** (Rs 3,000) C.N. Bulsara, Secunderabad
ROBIN AND THE EAGLE
- Third Prize** (Rs 2,000) Sarojini Sinha, Bhopal
The TREASURE BOX
- Third Prize** (Rs 2,000) G Radhakrishna Pillai, Hyderabad
The LION OF KERALA

NON-FICTION

- Second Prize** (Rs 3,000) Mona Meiwani, Shillong
TIPU SULTAN

(First prize not awarded for Fiction and Non-Fiction)

PICTURE-BOOK

- First Prize** (Rs 3,000) Alaka Shankar, New Delhi
MY MUFFY
- Second Prize** (Rs 2,000) Minnie Swamy, Delhi
MY WALL
- Third Prize** (Rs 1,000) Pratibha Nath, New Delhi
BARBER-IN-CHIEF
- Third Prize** (Rs 1,000) Shalontoni Sinha, Calcutta
The ELEPHANT THAT RAN AWAY



This year's Shankar's International Children's Art Exhibition, composed of some 2,000 paintings from 80 countries, selected from the 1980 Shankar's International Children's Competition, was inaugurated in New Delhi on March 4 by the Union Education Minister, Mr. S B. Chavan. The Competition had attracted over 150,000 entries in paintings and written work—from more than a hundred countries. Entries were received for the first time from China and the Maldives.

Photographs on these pages show Top row The chief guest being received by Mr. Shankar,



PAINTINGS





the Minister garlanding one of the two children who conducted the proceedings that evening; Nit Dikshit (welcome address), Mr Chavan at the mike, and Vidya Iyengar (Vote of Thanks). Middle row, A section of the audience and the Minister performing the opening ceremony Bottom row Mr S P Chatterjea, General Manager, CBT, escorting the Minister round the exhibition; a group of visitors to the exhibition and two budding artists discussing the exhibits.

(Photographs by our Staff Photographer)

EXHIBITION

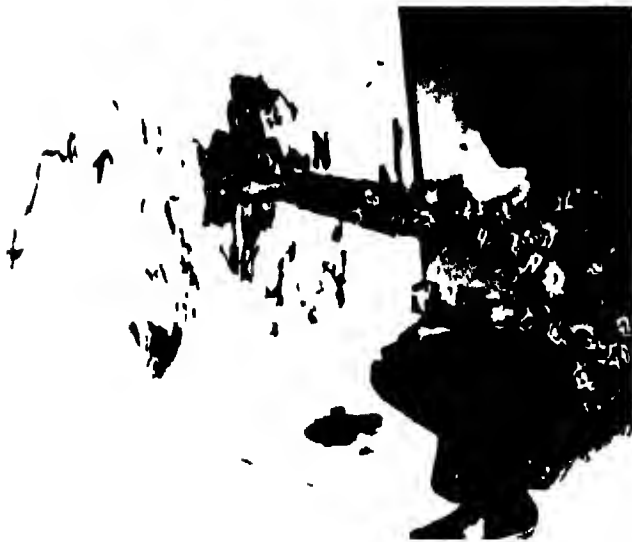


A Child Prodigy At CBT

SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD Dadan Gandara, the wonder boy from Indonesia who has been painting since he was four, has certainly done his parents proud. But he has also done them "very very tired", to quote his father Djadja Sumardja. For, all the visitors to Dadan's house and the galleries where he has held exhibitions (and, mind you, he has held 31 of those already), it is not Dadan but his father, the guiding force, who



organises the show, answers queries, provides information and, of course, plays the ideal, charming host. Now that one has seen him "in action", one can certainly give him more than half the credit for helping Dadan become what he is today.



As a winner of 51 national and regional awards, Dadan can afford to hold his head high and smirk at the world. But, he probably would not be so popular if he did that. His innocent face and shy laugh are an instant draw—not to mention the paintings themselves, which were displayed recently for a week at the Children's Library, in CBT's Nehru House, and attracted countless visitors. Dadan, incidentally, was one of the 800 odd prizewinners of Shankar's International Children's Competition (1979).



So dedicated an artist Dadan is that, during his 10-day visit to Delhi, he completed almost twenty paintings. Incredible! Yes, that is how everyone reacted. But, for Dadan it was chicken feed. He can do more than two paintings a day, if he sets his heart on it. And just to prove that, he sat before a spell-bound audience who watched him create the most beautiful landscape (see picture) on a canvas six times the size of his normal paintings.

At first, a lot of us were sceptical about it turning out as well as his other paintings. But as Dadan's master strokes filled the white canvas and the sky

began to blend with the clouds, the clouds with the snow, the snow with the mountains, and so on, one was more than reassured about his capabilities. In fact, I felt like a cad to have thought that he could not paint as well as he claimed to.

The painting, which was completed in less than three days, was presented by him to the Indonesian Embassy (lucky people!) and Dadan, as unaffected as ever, hands in his pockets, strolled out of Nehru House, with a smile almost as big as his painting. Perhaps he had already got an idea for the next one.

Navkala Roy



CBT and Book Fairs

THE last 12-month period saw CBT's active participation in Book Fairs—both at home and abroad. At the World Book Fair at Frankfurt, W. Germany, in October, CBT had for the first time its own stall, which invariably every day drew large crowds. Mr. Chatterjea, General Manager, was at Frankfurt during the Book Fair. The photograph above shows him in conversation with Mrs. Zainab Khusru, wife of India's Ambassador to the Federal Republic

of Germany (centre), and Mrs. R. Hertlet-Edalji, Marketing Officer at the Consulate-General of India at Frankfurt.

Our success at the Indore Book Fair (November), where the CBT won the prize for the best decorated stall, was followed by creditable turnover at succeeding Book Fairs at Bombay in December (see photograph at top—extreme left—on facing page), at Jaipur in January (photo below), and at



Calcutta in January-February this year
(photograph at top — right)

The next 'port of call' for CBT will

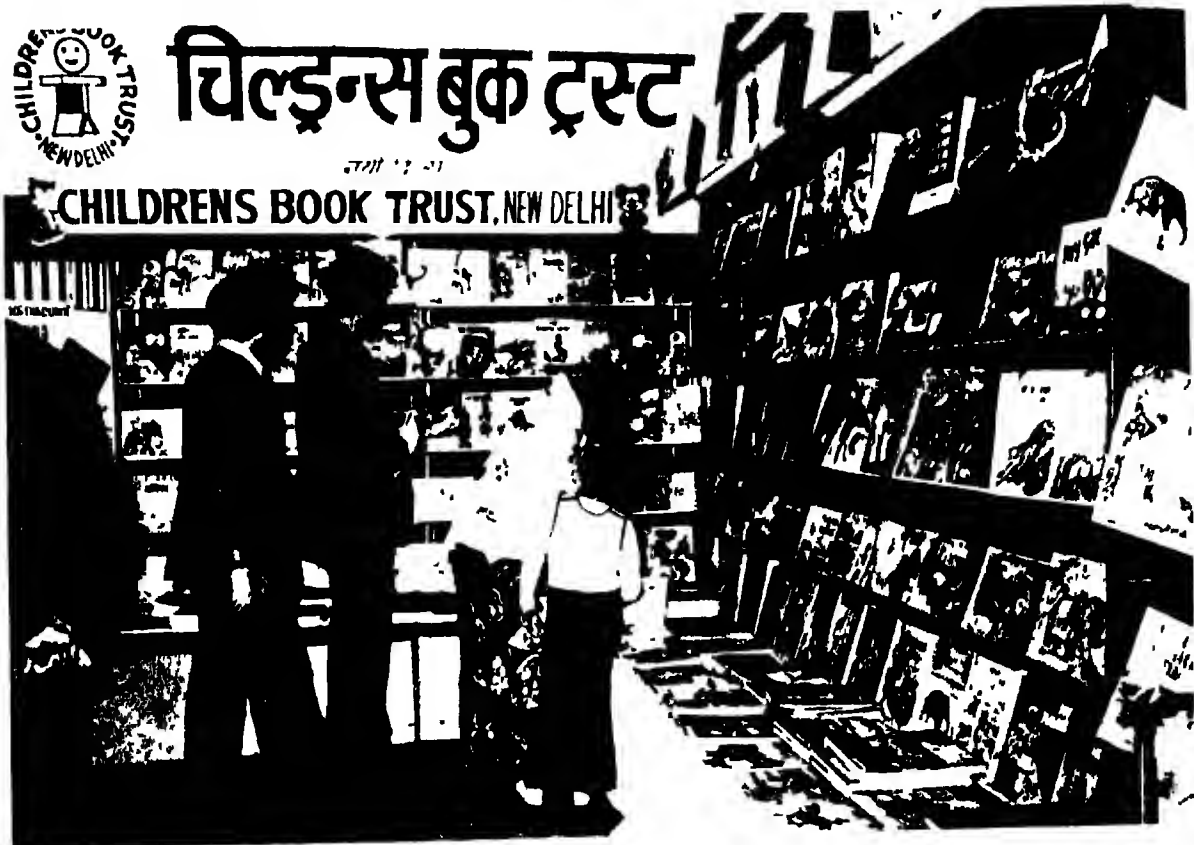
be Bologna, in Italy, where the Book
Fair is unique inasmuch as it is confined
to children's books



चिल्ड्रन्स बुक ट्रस्ट

नवी दिल्ली

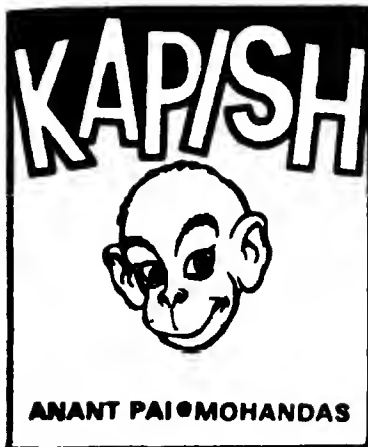
CHILDRENS BOOK TRUST, NEW DELHI



Butterflies

Butterflies flitting all around;
Some on plants and some on the ground.
Some by the flowers and pink
collecting the sweet honey to drink
How bright and colorful it all looks,
A thousand times better pictures in books
Some are red, some are
Some lilac soft and mellow
Some are dotted and lined with green
The most colorful sight I've ever seen
They're all shining like
Making a wonderful sight.

By VERMONT



MOTU, THE RABBIT, HAS A PASSION FOR EATING



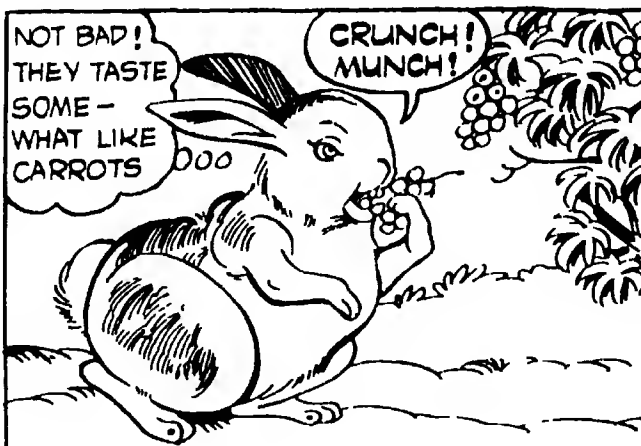
WHILE OTHER RABBITS OF HIS AGE PASS THEIR TIME IN FUN AND FROLIC, MOTU GOES AROUND LOOKING FOR THINGS TO EAT—



HIS ENDLESS QUEST FOR FOOD OFTEN LANDS HIM INTO TROUBLE RIGHT NOW, FOR INSTANCE, HE IS UNAWARE THAT HE IS CLIMBING UP A HILL



NOT BAD! THEY TASTE SOME—WHAT LIKE CARROTS



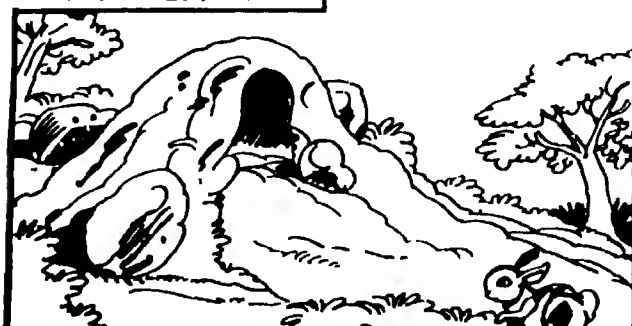
NOW HILLS ARE DANGEROUS PLACES FOR RABBITS, BECAUSE HILLS ARE THE FAVOURITE HAUNTS OF FEROCIOUS CREATURES LIKE PEELU, THE TIGER



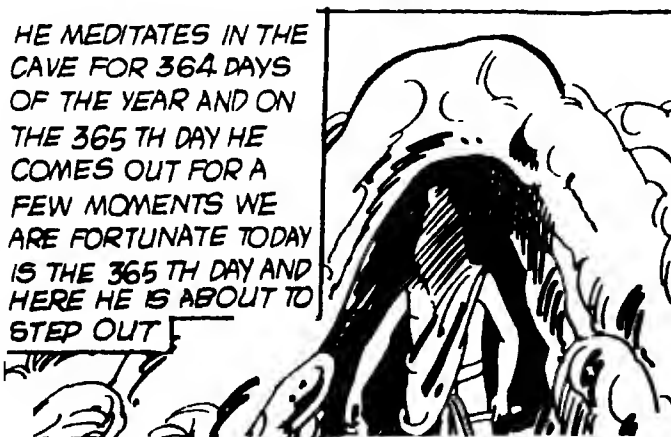
FORTUNATELY FOR MOTU, PEELU HAS A DREAD OF THIS PARTICULAR HILL HE IS AFRAID OF THE OLD HERMIT WHO LIVES ON IT —

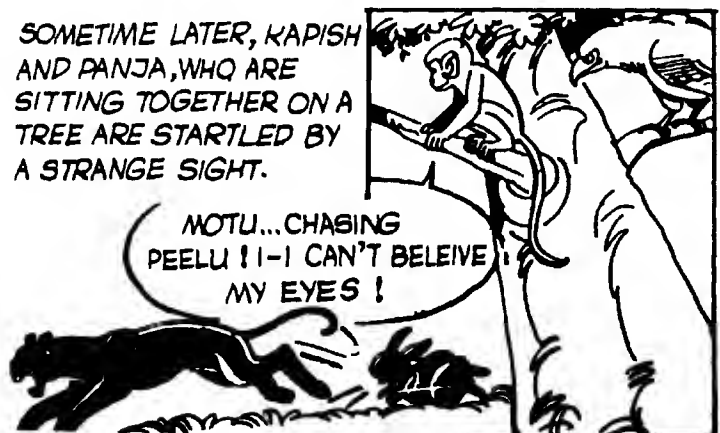
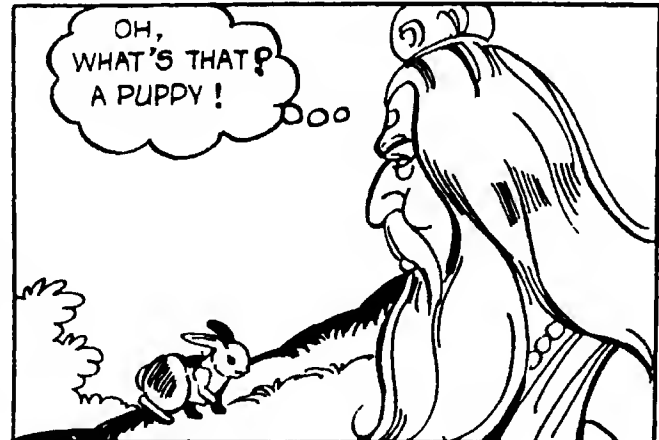
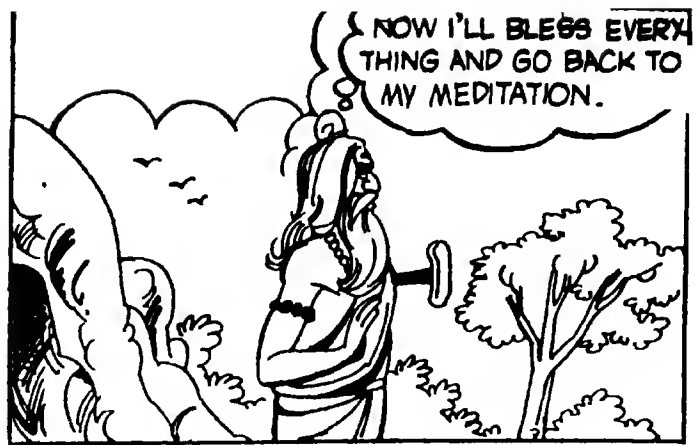


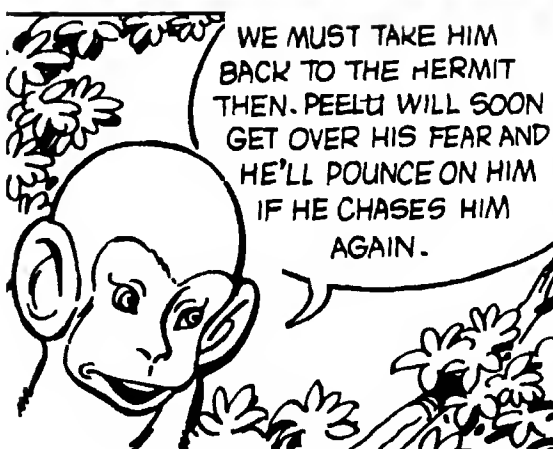
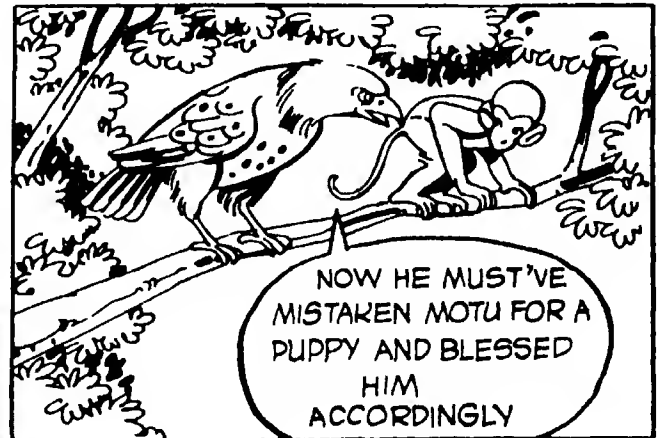
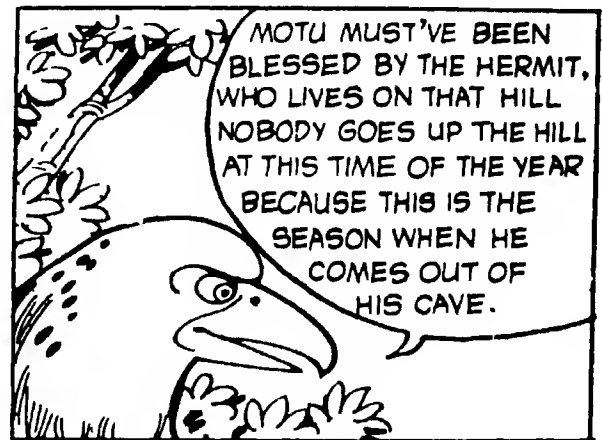
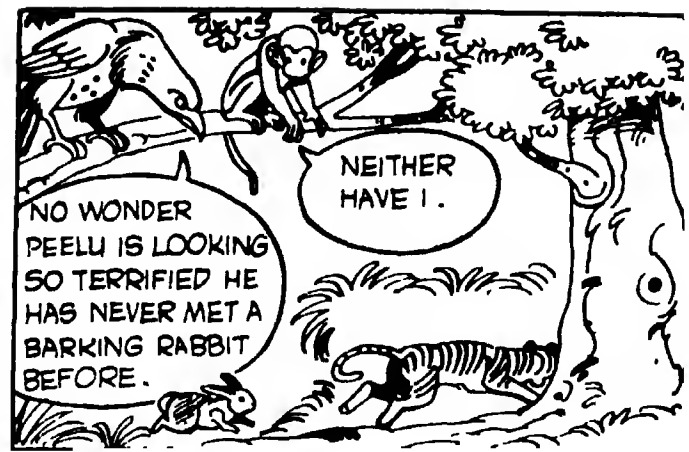
THE OLD HERMIT LIVES ON TOP OF THE HILL IN A DARK AND GLOOMY CAVE HE IS A VERY HOLY MAN.

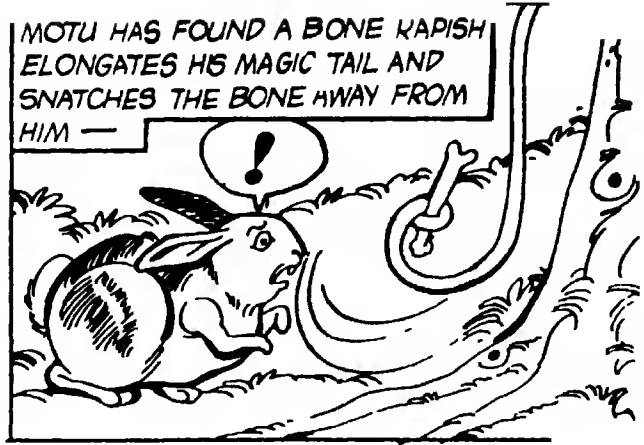


HE MEDITATES IN THE CAVE FOR 364 DAYS OF THE YEAR AND ON THE 365 TH DAY HE COMES OUT FOR A FEW MOMENTS WE ARE FORTUNATE TODAY IS THE 365 TH DAY AND HERE HE IS ABOUT TO STEP OUT



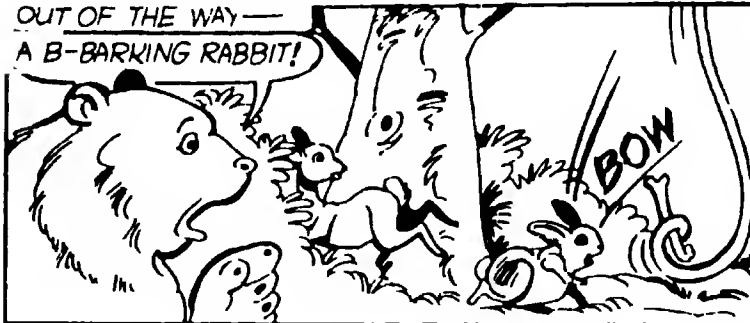






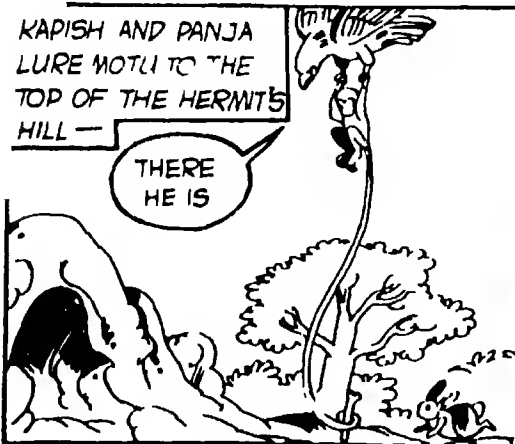
THE FURIOUS MOTU RUNS AFTER HIS BONE BARKING MADLY ALL THE WHILE ANIMALS WHO WITNESS THE SIGHT ARE FILLED WITH DREAD AND QUICKLY SCRAMBLE OUT OF THE WAY —

A B-BARKING RABBIT!

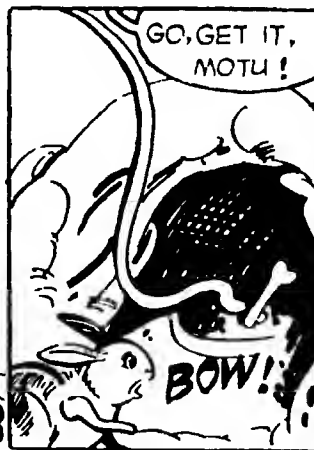


RAPISH AND PANJA LURE MOTU TO THE TOP OF THE HERMIT'S HILL —

THERE HE IS



GO, GET IT, MOTU!

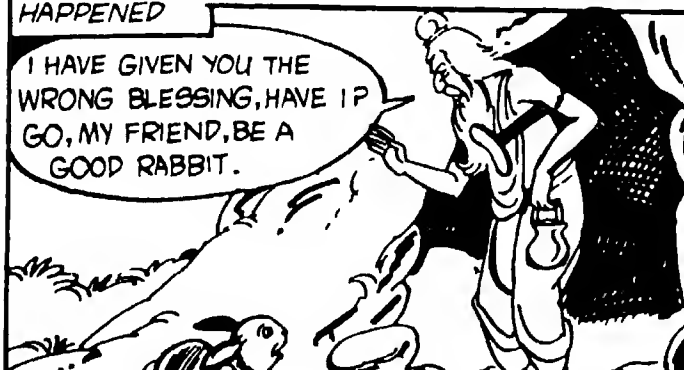


MOTU'S FURIOUS BARKING REACHES THE EARS OF THE HERMIT, WHO, FORTUNATELY FOR MOTU, HAS NOT YET RESUMED HIS MEDITATION



WHEN HE COMES OUT OF THE CAVE AND SEES MOTU BARKING HE AT ONCE REALISES WHAT HAS HAPPENED

I HAVE GIVEN YOU THE WRONG BLESSING, HAVE I? GO, MY FRIEND, BE A GOOD RABBIT.



THE HERMIT GOES BACK TO HIS CAVE

HOW DID I GET HERE, RAPISH. I'M SO HUNGRY..DO YOU HAVE ANY CARROTS?

HE'S BACK TO NORMAL. RAPISH GOOD OLD MOTU.



THE END



A Monolith and A Memorial

The two photographs at left are of the huge monolithic statue of Gomateswara carved out of the 450 ft high Indragiri hills in Sravanabelgola in Karnataka State. The devotee at the feet provides a comparison of the size of the 57 ft (17m 10 cm) tall statue. See 'The Story of a Statue' elsewhere in this issue.

If Gomateswara has been carved out of a hill, the Vivekananda Memorial (see colour picture below) in Kanyakumari has been built on a



rock in mid-sea away from the mainland. It was on this rock, with the waves of the Bay of Bengal, the Indian Ocean, and the Arabian Sea constantly dashing against it, that Swami Vivekananda had, in December 1892, sat and meditated to find a way "to awaken the sleeping millions of my people." The memorial took 6 years—-from 1970—-for completion. Swami Vivekananda swam through the dashing waves to reach the rock; present-day visitors approach the memorial by steamboat.

(Photographs by T C Jain and transparency by T Suryanarayan)

BIRDS ON STAMPS



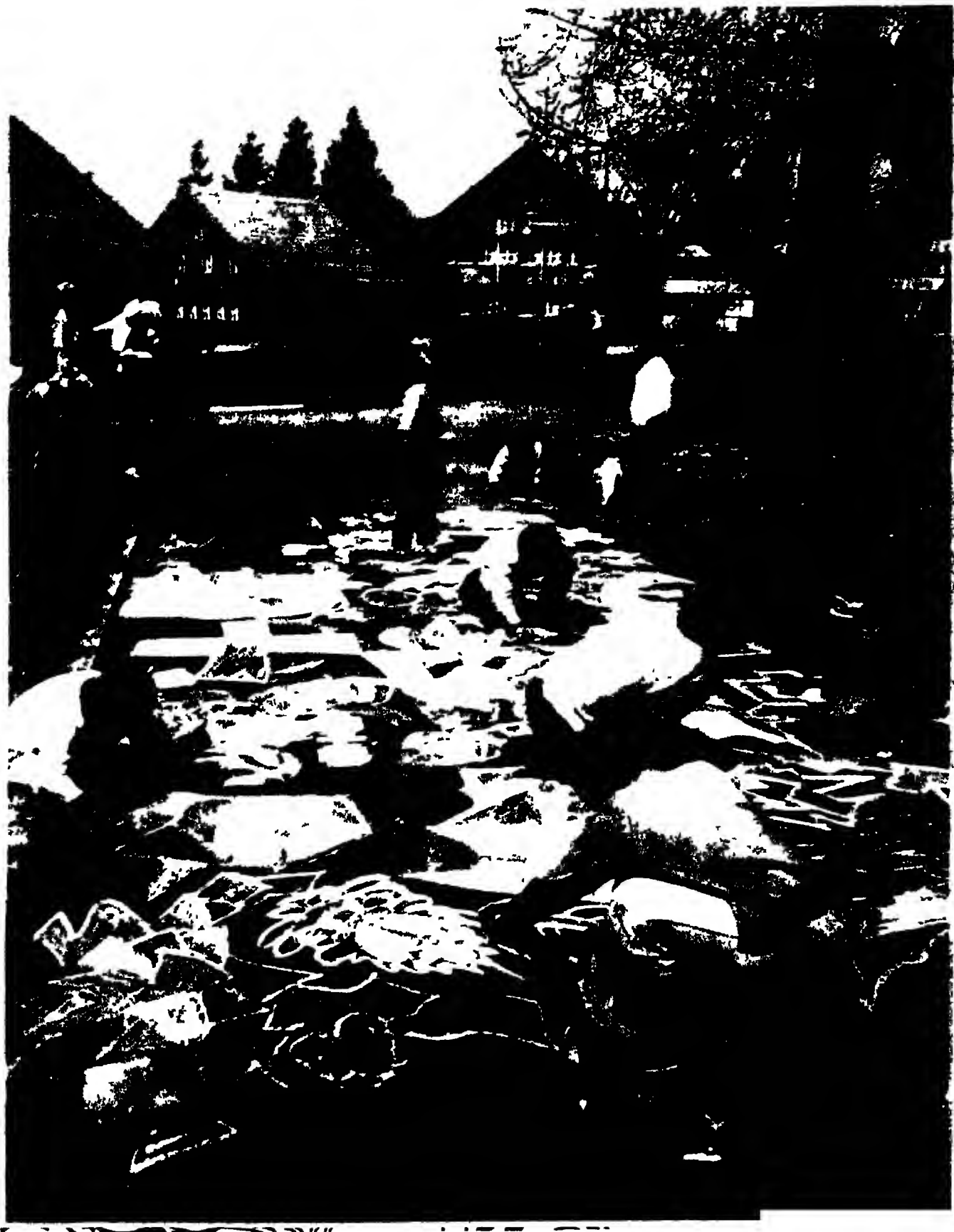
A popular theme for stamps is bird life. How colourful and lively they can turn out to be is evident from the selection reproduced in these pages.



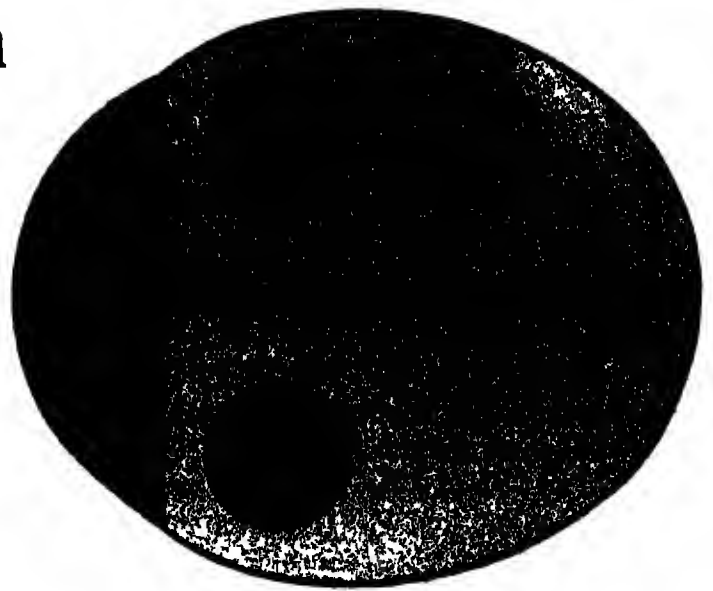


Children's Village in Trogen

(See story on facing page)



Where Children Grow up as CITIZENS OF THE WORLD



Since wars begin in the minds of men it is in the minds of men that the defences of peace must be constructed, proclaims the preamble of the UNESCO Charter

Towards the end of the Second World War the Pestalozzi International Children's Village was set up at Frogen in north-eastern Switzerland as a refuge for war orphans in response to a call for peace by a man called Walter Corti

It was April thirty-five years ago. A stone was laid at the site for the Pestalozzi International Children's Village. Eleven acres of colourful high-lying meadowland had been gifted by the village community of Frogen. People all over the war-torn continents had sent in money gifts totalling several million dollars. Some hundreds of volunteers had offered help in so many different ways. It was the beginning of a new experiment in international living.

1944. A war-weary world responded warmly and tumultuously to an appeal voiced by Walter Corti. In an explosive article published in a Swiss monthly, the sensitive young Swiss inged people to rebuild the world so that children could grow up in it learning to live together with other races in peace and harmony. He wrote of an 'international' village where war orphans and

homeless children might find refuge, and where they could grow up as citizens of the world knowing only love and tolerance for all its people.

Letters began pouring in few days after the copies of the magazine had been sold out. People wanted to help with ideas and money. A group of dedicated workers gathered around Corti, and they made the first plans. *The Village was to become a reality.* It was to be named after the 18th century Swiss educationist and humanitarian, *Johann Heinrich Pestalozzi*, whose foremost belief had been that the family hearth was the starting point of all real education.

1946. *The dream was coming true.* More than 600 volunteers from 17 countries arrived

Above The Ladybug—emblem of the Pestalozzi International Village

to help build the Village. Hans Fischli, an architect from Zurich, planned the quaint tiled houses scattered among the gentle slopes of the verdant and colourful landscape of Trogen. By 1947, six such houses were ready, and their first occupants arrived.

They were children from Austria, Poland, Hungary, France, and Germany. More arrived from Italy, Finland, and Greece as the months went by. Of different nationalities and faiths, these children had one thing in common: they had all been through the horror of World War II bombings and holocausts. Many had lost their families or been separated from them, with no hope of ever reuniting with them.

For many, the experience of adjusting to peace time was agonising. They clung together in groups, fearful of anything strange and new. Many were wearing slippers on their feet for the first time and were scared to sleep in a bed all by themselves. Their memories of the War were far too vivid to let them look at the other children with anything but suspicion and hostility. On seeing the aerial view of a bombed city in a photograph one evening, a Polish boy cried out, 'That's Warsaw!'

The Polish house-father replied gently, 'No, that's Hamburg. That is where our German children come from.'

Later, the boy confessed that he had planned to set the German children's cottage on fire, but had changed his mind after the incident.

In the peace and quiet of the Village, they began slowly to trust and accept one another. Their confused and tangled lives began to straighten out as they sought the warmth and security of family life after being deprived of it for so long. Children of one nationality stayed under one roof where they were cared for by 'house-parents' generally from their own country. Each of

the cottages housed a large 'family' with as many as 15 to 20 'brothers' and 'sisters' of different ages.

The shattering memory of the War now years behind them, they began to learn more about their country of origin, its traditions and customs, its language, its food, the music and dance. They attended religious services and worshipped in the way of their faith.

The Village's over-riding aim was to let the children intermingle freely with children of other countries, all the while retaining a sound sense of their own identity. Living in the Village further gave them an exclusive membership in an 'international' community. To this day, each grown-up 'child' who leaves the Village and goes out into the world receives a 'Certificate of Citizenship' from one of the most unique communities of the world.

The passage of the years from 1946 to 1981 has meant much to the Villagers. Created as a haven for children orphaned during the World War, the *Kinderdorf Pestalozzi*, as it is known all over Europe, has gone on to receive children from other countries — Hungarians, Koreans, Tunisians, Tibetans, Ethiopians, and Vietnamese, the first Indian children arrived with their house-parents in late 1970.

Today, the Village draws under its care children from broken homes and deprived backgrounds all over the world. The children are chosen by the government or a private organisation of the country concerned, but the Village makes the final selection. The children are between seven to twelve years old when they arrive at the Village.

At first the children are given primary school education in their own language, taught by their house-father who must necessarily be a qualified teacher. During the afternoons they attend their international courses where mixed groups of children work together at their lessons — arts, gymnastics,

domestic science, and handicrafts. All the children learn German, the main language of the Village. They go on to secondary school for three years and also learn their second foreign language, as part of the preparation for their future outside the Village.

Every child receives some kind of vocational training either in Switzerland or back in his or her native country. The majority of them are trained in useful professions like agriculture, medicine, teaching and technology. They are usually advised by the Village's counsellors to choose professions that will suit the needs of their native countries.

About a thousand boys and girls have lived in the Village so far, savouring the closeness and warmth of family belonging. At any one time, about two hundred children live in the 28 houses scattered over the Village; a hundred of them are young people completing their vocational training who stay at the youth hostel "Odyssee".

About two thirds of them have returned to their home countries; the rest are scattered around the world. Ex-Villagers are to be found in almost every walk of life. Invariably, they come back home to pay a visit, to spend a Christmas, to introduce a spouse, to show their children the childhood home. Several have returned to the Village to work as house parents themselves, to look after the Village's children as they were once looked after by others.

All these children carry out into the world with them the simple truths they have learned during their stay at the Village.

With this unbelievable success that one man's dream could achieve, International Villages were started in other parts of the world: in Wahlwies near Lake Constance, in Germany in 1946 and Sedlescombe, England three years later.

India built its first Village near Bangalore

in the early 60's. All these Villages are organised in conjunction with the Charter of the International Pestalozzi Children's Villages and share the same aims. All these are funded exclusively by private donations. All contributors receive copies of the Village's magazine 'Friendship' which the children themselves publish.

The Pestalozzi Villages have shown the way to a world tired of wars and meaningless struggles. As one of the children himself put it: "living together internationally is the best weapon for peace."

Padmini Banerjee

MY UNSELFISH MOTHER

The night's young, it's past midnight,
And deadly silence fills the night,
In vain I try for peaceful sleep
As I'm lost in thoughts so deep.

Then I take an imaginary slate
Vast enough to draw all that's in space
The brush my index finger serves,
And on this slate I sketch mother's face.

With eyes closed in double darkness,
Very high my vivid imagination soars,
As I trace every line I so well know
Never missing the slightest detail.

The work over, the artist in me gives way,
I survey my attempt then and there
You are depicted, mother, not the way you are,
But the very way I would like you to be.

I care not for beauty nor for wealth
But just that unselfish understanding,
That is ever so rare and hard to get
In a world, mother, where the selfish dwell.

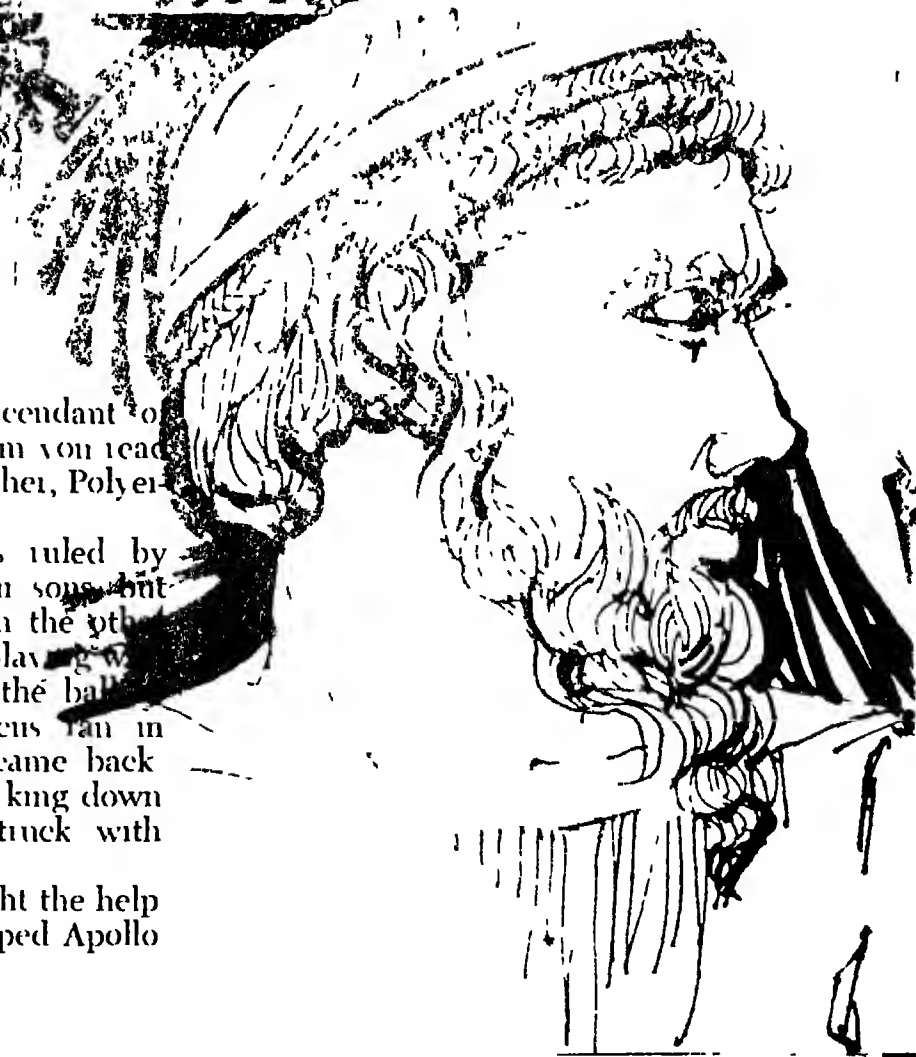
John Fernandes

POLYEIDES

POLYEIDES was a descendant of Melampus (about whom you read in February). Like his forefather, Poly-eides was also very wise.

In those days Crete was ruled by Minos. King Minos had four sons, but he loved Glaukus more than the other three. The little prince was playing with a ball one day. He kicked the ball so hard that it got lost. Glaukus ran in search of it but he never came back. Everyone in Crete, from the king down to the poorest man, was struck with grief.

At length King Minos sought the help of a wise priest who worshipped Apollo



at Delphi. He thought a while and then said, "Send all the young men of your kingdom to me. The one who can answer my question will go in search of the lost prince."

And this was done.

Now, a cow belonging to Minos had given birth to a strange calf. It changed its colour thrice a day. In the morning it was white, in the afternoon it looked red, and in the evening it became black. The priest called the young men one by one and told them about the calf.

"What does it remind you of?" he asked each one of them. "I want the answer in just one word," he added.

None of the young men could answer him. At last it was the turn of Polyeides.

"It reminds me of a ripening blackberry," replied Polyeides at once.

Satisfied, the priest nodded his head. "He will bring back Glaucus," he told King Minos.

Polyeides began searching every nook and corner of the palace which was built in a complicated way. He paused at the entrance to an underground cellar. An owl was sitting on top of the door, driving away a number of buzzing bees.

"An owl is a bird of death and a ghost sometimes takes the form of a bee," thought Polyeides. "What does it mean?"

With an uneasy mind he looked down.



In the cellar, there was a huge earthen jar in which honey was stored. The lid had been removed and the lifeless body of Glaucus was floating in the sticky liquid.

The palace rang with the wails of Minos and his wife when they were told about the death of their son.

"Prepare the body for the burial," ordered Minos with a sigh.

"No! Polydeides can bring him back to life!" cried the priest.

Minos was now filled with hope. "Yes, you must do that," he told Polydeides.

"But no one can raise the dead!" cried Polydeides.

"Nonsense!" cried the priest. "Asclepius could raise dead persons. He had revived Iphigenia, Capaneus, Tyndareus, and many others. Hades, the god of the Dead, then complained to Zeus, the king of the gods, that the dark underworld of the dead was almost empty. So Zeus killed Asclepius with his thunderbolt. What Asclepius could do, you can also do, as you are a descendant of the wise Melampus," said the priest.

"But Asclepius was a son of Apollo, the sun god!" protested Polydeides. "And I am a mere mortal!" Besides, Athene, the goddess of Wisdom, had given Asclepius a bottle of the Gorgon Medusa's blood which had wonderful medicinal properties," he added with a sinking heart.

"Do as you are told!" roared King Minos. "You will be locked in a vault with the dead body and a sword, and there you will remain until Glaucus comes back to life!"

Polydeides was full of fear but there was no escape from the guards.

On the day of the funeral, the body was placed in the royal vault. Polydeides was locked up there. Next to the body were a lamp, a loaf, and a bottle of wine. Resigned to his fate, Polydeides

took only a little of the food and wine at a time.

At last, when he had eaten the last crumb of bread and drunk the last drop of wine, he said his prayers to Apollo, for now he would have to starve. Suddenly, a snake darted out from a corner of the vault towards the body.

"He is going to eat it!" thought Polydeides in horror.

Instantly, he drew out his sword from its sheath and with a mighty blow he cut the serpent into two.

After a few minutes a second snake glided up. When she saw her mate lying dead, she went back. Soon she returned with two green leaves in her mouth. Then she placed the severed parts of the dead snake together and put a leaf on each wound. At once the dead snake came to life again. Hissing joyfully, the two snakes slid away.

This strange incident filled Polydeides with great astonishment. Then, as his eyes fell on the leaves on the ground, an idea came to him.

"A leaf that can raise a dead snake may restore a dead boy to life," he



thought, placing one of the leaves on the mouth of the boy, and the other on his heart.

In a trice the pale face of the corpse flushed with life and the dead boy began to breathe again. Then he opened his eyes and sat up. "Open the door," said Glaucus.

Full of joy, Polyides shouted to the guards, joined by Glaucus. After a long time, a watchman heard them. He ran to King Minos and told him about the two voices from the vault. Minos rushed there and unlocked the door himself. He was beside himself with joy when he saw his dear son alive and well.

Minos gave Polyides a lot of gold, but refused to let him go. "Teach Glaucus the secret of raising the dead and then I'll let you go," he said.

In the meantime, Polyides had examined the leaves and found them to be *loranthus* leaves.

"I will now be able to work ~~wonder~~ and my fame will spread all over the world," he had thought.

So he was most unwilling to share his knowledge with a boy. But, as he did not want to be imprisoned, he taught Glaucus the use of the leaves.

Polyides was most unhappy until he remembered what Apollo had once done when he wanted to take back the gift of prophecy from Princess Cassandra of Troy. Just before Polyides was boarding a ship, he called Glaucus to him.

"Please spit on my lips," he told Glaucus.

Surprised Glaucus did so. And at once he forgot all about the wonderful remedy.

And so Polyides remained the only man who could bring back the dead from the grave.

Sujaya Sen

A healthy child is a happy child



Glaxo -
A concern for health

A READ-ALoud STORY

WAKE UP, MR. BHALOO

ONE day Mr Bhaloo went for a walk in the forest 'Thump-Thump' he walked on his big paws 'Homp-homp' he breathed down his big nose

Mr Bhaloo did not really want a walk. All he wanted was a feed. He ate anything that he found—mushrooms and berries and bamboo shoots. At last he came to a 'mahua' tree. Oh, how Mr Bhaloo loved mahua flowers! They were so sweet and juicy. He ate and ate till his tummy was like a stuffed tomato! Then he lay down under the tree and slept.

"Khaaa Khaaaaa," snored Mr Bhaloo "Khaaaa Khaaaa"

The hours slipped by. Soon it was afternoon. Back home, Mrs Bhaloo got tired of waiting for Mr Bhaloo. She came looking for him. She found him under the mahua tree fast asleep.

"Get up!" she said and shook him hard.

"Khaaaa Khaaaa," snored Mr Bhaloo "Khaaaa Khaaaa"

Mrs Bhaloo spoke louder. "Wake up! Haven't you slept enough?"



"Khah," said Mr Bhaloo, "Khah Khaaaa"

Mrs Bhaloo tried again and again, with no luck

At length she got tired. She sat down just as Kaju came jumping through the trees

"What's happened, Aunty?" said Kaju. "Uncle won't get up? Wait, let me try."

Kaju jumped to the ground. He ran to Mr Bhaloo and began to tickle him.

"Khaaaa Khaaaa Ah!" snored Mr Bhaloo. He seemed to enjoy the tickling.

Kaju jumped on top of Mr Bhaloo and did a little dance. "Tap—tap, ta—taa—taa Tap—tap, ta—taa—taa"

Mrs Bhaloo clapped her hands.

"Khaaaa," snored Mr Bhaloo. "Khaaaaaa"

Kaju jumped off again. He caught Mr Bhaloo's toes, one in each hand. "Left, right," said Kaju twiddling the

toes. "Left, right, left right"

Mr Bhaloo snored louder than ever. "Khaaaa Kha, Khaaaaa Khaaaaaa"

"Oh dear," said Kaju. He too was tired.

Suddenly he had an idea. "Aunty," he asked, "what does Uncle like most of all?"

"Honey," said Mrs Bhaloo.

Kaju ran to Mr Bhaloo. He cupped his hands near Mr Bhaloo's ear and said, "Honey Uncle, honey!"

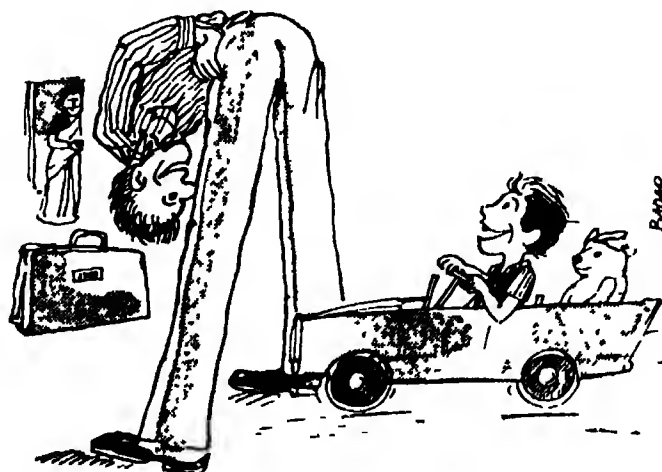
"Khah," said Mr Bhaloo. "Kh——— Huh? Wh —— WHAT? HONEY? WHERE?"

He shot up. Mrs Bhaloo caught him by the hand and pulled him away.

"Thank you!" said Mrs Bhaloo to Kaju.

Kaju stood under the mahua tree and laughed and laughed.

Pratibha Nath



'Stop it, Monu, let Daddy come and have his tea.'

Dr. Paul MacCready and His Strange Planes

WHO is the father of "human-powered flight"?

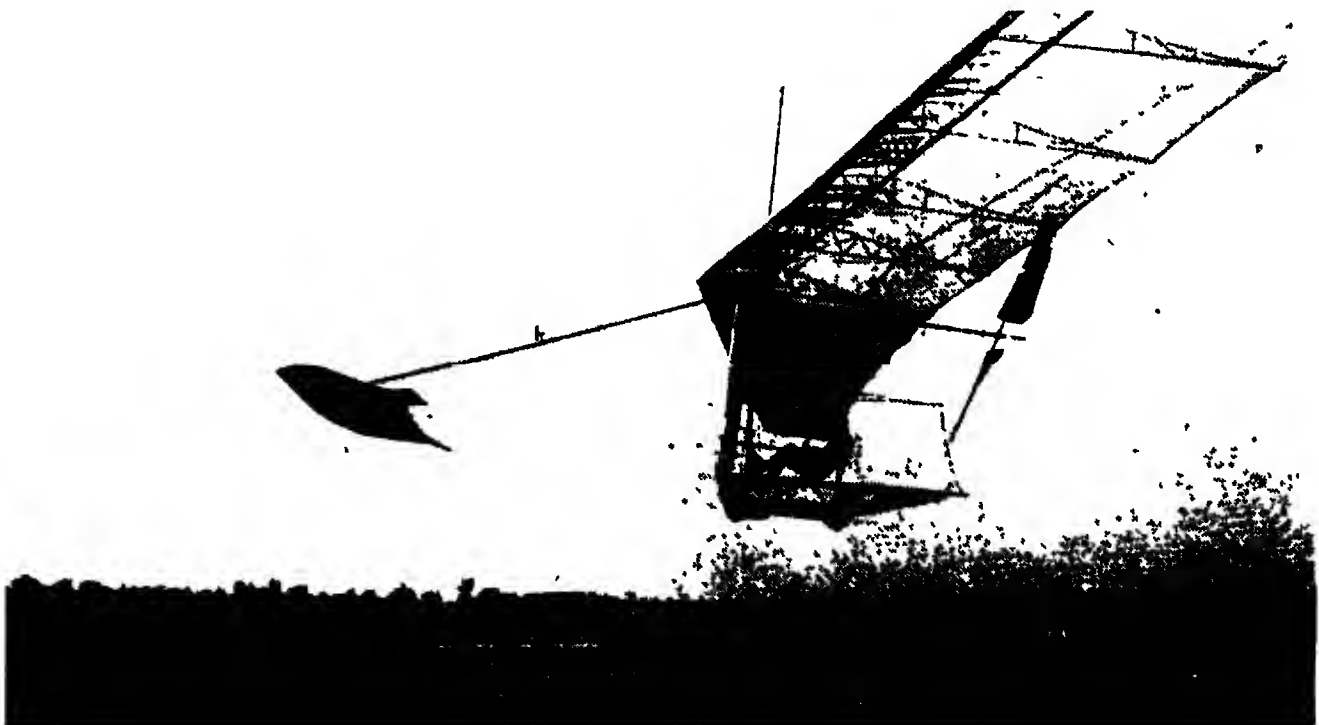
Few persons would be able to answer this question correctly.

His name is Dr. Paul MacCready, an inventor from California, U.S.A. He has been proclaimed the father of "human-powered flight" since 1977 when the airplane he invented *Gossamer Condor*, could fly on sheer human muscle strength. He and his invention have already achieved immortality, as *Gossamer Condor* today stands in U.S. Smithsonian Institution's museum beside Wright Brothers' *Kitty Hawk*. And no man deserves immortality more than Dr. MacCready, who is a scientist, engineer, hang glider and glider pilot, and inventor—all combined in one.

Dr. MacCready, however, needs no intro-

duction to glider pilots. Born in 1925 at New Haven, U.S.A., he was a model-airplane enthusiast from childhood. After getting the private pilot's licence at the age of 16, he was for some time in the U.S. Navy during World War II. In 1947, he took his B.Sc. in physics from Yale University and subsequently his Ph.D. in aeronautics. In the meantime, his interest shifted from powered flights to glider. He not only flew gliders, he also began to work on improving them and then soaring techniques. The result of all these studies was that he won the World Soaring Championship in 1956. Besides, he also invented what is known as "MacCready Speed Ring" which is now used all over the world by glider pilots.

To fly like a bird has been man's desire since the time of Leonardo da Vinci and



even earlier. In recent times, it was theoretically considered possible for a human being to fly an airplane on his muscle strength alone, especially that of legs. Many experts tried to build an airplane which could thus be flown, but they failed. In order to encourage that kind of flying, the British industrialist, Henry Kremer, announced a cash prize of \$100,000 on behalf of the Royal Aeronautical Society, London. It was quite a challenge for many flying enthusiasts, and Dr. MacCready was one of them. But he had an edge over the others, in that he had both engineering and flying skills. His *Gossamer Condor* is built of the lightest yet strongest of materials — polyester films, fibres, and piano wires — available in this space age. Quite a strange-looking craft, *Gossamer Condor* (see photo) has at its rear a propeller, which is driven by a bicycle-like pedalling device in the cockpit. Sitting in the cockpit, the pilot can, therefore, by pedalling fly the airplane. In August 1977, the *Gossamer Condor* took off and successfully flew for seven minutes covering 11.5 miles in an 8-shaped path as per the rules of the Kremer Prize. After that Dr. MacCready's name became a part of the flying history of mankind.

Since his first success, Dr. MacCready has been trying out new ideas in flying. In June 1979, his second airplane *Gossamer Albatross*, a similarly human-powered plane, flew across the English Channel setting yet another record in flying history and claiming yet another Henry Kremer Prize. Next came his *Gossamer Penguin*, a totally solar-powered plane, which hit the headlines in June 1980. This plane is similar in design to the earlier ones, with the exception of the pedalling equipment which, in this case, was replaced by a set of photovoltaic cells at the top of the airplane, which drove a propeller at the plane's rear. The cells convert sunlight into electric power to drive the propeller and when the sun is covered with clouds the plane smoothly glides down to land. In



Above: Dr. MacCready in his designing centre.
At left: *Gossamer Condor* in flight

the coming years, Dr. MacCready plans to build a still bigger and powerful solar plane called *Solar Challenger*.

Besides satisfying man's ego, what are the practical uses of Dr. MacCready's strange airplanes? According to him, the experience thus gained in designing them would give new insights into building more efficient near-surface flying machines. In these days of energy crisis, whether his muscle or solar-powered planes could become a commercially viable proposition or not, only time will tell.

Dilip M. Salwi



NATIONAL CHAMPION AT NINE

ROLLER SKATING is fast becoming a popular sport in many of the States in India. In Gujarat it was 'introduced' only in 1974, but it has caught the fancy of skaters there so much that the State capital Ahmedabad alone boasts of five skating rinks!

The Gujarat skaters are keen to excel in artistic skating, but they are equally good in the other disciplines, like speed skating and pair-skating. And now, roller skating has started catching up with the boys. In the 22nd National Roller Skating Championships held at Ahmedabad last December, Gujarat made its inaugural appearance in roller hockey, too. Surprisingly, Gujarat took the lion's share of the medals and trophies.

The Gujarat audience was justifiably proud of its young skaters. They are quickly following in the footsteps of

the elder skaters, like Smita Sheth, Madhavi Patel, Roma Shah, Kaushtabh Patel, Gaurav Patel, Venu Kapasi, and Sapna Desai.

One of the younger talented skaters is nine-year-old Anupam De who, within a brief span of four years, has claimed the 'artistic championship' for the under-10 division.

Before coming to Ahmedabad, he and his parents were living in Bombay. Anupam was first interested in skating when he saw boys of his age rushing around corridors on skates. He was just five then. And when his grandfather presented him with his first pair of skates, how thrilled he was! But the family soon had to leave Bombay, on his father's transfer to Ahmedabad. Anupam for himself could ask for no more, as there was already a proper rink to skate in!

At first, Anupam was interested only in speed skating. Once he saw a skater describing circles, figures of three, and brackets, all of which held a new fascination for him. Soon after, he was spellbound by the free-and-fancy performance of another prominent skater! It was then that Anupam made his debut in the Championship skating organised by the Jaycees in May 1979. He competed in the speed events, picking up the silver medal. Again, in the 1979 State Championship in August, he claimed the silver medal in speed

skating. Later, he was selected to represent his State in the All-India Roller Skating Championships in September the same year, in Mussoorie. Though Anupam did not win any medal in speed events for which he had been primarily entered, he surprised everybody — including his coach — by winning the silver medal in figure skating—for which he entered on the spur of the moment!

In view of his splendid performance, he was entered only for artistic skating in the first Mummick Memorial Championship held in January 1980 at Chandigarh. He gave a good account of himself and once again claimed the silver medals for figure skating and free-and-fancy skating.

Anupam's interest in speed skating did not completely die out. He practised so hard for it that he was allowed to enter for speed events in the All India Open Roller Skating Championships (held again at Mussoorie) in October 1980 and justified his entry by winning the silver in the 100 metres and the bronze medal in the 200 metres race for his division (under-10).

A month later in the State Championships, Anupam once again decided to compete for both speed and artistic skating and claimed the silver in the 300 metres rink race and the bronze in the road race for his division. He once again won the silver in both disciplines of artistic skating—figure skating and free-and-fancy.

Anupam then put heart and soul in practising for the National Roller Skating Championships in December. He was amply rewarded when he received the gold medal for figure skating and free-and-fancy skating, and also the overall championship trophy for artistic skating (under-10 boys).

Though he has reached the top in so short a time, at least in his division, he is not at all proud. On the contrary, he is very shy, and when I met him I had to repeat my questions more than once before he gave full answers!

Anupam has drawn a time-table for himself, so that his studies are not affected. "I study mostly in the early morning," he replied to my question, "before going to school. Also in the evening, when I return from my practice in the rink. He has all along maintained a good academic record too."

Besides skating, Anu also plays football—he is in the school team.

When I asked him to describe the movements of his free-and-fancy skating, Anu asked his mother to play the recorded music to which he performs.

As the first strains filled the room, I found Anupam in his element. Sitting beside me, he listened in rapt attention with a dreamy look in his eyes—probably visualising a 'live performance'—and he rattled off a description of his performance—"entry footwork

ballet position scissors 360 waltz the nla the mohwack ballerina posture heel-to-heel spin a bit of footwork once more, and then salcho ballet positions once more. broken leg spin waltz and three-axle jump forward flying salcho one leg spin nla backward flying jump spin final posture and exit." And while he spoke, his feet twitched, and his hands gestured in graceful artistic skating.

Good luck, Anupam! The readers of *Children's World* wish you the best of luck. Hope you will gain more glory and fame!

Umesh Gaikwad

Kipling and His Jungle Boy

MOWGLI was shouting something that sounded like "And so I shall have a tribe of my own, and lead them through the branches all day long"

Baloo was appalled, he gave Mowgli one cuff of his fore-paw, and the boy lay flat on the ground, ashamed and angry. He looked at Bagheera, and the Panther's eyes were hard as stones.

Mowgli had been talking to the Bandar-log—had he not?

Mowgli sniffed a little. Well, when he hadn't learnt his lessons and Baloo had hit him, no one else would have pity on him.

"The pity of the Monkey-people!" Baloo snorted. "The stillness of the mountain stream! The cool of the summer sun! And, then, Man-Cub?"

And then, said Mowgli, they had given him nuts to eat and said that he was their blood brother, and he should be their leader some day.

"Listen, Man-Cub," said the Bear, and his voice rumbled like thunder on a hot night. He said the Bandar-log were the stupidest and most insignificant creatures in the jungle. "The falling of a nut turns their minds to laughter and all is forgotten. We of the Jungle have no dealings with them. Hast thou ever heard me speak of the Bandar-log till today?"

The forest was very still as Baloo finished, as Mowgli whispered, "No."

But high above them, on the tree-tops, the Monkey-folk had heard, and suddenly a shower of twigs and nuts came rushing down on to the two. An angry howling and chattering could be heard. And one of the Monkeys got what he thought was a brilliant idea—if he said, Mowgli were kidnapped and forced to stay with them, he

would teach them to make shelters from sticks and leaves, against the wind. They would be the wisest people in the jungle!

This was truly the way the minds of the Bandar-log worked. In a little while, when the Panther, the Boy, and the Bear lay down to sleep, two of the foolish creatures swooped down and grabbed Mowgli. Before he knew what was happening, he was being whisked through the trees at terrific speed.

At last, a day came, when he did not see Grey Brother, at the signal place, and he laughed, for that could only mean one thing—Sher Khan had been sighted.

He went down with his buffaloes to the ravines where Grey Brother sat, every bustle on his back lifted. Mowgli frowned as he heard the news—that Sher Khan had come in last night, hot on Mowgli's trail. Even now, he lay up in the big dry ravine of the Wainganga, and meant to catch Mowgli at the village that evening.

Mowgli stood thinking. The big ravine of the Wainganga—that meant that Sher Khan would have to be trapped inside—and the way to do that was to divide his herd of buffaloes.

With the help of Grey Brother and Akela, the cows and calves were driven to the foot of the ravine, while the Bulls, with Mowgli at their head, on Rama's back, gathered at the head of the ravine. Below lay the dry bed of the Wainganga. Hidden somewhere below was one, replete and sleepy tiger, whose end was near.

Then Mowgli called down the ravine "Cattle thief, it is time to come to the Council Rock!"

The tiger roared—full-throated and

sleepy And then the herd stampeded wildly down, a torrent of black horns, foaming muzzles, and staring eyes, like boulders in flood-time

Sher Khan heard their thunder and looked desperately for some means of escape But there was none — the walls of the ravine were too steep

The bulls bellowed and there was an answering bellow from the foot of the ravine Sher Khan turned It was better to face the bulls than the cows and calves But he had no chance — no chance at all Even as Mowgli watched, the herd had trampled him to death Already, the kites were upon him

★

If you look carefully at a map of India you will notice that near the States of Maharashtra and Madhya Pradesh — almost in dead centre of the map to be precise — a river carves its way down to the ghats in the West There it is, a thin blue line, winding and trailing along — the mighty Yamganga

In the two extracts you have just read the India you came across was just over a hundred years past Mowgli, of course, is a marvellous creation who brings to life the mysterious dazzling jungles of the Central India plains These plains of the Yamganga are indeed where our young hero lived with his beloved Bagheera and Baloo and the savage pack of Scoundrel Wolves

Now, who would not be intrigued by such a life? A young woodcutter's boy, who strayed into the jungle as a baby and was brought up by the wolves His first lessons learnt at the hands of a fine old bear and a ferocious but beautiful panther neither of whom would harm a hair on his head And his friends, the animals of the jungle His life, one of pure adventure!

Kipling, the author of "The Jungle Book" — a collection of tales about Mowgli — could not have chosen a better setting to describe for his fellow Englishmen some of the wonderland that India was in those days

Kipling was born just over a hundred years ago, in 1865, in Bombay, and it was from these early years that his love and fascination for India took birth.

His schooling, as was the custom for all English children in India, took place in England He had always loved reading — anything he could lay his hands on — and at the United Services Academy where he studied, he began to write as well In later years some of his dearest friends featured in a series of school stories Kipling wrote, called "Stalky & Co"

One of his masters was a particularly short-tempered man who, when angered, would bestow on the class the richest and most colourful abuse imaginable Young Rudyard or Ruddy as he was known, would deliberately provoke him, and when the master started shouting, the boy would listen with a very bewildered air — actually listening carefully to the words that the Master used As soon as class was over, he would rush to his study and quickly look up the words he had not heard before so that he could use them the very next time!

I have told you this little incident just to show you how fascinated Kipling always was with the power and beauty of the English language

It was this love that proved itself later in the countless stories that he wrote, for children and for adults alike

There was, for instance, the story of "Kim — the adventures of an English boy on the Grand Trunk Road, which ran from Peshawar to Calcutta 'Captain Courageous', about young Harvey, who was washed aboard an Atlantic liner and taken up by a fishing fleet

Then "Just So Stories" did you know just how the Leopard got his spots? Or the Camel his hump? Or why Sulaiman Daud — a Sheikh of Arabia — had nine hundred and ninety-nine wives (though he didn't really need to — but he had to show everyone he was king)?

If such matters interest you—as they undoubtedly will—then you must go to Kipling's tales to find out. Also, if you wish to know what happened to Mowgli after Sher Khan had been slain, then *The Jungle Book*—not one but two of them—are yours for the discovery.

And finally, to close, let me tell you some interesting facts about Rudyard Kipling. Briefly then:

- * If you go to Simla, you can see the house where he stayed, at Kaithi. Many of the buildings he mentions in his tales—'Peterhof', 'Pelet's Hotel', 'The Viceregal Lodge'—still remain, a quiet tribute to a past era (Peterhof was burnt down in a fire just three months ago).
- * At one period, his books sold for a rupee each!
- * He won a Nobel Prize for literature in 1907—just six years before another great children's author, Rabindranath

Tagore (see *Children's World* January 1981)





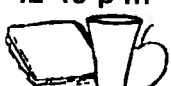





- * More than all his stories and poems (he wrote many) Kipling is remembered for one particular poem which has given hope and courage to millions over the years, a poem which begins quite simply with the words, 'If you can keep your head while others about you are losing theirs, and blaming it on you.'

So, there has never been, nor will there be, anyone like Mowgli—just as there is no country like India—which was once known as 'The jewel in the Crown of the British Empire'.

Roam with Kipling over the mysterious plains and dark jungles of India, listen to the call of Tigers and Bagheera—and be warned—once you are under the spell of Kipling it is impossible to break away!

Lalitha Rao

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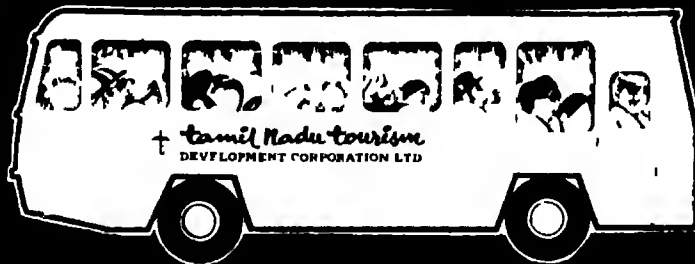
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CHILDREN

PHOTOGRAPHING children is at once both the easiest as well as the most tiresome assignment! You should go about it only if you really like children and can afford to be patient with them. Since rules, which apply to other subjects of photography, also apply to children, there is nothing special about them. A few points should, however, be kept in mind.

Children are God's ambassadors on earth "trailing clouds of glory do we come from God who is our home." Children are the epitome of pristine innocence and simplicity. And a photographer must always emphasize these qualities in children's photographs. They become unattractive if they are asked to pose and a look of maturity is forced upon them. They must always look their age and seem to be at their best amid familiar settings—home, kitchen, playground, and parks.

Very small children show an inquisitiveness for the shining metal box which the photographer holds in front of them. They are bewildered by the camera. Hence, it is always better to let the babies touch the camera and feel it. They won't be scared of it any more and will become familiar with it and would even ignore the flashbulbs in due course. In order to capture the best in children, it is better to use a 135mm tele lens. It allows you to work without getting too close at an intimidating proximity! Children feel more relaxed and natural when the photographer keeps a safe distance from them.



Picture 1 Keep telling funny stories. Children will burst out and their laughter is worth all the trouble and time you give them.

It is advisable to use a camera which provides for a quick lever change, besides, you must be quick and alert. Children seldom repeat their expressions. Do not be miserly

with your film when you take photographs of children. For children, like flowers, are of perennial interest. Take as many shots as you can grab and never instruct them to 'laugh' or do this or do that. Everything children do is worth a shot. All you need do is to keep talking to them, telling them stories, singing songs (if you can). This will keep them relaxed.

It is better to take children's photographs from a low angle. From a top angle, they will look dwarfed and too small. The world viewed from their eye-level appears different and fantastic.

Children enjoy themselves in the open

Picture 2 Shoot from a low angle for better perspective



park, away from the restricted space in rooms. Babies feel more secure with their parents, brothers and sisters. But remember, they are not your subject, but the babies! The accent should always be on the child's face and expression, hence a diffused lighting is best. Cover the flash with a single layer of white cloth and increase the aperture suitably when working indoors.

Every child has its own individuality, very much like its elders. The primary aim should



Above Picture 3 Play with children and make friends with them. Below Picture 4 Their smiles are their best assets.



always be to highlight the child's innocence, simplicity, playfulness, and the look of excited wonder that everything in the world around them arouses in them. Do not discriminate between poor children and those of affluent families. The poor are nearer to nature and less influenced by the sophistication of luxuriant drawing rooms. Lewis Carroll, the author of the extremely popular *Alice in Wonderland*, suffered from such a prejudice. He photographed only children from rich families. Avoid this. Children in the countryside are still more natural and as such better subjects for candid photography.

Surendra Sahai



Picture 5 The problems seem too big for their small stature!

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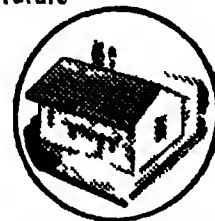
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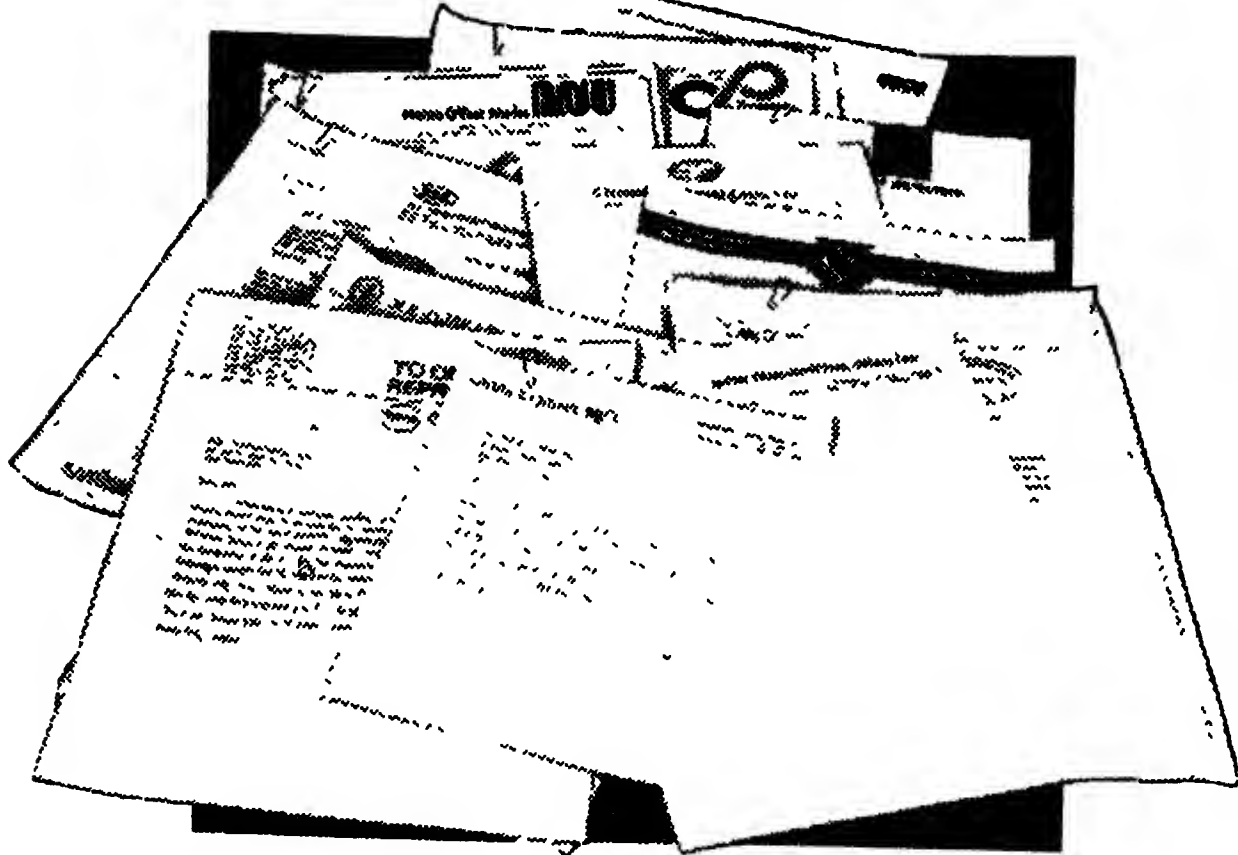
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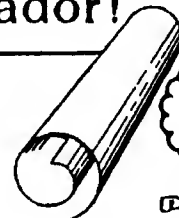
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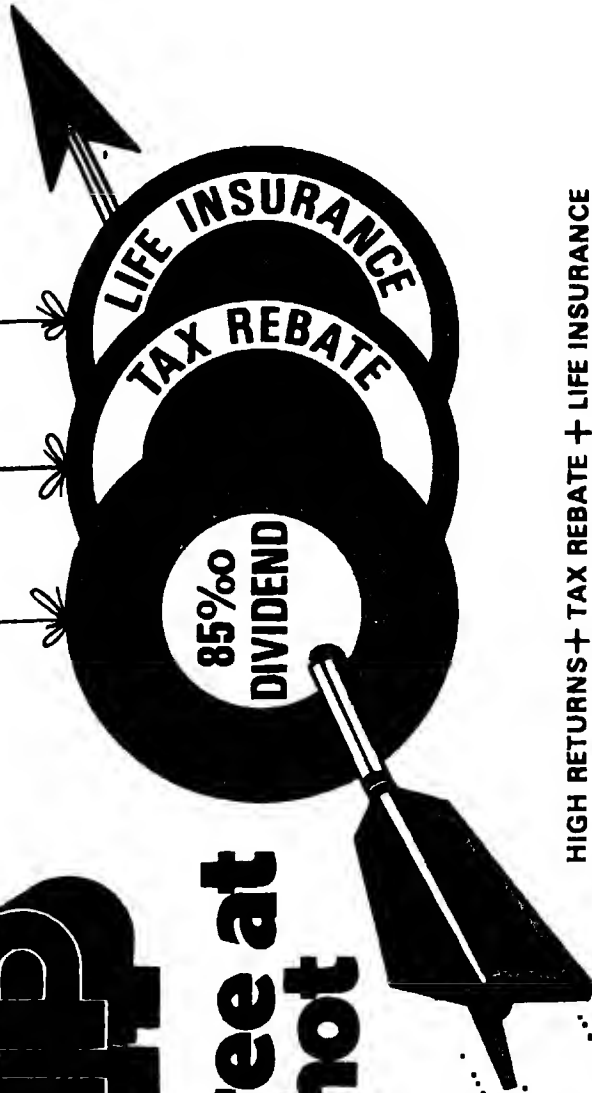
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THE STORY OF A STATUE

FEBRUARY 22, 1981 was a very important day for the Digambar sect of Jains. It was on this day that their Lord's statue, Bahubali, was subjected to Mahamastakabhisheka.

Mahamastakabhisheka literally means the great head ablution. And at the auspicious moment on February 22, the great monolith (statue carved out of a single rock) was washed with sacred water from 1,008 pots. (According to Jainism, a sacred soul attains 1,008 qualities.)

This ceremony normally takes place every 12 years—the twelve years indicating the time Bahubali spent doing penance. The last Mahamastakabhisheka was held in 1967. So the next was due in 1979, but it was postponed to 1981, to coincide with the tenth centenary (1,000 years) of the installation of the statue.

Who or what was Bahubali? Like Gautama the Buddha or Mahavir Jain, Bahubali too was of royal birth.

He was the stepson of King Rishabhadeva, who had a hundred other sons, the youngest of whom was Bharat. Rishabhadeva renounced his kingdom and divided it equally among all his sons. But Bharat being over-ambitious, claimed and acquired all his brothers'.

The statue of Bahubali, with the scaffolding and the canopy erected for the great anointing ceremony of February 22. (Photo courtesy The Karnataka Information Centre, New Delhi) Turn to page 57 for more close-up pictures of the statue.



shares, too. The only one who wouldn't give in was Bahubali. So, Bharat declared war on Bahubali. But since the quarrel was between two brothers, they were advised to have the dispute settled by a trial of strength.

Bahubali won the contest. But he did not like the idea of his elder brother grovelling at his feet. So, he in turn renounced his share of the kingdom and went to the forest to meditate.

Legend has it that in spite of severe penance (anthills, creepers, and snakes crept all over Bahubali who was standing erect all the while), Bahubali could not achieve his goal. Bharat was disturbed and sought his father Rishabhadeva's advice in the forest.

"His mind is not at peace," Rishabhadeva told him. "Because the land he stands on, he feels, does not belong to him."

So Bharat went to Bahubali and told him to be at peace — and concentrate only on his goal.

Soon afterwards Bahubali attained Nirvana. Bharat had a golden statue erected in his honour in a place called Paudavapina in northern India.

This statue, with the passing of years, was totally lost from sight, as it came to be infested with anthills, fowl, snakes, etc.

Chamundaraya, general of King Rachamalla of the Ganga dynasty (the Gangas ruled between the 4th and 10th centuries in present-day Karnataka), was a worshipper of Lord Bahubali. Chamundaraya was determined to trace the lost statue of Bahubali, and prayed to him to let him find the statue. Once, on a pilgrimage to Belagola, he dreamt that if he stood at Bhadrabahu's cave, facing the Indragiri mountain (3,347 feet high), and shot a golden arrow, Bahubali would reveal himself to him. The next morn-

ing, when he did just that, the golden statue of Bahubali revealed itself to him. Chamundaraya then undertook to have a statue of Bahubali carved out of that rock under the patronage of King Rachamalla, and brought the famous sculptor Aristenemi to carve the image of Bahubali.

The statue was carved and hewn to the point of perfection. It faces north, is nude, and in a standing posture. The shoulders of the statue are broad and the hands straight down with the thumbs turned outwards. Below the thighs are carved anthills, with serpents coming out of them. A madhavi creeper, also coming out of an anthill, twines round the Bahubali's arms and body. This shows how unconcerned Bahubali was of his surroundings, and meditated in tranquillity, radiating the message of love and compassion.

The statue stands on a pedestal resembling an open lotus. It is 57 feet high, and one has to climb 614 steps to reach its head. This is where the offerings of milk, ghee, and water are made, over the Bahubali's head, to flow over his body and run into the pond below. But, when Chamundaraya or Gomata (after whose name the Bahubali statue is also called—Gomateswara) poured offerings of milk at the inauguration of the statue on March 13, 981, the milk had only reached the waist. It was only when an old woman in the crowd, who poured a 'thumbful' of milk from a cup the size of a local nut (called Billva Gulakayi) that the milk reached the foot of the statue and ran into the pond.

In folklore, this woman is known as Gulakayi Aiji, or the granny of Gulakayi. And since Shriavan means any Jain samit, the place came to be called Shriavanabelagola.

N. Anand Rao

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Besides textbooks and other educational publications, **National Council of Educational Research and Training (NCERT)** publishes supplementary readers for children in the age-group 14-17 years. Some selected titles are given below.

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THE THRUSH

SOME of the poetry of everyday life has given form and expression to the lovely songs of birds whose music can transform a secluded, shady dell into a sylvan concert hall. And there is no family of birds that can perform this ear-soothing magic than the Thrushes—Black-throated thrush, Blue-headed Rock Thrush and Malabar Whistling Thrush. This lovely group of song birds of the Indian forest rank among India's best-known warblers.

Thrushes are the largest birds with music in their voices: other large birds either scream or croak or chatter, but the Thrush's song is both deep and mellow. The torrent of melodic sounds that pours from these modestly coloured birds affirms the observation that birds lacking in visual splendour are among the most gifted of all singers. While the brightly plumaged birds advertise themselves by bringing colour and drama to a landscape, the birds whose drab colours melt into their surroundings can flutter into the sky and fill it and the land below with rhapsodic sound.

These champion singers of the bird world are the first to begin singing in the morning, except for the larks, and they are the last to leave us in the evening. They will also sing on fine days, in winter and in storm, too.

The thrush family is to be found in both the Old and the New worlds. They are small to medium-sized birds of about 18 to 28 cm in length. Their legs are rather long for song birds, they have large eyes and moderately slender bills, suitable for digging their favourite earthworms, or insects, or for

feeding on ripened berries. They fly and perch freely, but feed mostly off the ground. They will take a few hops, pause for a moment, then pick up a worm or toss aside a leaf to scan the ground for a tasty morsel. Trim, quiet, deliberate, the Thrush lives in woodlands or semi-wooded areas.

The Thrush group is so similar in habit to the Chats, Robins, and Flycatchers that ornithologists have now lumped the lot in a wide family of 'Muscicapidae'. They usually build their nests far away from human habitation, in the dark of well-shaded rivulets, water-comes overhanging rocks, and cliffs where water is plentiful.

The breeding season extends from May to June. At this time, the Black-throated Thrush builds its nest. A deep cup-like home, it is lined with moss and roots which are some-

The Blue-headed Rock Thrush (right female, left, male)





The Indian Necklaced Laughing Thrush (above), and the West Himalayan White-throated Laughing Thrush (below)

times neatly compressed and sometimes left loose and straggling. It holds three to five eggs that are normally oval. The soft green surface of the eggs is smeared with dull red-brown spots which are sometimes very faint. Both the male and the female help to hatch the eggs.

Among the three Thrushes named above, the best known is the Black-throated Thrush. Its body is wrapped in chestnut brown plumage, daubed with varying shades of grey and, as his name suggests, a circle of rich black feathers round his throat.

The female, however, has a touch of colour on her feathers. The olive-brown upper

plumage brightens to soft-green at the breast and she wears a band of black spots round her neck.

The birds migrate to the Himalayas in winter, and their frequent presence in the gardens and lawns adds great beauty. Their ungainly hops, flappings, and dartings through the bushes during courting operations, accompanied by a chorus of silvery rich, bell-like tones, provide a performance better than many a side-show at a fair. In fact, this bird's call recalls the song of the English Thrush.

The Blue-headed Rock Thrush is a beautiful winter whistler. The soft melodious whistle of the male is reminiscent of the song of the English Blackbird. During the breeding season, the male bird sings softly from a perch high up in a tree at sunset and at dawn.

This bird also has the curious habit of mimicking other birds. Some of the Thrushes are extremely shy and elusive, singing only from unapproachable tangles of forests and woods. The birds sing most eloquently just before dusk.

It is not surprising that the lilting rhythms and rippling melodies of these song birds have inspired poets since earliest times. Shakespeare, Tennyson, and Hardy, among others, have singled out the Thrush for special mention. Robert Browning called particular attention to the Thrush's pattern of repeating its musical phrasing.

That's the wise Thrush he sings
each song twice over,
Lest you should think
he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!

U. C. Chopra

Bird-watching

ORNITHOLOGY or bird-watching, was popular in Europe by 1600, and was introduced in India by the British in the 19th century. It is not only an interesting, educative, and amusing hobby, it has the advantage of adding to your knowledge day by day because wherever you may be, birds are sure to be your companions.

Ornithology can be great fun if you have a genuine love for birds and nature. You can begin by trying to identify the common birds in the vicinity of your house or a nearby park or pond. With a little patience and perseverance, you will very soon be able to recognise their calls.

To help in correctly identifying birds, it will be useful if you can also read up authoritative books on birds. These books invariably are full of colour plates of various species of birds and give vital information about their size, colours, markings, and other details. You will also need a notebook to jot down *your* observations. When you observe a bird, you must remember a few points like, its size, shape, tail, colour, markings, flight habitat, and season, song and call, as this will make identification easier.

Size of the bird. Compare it with any common bird of nearly the same size, like the Mynah, Bulbul, Crow, Pigeon, etc.

Shape of the body. Each species has a definite shape for the body, including the tail. Like an Egyptian vulture has a diamond shaped tail, while a white-backed vulture has a wedge-shaped tail, and a kite has a forked tail.

Colour and markings. Certain birds have conspicuous markings on their body

which are seen either when they are perched or in flight. Colours vary in different species, and even between male and female birds.

Nature of flight. Each species has a typical flight, and some birds can be identified from their flight alone.

Habitat and Season. Certain types of birds can only be found in particular areas at a particular time.

Song and Call. Each species has its very own call and song, some birds like the Peacock and Sarus dance during the mating season. A Koel sings

To observe birds at a distance, it would be ideal to get hold of a pair of binoculars, of size 7 x 50 or 8 x 30.

Uncommon birds are generally found near ponds or lakes and in peaceful surroundings. When you discover an unusual bird and want to observe it, do it from a reasonable distance as it may take fright and fly away. Also, do not stare at the bird for very long, try to be natural and look about the whole setting, but mentally note down its important characteristics. Later on, write the details in your notebook. Refer to the book whenever you have any doubts. A separate checklist of the names of birds you have seen is quite handy.

As your interest in birds increases, you can join a nature club in your area. Whenever you have an opportunity, visit a bird sanctuary or park, as birds can be best observed there in their natural habitat. The Ghana Bird Sanctuary near Bharatpur, about 50 km west of Agra, is an ornithologist's paradise. A visit to this place is an unfor-

gettable experience, as thousands of birds from different parts of the world migrate to this sanctuary to escape the extremes of climates in their country. Bird migration is a strange ornithological phenomena, as twice every year, without fail, millions of birds take flight and go on long journeys, sometimes across continents and oceans. In their new home, they lay eggs, hatch them, and rear their young ones with remarkable care.

Watching birds and observing their ways draws you closer to nature, sharpens your powers of observation, and makes you aware of the magnificent bounty of nature in our country.

Lakshmi Bantwal

(Turn to pages 58 and 59 to see how birds have been adopted as a theme for colourful stamps—Ed.)

DID YOU KNOW?

Total species of birds in the world	8654
Total Species of birds in India	1200
Species extinct in the world	94
Species extinct in India	4
The Indian Bird family has	
Orders	27
Families	75
Species	1200

There are only 150 left of the rare Siberian Crane. They are among the endangered species in the world. Some of these birds come to the Ghana Bird Sanctuary every winter, and it happens to be the only place where they migrate to, outside the Soviet Union.



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Teacher Vs. Student : by R.V.Nath..

Teacher

How far away were you from the right answer to that sum?

Student

only two seats away, teacher

Teacher

Are you a good student?

Student : yes and no.

Teacher : what does that mean?

student

yes, I am no good

Teacher

Name five things that contain milk.

Student

Ice cream, butter, cheese and two cows.

Teacher

you are young and in school now, what will you be when you graduate?

Student

old, I think.

Teacher : what is the plural of child?

Student :

"Twins".

From Sure Defeat to Success!

WHEN the Indian cricket team led by Sunil Gavaskar left in November 1980 for a tour of Australia and New Zealand, it was variously described as "the best team ever to leave the shores of India", "a well-balanced side", and "a mixture of old and new talents". Everyone was conscious of one thing, it was the first team to leave India after the famed quartet of spinners had retired. Of course, Doshi and Yadav had been successful during the last season when Australia toured India. But, then, that was an Australian team attenuated by the Kerry Packer circus.

India went to Sydney to play the first Test after a series of unsatisfactory performances. Gavaskar won the toss and unfortunately elected to bat. Unfortunately because Sydney had its first showers after months that week. It could

be expected that there would be some early movements.

Soon this demonstrated itself. Lillee, the fiery Australian, took full advantage of the damp wicket. Off the fifth ball of the first over, Gavaskar was out for a duck. The example of the skipper was followed by the middle-order batsmen. Chetan, Vengsarkar, Viswanath, and Yashpal Sharma crumbled before the three-pronged pace attack of Lillee, Pascoe, and Hogg. India went to lunch at 78 for five.

After the break, Patil and Kapil Dev showed some signs of resistance. They added 67 runs in 49 minutes. But the partnership was too good to last. Kapil was out soon. Patil went on to make 65 when he was felled by a Pascoe delivery. After he was carried off the field, it was only a matter of minutes before India were all out for 201.

The 'fallen hero' is India's middle-order batsman and the 'find of the season', Sandeep Patil. He was felled by a bouncer from Australia's speedster Len Pascoe in the First Test at Sydney. The anxious onlooker from slip is Doug Walters.

Another picture from the Sydney Test. India's Viswanath is just bowled by Rodney Hogg for 26.





Australian players applauded faster bowler Dennis Lillee on creating a new Australian record of claiming 249 Test wickets, in the third Test at Melbourne. The previous record stood to the credit of Ritchie Benaud with 248 wickets

Kapil had early triumphs when Australia began their campaign. He dismissed Dyson and Wood, and the hosts were 14 for two. Then came Greg Chappell and Kim Hughes, who took the score to 72 for two at the end of the first day.

The second day belonged entirely to the Australian captain. He showed what a determined batsman could do on a pitch, which he described as the "best we have played on this summer. Though suffering from a virus which made him miss his meal, Chappell totally dominated the proceedings. Walters, who made 67, gave him able support. Chappell, who completed his 18th Test century in 65 Tests, went on merrily to score 204. In scoring his third double century, he also bettered a 33-year-old record held by Bradman of the highest score by an Australian against India. Australia were

all out for 406, with a lead of 205. Kapil and Ghavri shared the wickets equally.

The Indian second innings was a disaster all cricket-lovers in India would like to forget. The whole team caved in before Lillee and Pascoe, except for a brief flicker by Chauhan and Vengsarkar. Nobody tried real hard to stay at the wicket—which was the need of the hour. The hosts won the match by an innings and four runs 40 minutes before scheduled stumps on the third day. Apart from Chappell and Lillee, credit for the win must also go to Rod Marsh who did a fantastic job behind the stumps.

At the Adelaide Oval, Gavaskar put Australia in to bat on a near perfect wicket. Aided by a bit of luck, the hosts made the most of this gesture. Wood, who was dropped by Kirmani in the very first over of the match, went on to make 125 good runs. But the pride of place in the Aussie innings went to Kim Hughes, who piled up a massive 213, his highest Test score as well as the highest by an Australian against India. Australia amassed 528 in their first

India's Vengsarkar is caught low down at second slip by Allan Border for 12 off Lillee, at Melbourne



innings. The wickets were taken by Yadav (4/143), Doshi (3/146), and Kapil (2/112).

India began the first innings on the familiar note, reputed batsmen falling like ninepins. Gavaskar's 23 enabled him to cross the milestone of 6,000 Test runs, Chauhan stayed on, while Viswanath, Vengsarkar, and the night watchman Yadav fell. India were 130 for four when Patil walked in. He opened out on all sides and scored his maiden Test century. His 174 was the highest by an Indian against Australia, bettering Viswanath's 161 scored in 1979. Chauhan once again proved to be unlucky when the Lillee-Marsh combination dismissed him for 97. India scored 419 in the first innings conceding a deficit of 109 runs.

When Australia began the second innings, Doshi presented some excellent pieces of spin bowling. However, dropped catches robbed India of any chance of making an early dent in the Aussie innings. Chappell and Hughes scored half centuries before the declaration came at 221 for seven on the final day.

Chasing a target of 331, India began badly, losing Gavaskar and Chauhan with just 16 runs on board. Despite the early setbacks and unfortunate decisions by the umpire, India played out the day to make 135 for eight, thus drawing the match.

Then came the all important final tie at Melbourne. Batting first, India seemed to follow the familiar path of collapse, Gavaskar, Chauhan, and Vengsarkar walking back cheaply. But the little Visly was in his element. He delighted the Melbourne crowd with a variety of stylish strokes sending the ball to all parts of the ground. His 114 enabled the tourists to end up with a reasonable total of 237. The Australian second innings made the Indian bowlers toil all the way. Border hit a useful century.



A bewildered Australian team (extreme left Kim Hughes who has succeeded Greg Chappell as captain of the Australian team to Sri Lanka and England, Lillee, hands behind, and Rodney Marsh, hands akimbo) watch batsmen Gavaskar and Chetan Chauhan walk off in protest after the Indian skipper was given out lbw to Lillee, in the third Test.

Good contributions came from Chappell (76), Walters (78), and Marsh 45. Despite tremendous efforts by the Indian bowlers, the Aussies gained the substantial first innings lead of 182. In the process, Kapil and Yadav sustained serious injuries.

By the time India went in to bat again, the wicket had started withering. Still the Indian openers put up a magnificent fight. Gavaskar was finding his form at last. Just when everything seemed to be going well, the Indian skipper (70) was given out. Coming as the climax of a series of umpiring decisions going wrongly against his team, this upset him very much. While walking, he also asked Chauhan to walk back, thus putting the future of the game in jeopardy. However, timely action by the team manager, Wg. Cmdr. Durian, saved the situation. He rushed down from the dressing room and asked Chauhan to go back to the crease. Chauhan made 85. When the Indian in-



India's Kapil Dev being congratulated after the final 'blitzkrieg' that claimed 5 wickets for 28, despite a grievous groin injury. From left to right are Ghavri, Binny, Gavaskar, Vengsarkar, Sandeep Patil, Kapil Dev, Doshi and Kirmani (both back to camera)

nings ended on 324 for 9 (Yadav did not bat), the margin was just 142

Meanwhile Lillee, who took 4 for 104, earned the distinction of being the

greatest wicket-taker for Australia, surpassing the earlier record of Ritchie Benaud

Needing just 143 for a win, Australia must have been confident. The Indian camp was dispirited and beset by injuries. But Kapil Dev, despite his injury, gave a dramatic turn to the match. He bowled unchanged for 164 overs, to return the figures of 5 for 28. Doshi (2/33) and Ghavri (2/10) gave him excellent support. Australia crumbled to their lowest total against India, 83, the previous lowest being 105 at Kanpur in 1959-60 (Australia's lowest ever total was 78 against England in 1968 at Lords). India thus won the match by 59 runs and squared the series.

Gavaskar aptly described his team's performance at Melbourne as "one of the better performances by India ever"

Radhakrishnan

SPOT THE BALL

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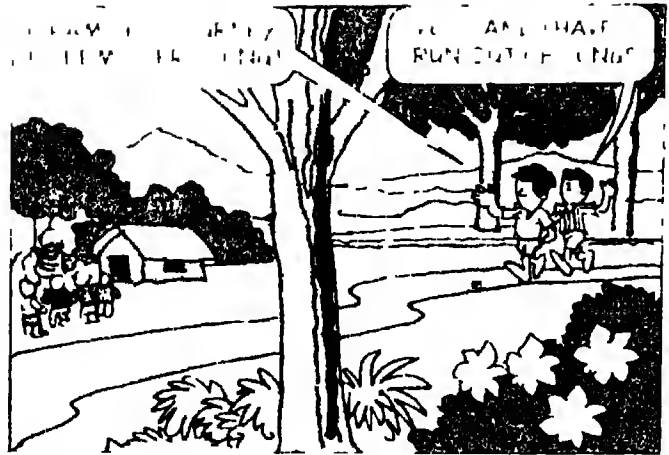


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Transperencies used on the cover and page 29 by Raj Kumar Sinha

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ERRATA : In *The Story of a Statue* (page 85) in our last issue, Bahubali was described as the stepson of King Rishabhadeva, and that the King had a hundred other sons of whom the youngest was Bharat. Bharat was the eldest of them all, while Bahubali was Bharat's step-brother. The 614 steps on Indragiri hill lead one to the summit of the rock on which Bahubali's statue stands and *not* to its head.—EDITOR

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READERSHIP SURVEY

(For children between 6 and 16)

CUT ALONG THIS

1 Name and address

2 Age-----

3 Class-----

4 School-----

5 When did you start reading 'Childrens World' (Put tick mark)

Less than a year ago

One year ago

Two years ago

Three years ago

Four years ago

Five years ago

More than five years ago

6 Do you buy a copy for yourself?

' share it with a friend?

' read it in a library?

7 Where did you see the magazine for the first time?

With the newspaper boy?

With a friend?

In the bookshop?

In the school library?

In the public library?

By subscribing?

8 If you get your own copy, do you, after reading it

Give it to a friend?

Keep it for further reading?

Cut and preserve items?

9 Do other members in your family read the magazine?

Brothers

Sisters

Parents/Other members

10 Do you find the magazine Below your standard?

Above your standard?

Just adequate?

11 What items in the magazine do you like most?

(Number them 1, 2, 3 according to the order of your preference)

Stories

Poems

Comics

Science

Sports

Puzzles

Hobbies

Books and authors

Picture stories

Photo features

Jokes

Other items

(Please specify)

12 In this issue which six items do you find most attractive (in the order of your preference)

a) _____

b) _____

c) _____

d) _____

e) _____

f) _____

13 Is there any item that you have missed in the magazine and which you would like to see?

a) _____

b) _____

c) _____

14 Have you any suggestions for improving the magazine?

15 Do you read other magazines?
Can you name them?

a) _____

b) _____

c) _____

N B Views and suggestions from adult-readers are also welcome

Mail your reply to

Editor, CHILDREN'S WORLD, Nehru House, New Delhi 110 002

Two-way Talk

Dear Editor,

Your magazine is only 14 years old, but I am nearing 80. I like the magazine so much that when I read it I forget myself and I have a feeling that I had reverted to my childhood, and I fully enjoy myself in the world of children. And whenever I miss an issue (though it seldom happens), I will feel I have grown old. Really, *Children's World* is so popular and entertaining that children of my locality drop in to read your magazine. I feel proud that I am one of your numerous subscribers and that I could make so many children of my locality enjoy reading your magazine. *P C Dutt, Calcutta*

In the Annual, *Cricket Scene* is very interesting. I hope you will win more awards.
B Raghavan Visakhapatnam

The March issue was lovely. Please continue the feature *Rare Stamps of the World*. *Kapish* is very amusing. *The Rhino Trail* is becoming an excellent mystery story. The poem *On Her Birthday* was a sweet one. Why don't you print more poems? The Pen-friends Club still remains a promise. Anyway, thank you for publishing such a lovely and beautiful children's magazine.

P Rohini Raj, Always

How about pictures of historical places and great men on the cover along with their stories inside? You must now have a quiz competition for your readers. I am glad that you have been maintaining the standard of your magazine. *Rammohan, New Delhi*

I have been a regular reader of *Children's World* since 1975, and I have with me all the issues from that time. Every one of them is fresh to me any time I pick up an issue. *Radhakrishna Hemmad, Bombay*

Dear Readers,

We thank you all for remembering us on our 14th 'birthday' and writing to us, appreciating our effort which, even now, is still an *experiment*. And its success entirely depends on your reaction, your views. Will *every one of you* extend your cooperation and spend some time on the Readership Survey questionnaire appearing on pages 5 and 6 and return it with your most valuable remarks? More than anything else, a compilation of your comments will help us make *Children's World* give you the very best. We are indeed grateful to reader Dutt for telling us how *the magazine* is good enough even for 80-years-olds like him. Those subscribers who take pains to explain how they have 'grown beyond' *Children's World* now have no excuses! Reader Raghavan wishes more awards for us. In fact, more rewarding than awards will be the continuous growth of our 'family' of subscribers!

We are sure Rohini and readers like her will be excited to see the much-awaited *Pen-friends Corner* appearing on page 62. It will now be a *regular* feature, and not turn *rare*! For Raminohan, there will soon be a photo-feature on some of the fortresses in India, followed by other well-known historical places. Great men? Of course, they have been appearing in these columns every now and then. This month we have Dr Patel, inventor of the gas laser, and 'the one and only' Hitchcock. What better tribute from a reader (Radhakrishna Hemmad) can there be than to be told that he *preserves* every issue? And that exactly is what we, too, wish the magazine to have — a perennial value.

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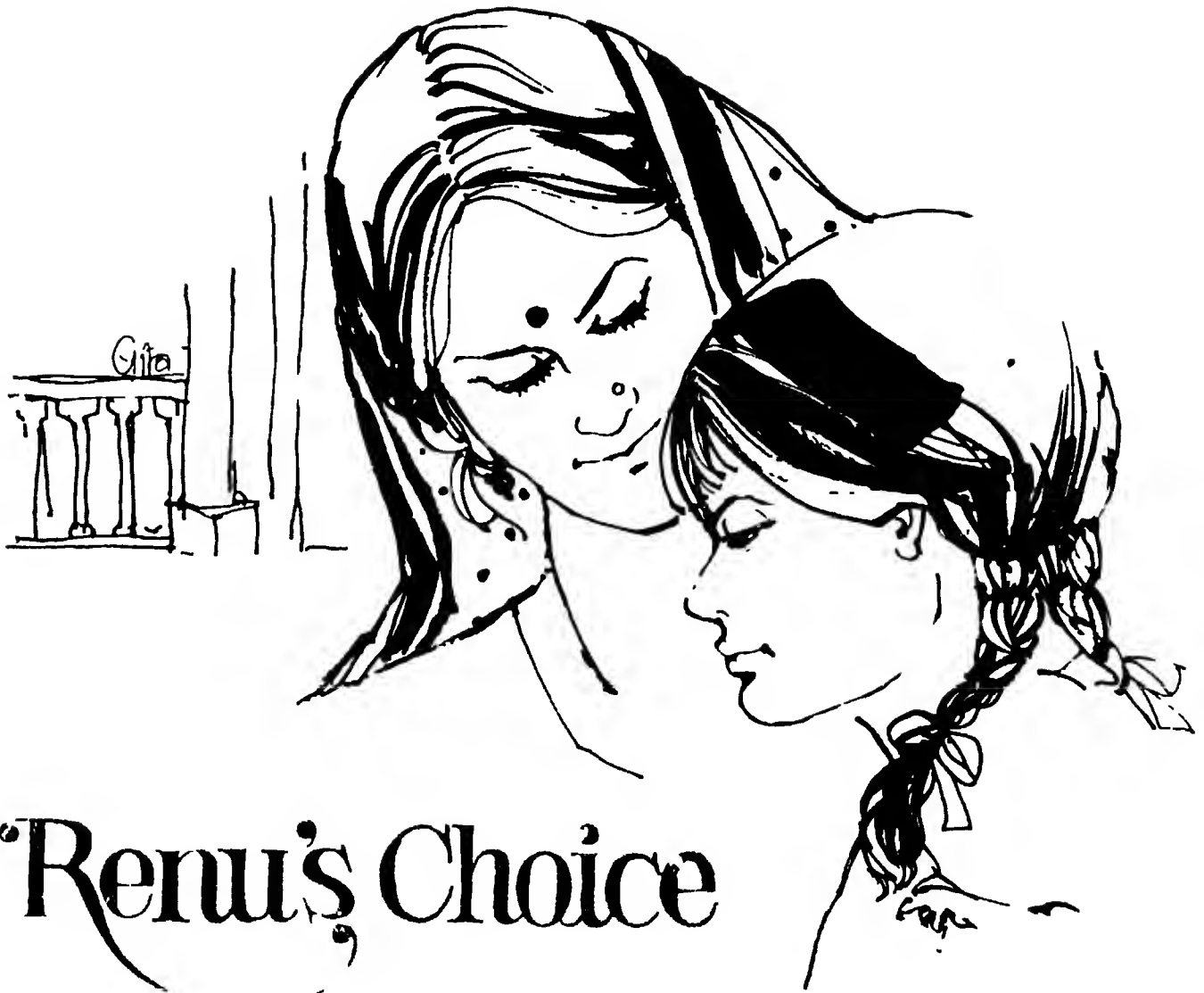
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Renu's Choice

(A Read-aloud Story by Pratibha Nath)

THIS is the story of a family of four – father, mother and two girls, called Renu and Mala. The family lived in a small flat on top of a bookshop. They were not rich, but they were very happy because they loved and cared for one another.

Once Renu's uncle and aunty came to stay with them. Uncle was a rich man. He lived in Africa and earned a lot of money. Every day Uncle and Aunty talked about their life in Africa. They had a beautiful house with a garden and oh, so many flowers and

fruit trees! They had two shiny cars, one black (for Uncle), the other red (for Aunty). They kept dogs and horses. Every summer they went on a holiday. They always took a jet plane and had a wonderful time!

Uncle and Aunty had no children of their own. From the first day, they took a liking for Renu. They spent a lot of time talking to her. They took her out and bought her pretty things.

One day, Uncle said to Renu's father, "We like Renu very much. May we take her with us to Africa?"

Aunty added, "She'll be very happy with us. She'll get lots of money, good food, and clothes. We'll send her to the best school. Don't you like the idea?"

Renu's mother did not wish to send her daughter away. She began to cry. Renu's father thought for sometime and said, "I don't want to part with her. But I can't possibly give her all the good things that you can. It may be best for her to go with you."

"Let's ask Renu," said Uncle

They called Renu and told her everything. Renu became very quiet.

Then she asked her father, "Do you want me to go, Papa?"

Her father replied, "My child, it is *your* choice. You can go or stay, as you wish.

At this Renu ran to her mother and hugged her. "I don't wish to go at all," she said. "I'll stay *right* here with you. Who wants money or good clothes? I want *all of you* near me. I want your love!"

Father and mother smiled happily. Uncle and Aunty smiled, too. They said, "How right you are, Renu. God bless you!"

L I F E

*Yesterday, today and tomorrow,—
They're all part of a complex game,
It involves both happiness and sorrow,
Life is its name*

*We're all contestants for a start,
Struggling towards a happy end,
On the way many do tire and depart,
Whereas some go on, passing each bend.*

*Courage, ambition and optimism would do,
But luck and fate play a part, too,
Some reach their goals, with content do
Others must continue to fight with zest*

*For it was once truly said,
'Where there's a will there's a way!'
One must never lose hope,
People who do, eventually mope*

*For if one must conclude his race,
Nature does it for him with grace.
We mortals are eliminated from ~~this~~
game,*

Naturally, with little fuss or feign

*We must learn to keep our pace
Some do so with honesty and hardwork,
But many resort to deceit,
And ne'er do succeed*

*One should always keep in mind,
That god is with those who, in life,
Always do strive
To remain good, honest and kind!*

Radhika Sonia Bhalotra (14)

the little red slippers



THERE once lived a pair of tiny red slippers in a shop. They were a very, very pretty pair of slippers. They were made of red satin, and sewn with green and gold beads and white pearls.

But the little red slippers were hidden behind a pair of big black ugly boots. Nobody ever wanted to buy the boots. And that was why nobody ever saw the little red slippers.

So, one day, the little red slippers decided to run away.

"Let's run away, sister," said the right slipper to the left.

"Yes, let's, sister," said the left to the right. "Nobody will ever buy us."

So, one night, just before closing time, when the shopkeeper was looking the other way, the little red slippers ran away.

The little red slippers ran down the pavement until they came to the main road. And there, who should first see them but a very fat lady?

"Oh red satin slippers,
Alone on the street,
Do you think
You'll fit my feet?"

"Try us," said the slippers. So the fat lady tried on the right slipper and then the left. But they were so small they did not even fit the fat lady's big toe! So the slippers said:

"Tch! Tch! that's a pity,
Your feet are too big,
We'll find someone else,
On whom we'll fit snug."

So the little red slippers went on running down the road. Then who should see them but a thin tall lady?

"Oh red satin slippers,
Alone on the street,
Do you think
You'll fit my feet?"

"Tiv us," said the little slippers So
the thin lady tried on the right slipper
and then the left But her feet were
too, too long, so they did not fit So the
slippers said

"Tch! Tch! That's a pity,
Your feet are too long,
We'll find someone else,
On you we'll be wrong."

So the little red slippers went on run-
ning Then they met a monkey-man

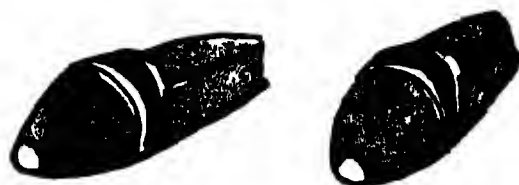
"Oh red satin slippers,
Alone on the street,
Do you think
You'll fit my monkey's feet?"

"Tiv us," said the slippers So the
monkey-man put his monkey's right
hind paw and left hind paw into the
slippers But the monkey's paws were
round and the slippers were long and
narrow So they did not fit.

"Tch! Tch! That's a pity,
Your paws are too round,
Oh! someone else
Must surely be found!"

So the little red slippers went on run-
ning They felt very tired running so
long, and they also felt very sad be-
cause they did not fit anybody Just
then who should see them but a little
girl holding a little doll?

"Oh red satin slippers,
Alone on the street,
Do you think
You'll fit my doll's feet?"



"Try us," said the slippers So the
little girl put the dolly's right foot and
left foot into the right and left slippers
And—they fitted perfectly! The slippers
were overjoyed!

"Hip! Hip! Hurrah!
We've found the right feet,

Now no more running
About the street!"

So the little girl and her little dolly,
who wore the little red slippers, went
home, and there they lived happily
ever after!

Padmini Krishnamurti



Scarlet and Aishvarya at the Mulberry Tree

"SCARLET, Scarlet," called out Aishvarya as she picked up the soft, white fuzzy balls of cotton that spilled out of the red-silk-cotton-tree pods and floated to the ground.

"Hurry up, Scarlet, Mummy wants the garland soon today."

"All right, all right, I'm just coming," replied the fairy in her tinkle-bell voice. "I got up late today, no time for breakfast now, I'll eat something later. See my new frock, Aishvarya," she added as she came out. "Suits my name, doesn't it? Unlike the white cotton dress?"

"Oh that's lovely, just lovely, Scarlet, what's this flower called? Can I have some to make a garland for Ganpatibapa?" asked Aishvarya.

"Of course, Aishvarya. Come, I'll show you where the Hibiscus bush grows. We'll make the garland soon, and then I'll show you lots of other lovely flowers today," promised Scarlet, and she flew off on her transparent red wings. Aishvarya followed pattering fast after her.

There were lots and lots of lovely red bell-like flowers on the hibiscus bush, with a long stamen coming out of each. Aishvarya plucked the ones that were growing low and within her reach. Scarlet flew to the higher ones and plucked them for Aishvarya. Soon, Aishvarya's 'jholi' was full and they both sat down to knit the green stems together to make a lovely garland.

"Oh Aishvarya," said her mother

when she saw the beautiful garland. "Where do you get such beautiful flowers? And who taught you to make such beautiful garlands? They're lovely. You sure do like your Ganpatibapa, don't you?"

"Yes, and you, too, Mummy," replied Aishvarya, "because you, too, like flowers. Bye now, Mamma, I'm going out to play with the flowers and trees and..." and... Aishvarya giggled mischievously as she ran out of the house to join Scarlet.

"Did your mother like the garland, Aishvarya?" asked Scarlet eagerly.

"Of course," Aishvarya replied. "She's wondering where I learnt to make such beautiful garlands so fast. But that's our secret, no, Scarlet? We won't tell her, will we?" she said and Scarlet caught her hand and they both laughed at their secret.

"Come, Aishvarya, I'll show you some fairy lamps," Scarlet sounded excited and her voice tinkled all the more.

"Fairy lamps? Here? Where? Where are they, Scarlet," cried Aishvarya clapping her hands in glee. "Let's go, come on, let's go!"

So off they went again, Scarlet invisible to the rest of the world flying ahead, while Aishvarya followed pitter-patter, pitter-patter.

Scarlet led Aishvarya straight to a tree that was overflowing with yellow

flowers dangling down in a cascade from every branch

"See," she told Aishvarya, "fairy lamps, glowing golden yellow. Don't you like them?"

"Wow!" said Aishvarya her eyes large and shining. "What a nice idea

Do you fairies really use them as lamps?"

"Of course," laughed Scarlet, 'ting-a-lingly'. "Otherwise, why would Burny make so many every year in his lab? That's what he calls them, 'LAB-URNUM'—Lamps made in Burny's lab, for fairies to burn em



"Don't you believe her, little girl," said a deep voice "Scarlet has always been like that, the naughty fairy. My flowers were always known as LABURNUMS."

At that, Scarlet did a very unfairy-like thing. She stuck her tongue out at the tree, grabbed Aishvarya's arm, and pulled her to another tree that was loaded with ripe mulberries.

"Hey Aishvarya, remember, I have not had any breakfast. Here's some food for me—do you like mulberries?"

"Of course, I like them, Scarlet. But

I can't reach that high and there are no low branches that I can climb," said Aishvarya in despair.

"Don't you worry, little Aishvarya, when Scarlet's there, you don't have to look elsewhere." tantara

She sang like the chimes of Aishvarya's toy clock, and in the blinking of an eye, she was on the highest branch of the mulberry tree. PLOP PLOP, PLOP went all the ripest mulberries into Scarlet's mouth.

"HEY!!!" yelled Aishvarya. "I thought I was supposed to get a share too!!!"



"Globcouse," replied Scarlet with her mouth full "But L'im la vane who hasn't gobble gobble had gobble bleakfuest gobble, gobble"

"Chee!" said Aishvarya and sat down under the tree resting her chin on her hands "Chee, and she calls herself my friend"

"ZZZZZ Zallo Zeie, Zhould Zwe have ZZome zfun?" buzzed something in Aishvarya's ear

"Huh?" Aishvarya turned in surprise "Who What? and what again?" she asked when she saw a wasp buzzing close to her ear "Can you talk?"

"Zof Zouse zand ZI zknow zall zabout zyou zand Zcarlet, zand zhow zyou ztake zall zhe bezt flowers zand zmake garlands zout zof zthem, zo ZI zdon't zget zany zzznectar But ZI zdon't zdishke zyou ZAishvarya ZI zonly zlike zzo ztease Zcarlet Watch what's zgoing to zhappen" And with that the Zzzvizer just took off Aishvarya could see him now, quietly sitting on a mulberry twig close to the other mulberries that Scarlet was gobbling He sat so

still he looked just like a mulberry

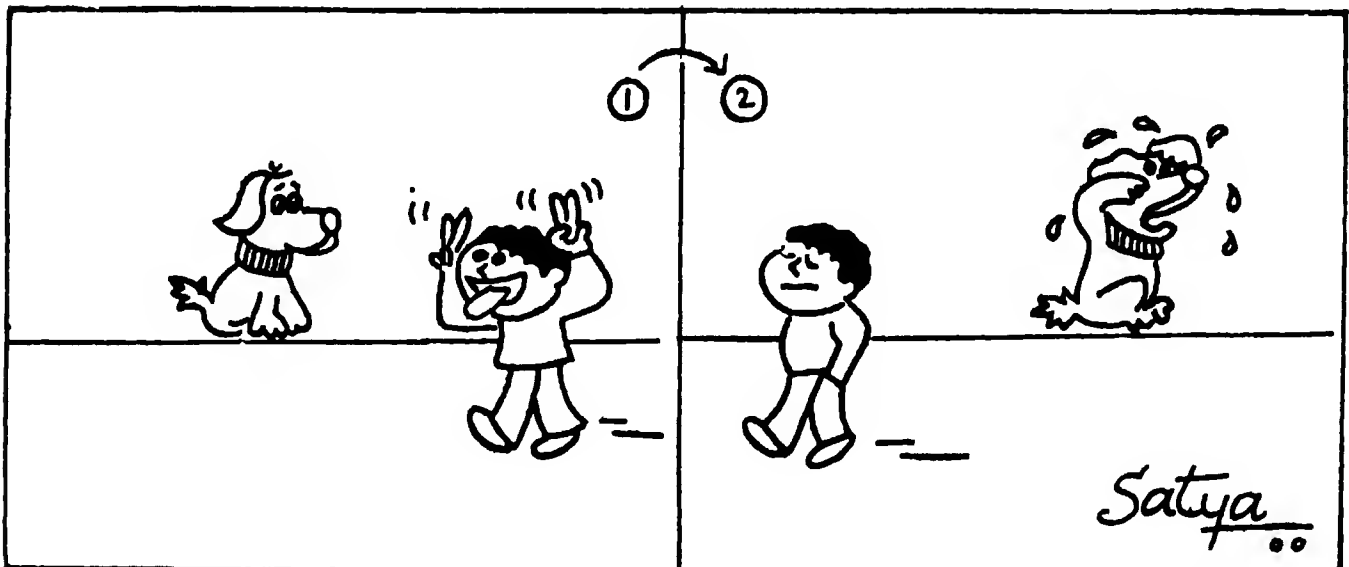
"GOBBLE - PLUCK - GOBBLE - PLUCK, GOBBLE PLUCK" went Scarlet, till she came to the Zzzvizer "PLUCK" she went and "PLONK" almost, and then "P-P-P-F-OOOO-OO"-Eeyaa OOW," she yelled in her tinkle bell voice While the Zzzvizer came flying down to Aishvarya who couldn't stop laughing She laughed so much that tears ran down her eyes

"Oho—so it's YOU ZWAZPY," said Scarlet "I should have known Just you wait, I'm going to teach you a lesson now that I have a friend And Aishvarya's MY friend, not yours Aishvarya that ZWAZPY is my WORST friend and BEST enemy He likes to tease me But we'll show him one day, won't we?"

"Yes, yes I'd like to ha ha" said Aishvarya trying to stop laughing and crying at the same time

"ZVA, ZVA, ZVA, ZVA," laughed ZWAZPY "ZVA ZZZZVA ZI'll zwait zfor zhat zday"

Vaijayanti Tonpe



Juneli at St. Avila's

THE STORY SO FAR

Juneli is quiet during the long drive to her boarding school. Her father Mr Choudhary's attempts at cheering her up are in vain. After their parents have left, Juneli and her friends have a lot of news to exchange. For after all being at St. Avila's means they are back where all the excitement is.

The term begins with the election by vote of a new headgirl. But Sheila Talwar's election as headgirl can hardly be called fair when the others come to know of Swiss chocolates distributed to a few girls. Then, there comes the day when Moustachew, the Bengali teacher better known for his weird dress sense, takes Class VIII for a free period. That's when Juneli and her friends discover what a nasty temper he can have.

Urvashi Dastidar, Mr Choudhary's friend's daughter who joins St. Avila's from this term, is also put in the Green Dorm along with Juneli, Rita and the others. But fat little Urvashi is determined to dislike St. Avila's, so there is all the more friction. There's a new geography

teacher, Miss Hathi, with proportions to match.

Juneli has her Carefree Club for newcomers which she decides to revive. But more exciting than that is the news that with two vacancies in the Girl Guide company, she and Rita can also join. They are lucky to attend the Girl Guide meeting, where Miss Wylie from Canada teaches them how to make a new knot. But Guide meetings can't go on every hour of the day and the girls rush off to Baldwin's class. Baldwin is the bald Mr Chauhan, the music teacher, who is very particular about how every note is sung. Urvashi's showing off that she is a good singer, in fact that she had been the Best at Villa Alpina, just gets the girls back up. They wait with bated breath for Baldwin to say she's a flop—but for once Urvashi hasn't exaggerated and not only Baldwin but all the other girls too, are totally hooked over by her melodious singing and Class VIII bursts out clapping to show their appreciation.

You read on.

Chapter 8: A Cooking Class

"HAVE you seen the notice board," asked Rita, bursting into the common room, where Juneli had been learning the clove-hitch knot from Latha. Juneli knew a great deal about Guiding by now and was preparing to take the Tenderfoot Test to become a full-fledged Guide.

Juneli looked up eagerly. "No. I haven't. What's the latest?"

"I know what it is," said Ina. "It's about

the badminton tournament with St. John's, isn't it?"

"That and more!" said Rita mysteriously.

"Has Juneli been chosen to play the Singles again?" asked Ina eagerly.

"Don't be silly," said Poonam from her corner. "One doesn't 'choose' players just like that! We shall have several trial games before Miss Singh does the actual choosing!"

"Feeling sore about last term?" asked Rita with a mischievous grin

Poonam Punwami had been the badminton champion of the class until Junch joined St. Avila's. Junch, who had played with her father, a noted sportsman, all her life, was so much better that she had been chosen to represent the Middle School instead! As a rule only the High School played outside tournaments—Swarna, Alka and Jamila being champions of long standing. But, last term, the newly started Bluebells' Seminary had sent a challenge to the Middle School, and Junch had come back with all the laurels.

"St. John's only plays on seniors," said Poonam petulantly, "and WHO cares about Bluebells? It's only a new school, after all!"

"Do tell us what it is, Rita," said Swati looking up from her knitting. "Evidently it's something interesting!"

"Tennis!" said Rita dramatically.

"Tennis?" said Rosita astonished. "But we don't have tennis at St. Avila's!"

"No, but St. John's does. Then Principal, Father George, asked Mother Benedicta if any of our girls knew the game. And now *they* have sent us a challenge!" said Rita triumphantly. "I ran across Miss Singh and she told me!"

"But who among us knows tennis?" asked Ina. "Swarna isn't here this term. Is it Jamila?"

"Sheila Talwar plays, as also Radha," said Poonam. "Both have tennis courts at home."

"The stuck-up two again!" said Rita. "How I dislike them!"

"Much they care about how *YOU* feel!" said Poonam.

"And you can't dislike the head-girl!" said Nandita at once. "Smart and rich as she is!"

"Tosh!" said Rita, tossing her head. "You can't buy liking head-girl or not! One has to earn it."

"That's enough," said Latha from the other end of the room. "How're they going to practise for the match? We haven't any tennis courts here."

"Father Donal, the Parish priest, has one in his bungalow. He has sent word that we may use it three afternoons a week."

"Oh good!" said Junch. "That's only next door to us!"

"Do you play, by any chance, Junch?" asked Rita, looking at her shining eyes.

"Just a little," said Junch, "but my father is a fantastic player!"

"Well, there isn't a chance of *your* playing!" said Poonam. "You can't possibly hold a candle to Sheila or Radha, either!"

"I'm sure I can't!" said Junch in a placid voice.

The bell rang just then and everyone made for the door. "Now for those horrible quadratic equations!" said Ina with a grimace. "I hope Mr. Rakesh forgets all about it and brings the geometry book, instead!" As this was exactly what he had done last week, everyone burst out laughing.

"We've Domestic Science in the last period," said Sharmila. "Do you think Sister Evelyn meant it when she said we're not to be entrusted with cooking?"

"Of course she didn't!" said Latha. "We've to learn what's in the syllabus, don't we?"

"And NO ONE makes that sort of mistake twice!" said Ina with confidence. "In any case, we won't have cooking today. It's the day for needle-work."

The Maths class went smoothly for once, and even Urvasi and Balbinder did not get into any rows. A fresh surprise awaited them as they entered the Domestic Science Room in the basement. A delicious aroma of fried fish and chips hung about the air, and Sister Evelyn awaited them wearing her spotless overall. "Children, take out your overalls from the cupboard and make haste," she said.

"Are we going to have cooking?" asked Juneli enthralled.

"You are," said Sister Evelina "The Tenth Standard girls have made fried fish and chips for supper, so I thought you could make *halua* for tea. It's simple enough and there is no bleaching-powder in the house at the moment!"

Juneli and her friend turned as red as beetroot. They stood in a circle while Sister Evelina explained to them what they should do. She divided the rava, sugar, ghee, and raisins in four lots and handed out four large *karahis*. "Sixteen of you here," she said looking around "so you can do it in four lots. Use four of these electric heaters and be sure to leave the platform clean."

Juneli and her friends got busy. "Sift the rava first," said Sister Evelina, "just in case there are things to be taken out, and powder the sugar too, and wipe the raisins carefully. Good gracious! What're you two doing?" She looked at Urvashi and Balbinder who sat on the window-sill swinging their legs.

"I can't do this sort of menial work," said Urvashi loftily. "At Villa Alpina, we had cooks and maids to do all this."

"The fire is very bad for the complexion," said Balbinder in a whining voice. "Mummy says—"

"You will both do exactly as you're told," said Sister Evelina, cutting her short. "And as for you, Urvashi, didn't you know that domestic science is a part of your studies here? And that includes cooking!"

"I don't need to learn such things!" said Urvashi. "Why, at home—"

"GO AND SIFT THAT RAVA!" said Sister Evelina, eyes flashing, "and don't dare to argue with me!"

Everyone grinned. It was fun to see the spoilt Urvashi being taken down a peg or two! Juneli, Ina, Rita and Latha took charge of one set. "Sift the rava, powder the sugar,

fry the raisins and rava in ghee till brown, add water and sugar, and stir till dry! That's simple enough!" said Latha.

"I should think so!" said Sister Evelina. "I don't see how and where you can make any mistake there! By the way, the ghee in the can may not be quite adequate. If the rava feels too dry, add a bit of groundnut oil. It's in my cupboard, in a jar."

"Yes, Sister," they said enthusiastically.

Rosita, Swati, Asha and Sharmila were the first to begin. Swati tipped in a generous amount of ghee into the *karahi*. Asha was about to pour in the rava when Rosita stopped her. "Let the ghee heat first," she cried, "and you shouldn't have poured so much! There's hardly any left in the can!"

"Never mind, the others can use the groundnut oil," said Swati, "but ours will be the tastiest, of course."

Sister Evelina walked up to them and peeped inside the *karahi*. The rava, vigorously being turned by Rosita, was browning nicely. "That's right," she said approvingly, "it's really quite the easiest sweet to make!" She turned to see the attempts of Poonam, Nandita, Radha and Annsuya, who was scraping the can containing ghee. Just then Esther came into the room. Sister Evelina looked up. "Yes, Esther?" she asked enquiringly.

"Could you come to the parlour for a minute?" asked Esther looking about her. "That man from the Evergreen Nursery has come, and he wants to know which seedlings you'd like for the garden this term."

"I'll come at once," said Sister Evelina getting up. "Get along, children. Be careful not to overfry the rava."

"Shall I stay here and keep an eye on them?" asked Esther.

Sister Evelina laughed. "They seem to be doing all right for a change!" she said. "Esther, go and find Sister Sybil and send

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MANIPAL-576 119

her to the parlour, too." They left the room together.

"Hurry up, June!" said Latha, "everyone else is almost finishing the job. Rita, go and fetch the groundnut oil from the cupboard."

"You folks were horribly mean to have used up ALL the ghee!" said Ina. "Our halwa won't taste half so good!"

"Have you found the oil yet, Rita?" asked June.

"Oh, yes, here it is. There's a label on the bottle which says G. OIL, so it must be the one," said Rita, fetching a longish bottle from the cupboard.

"I thought Sister mentioned a jar," said June. "Are you sure it's the right one?"

"Of course it is," said Rita indignantly. "There's a jar too, but it's almost empty. Anyway, both contain the same transparent oil and the label is the same on both."

"Then it must be okay," said Ina, pouring a generous quantity. "Pass me the rava, June."

"We want some oil too!" said Poonam.

"Here," said Latha, passing the bottle.

"What a queer fishy smell!" said June, turning up her nose.

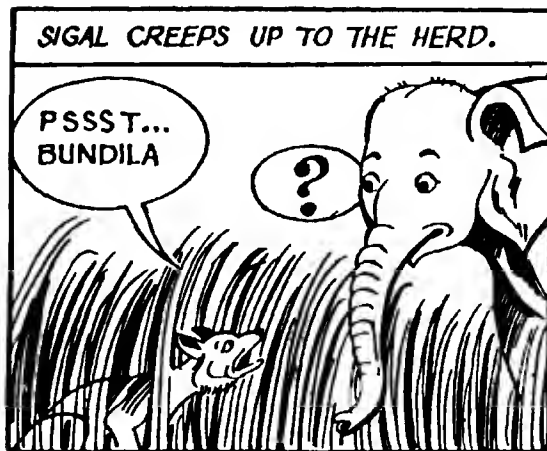
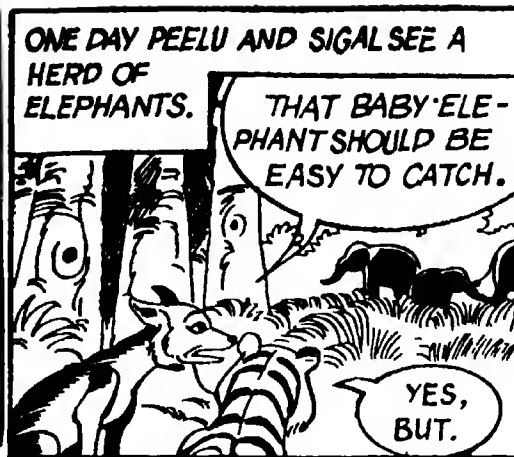
"Well, the Tenth Standard girls have been frying fish here, haven't they?" said Rita. "The smell of frying fish lingers for ages!"

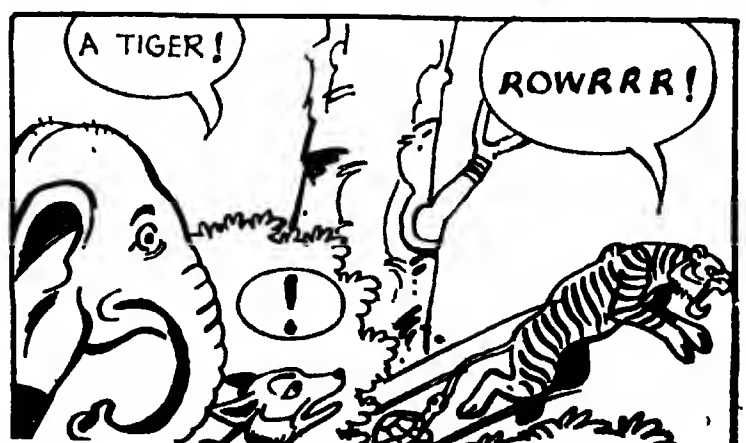
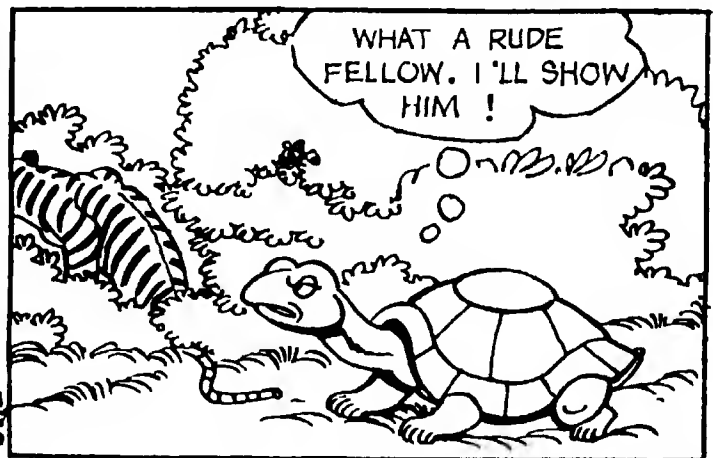
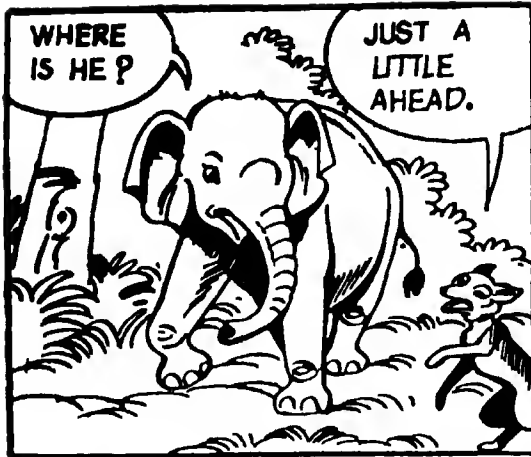
"Yes, that must be it," agreed June. "I remember how our kitchen reeks of fish whenever Bindu makes fish-curry."

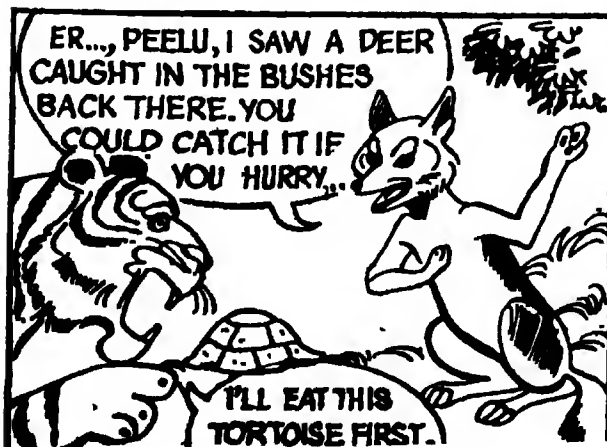
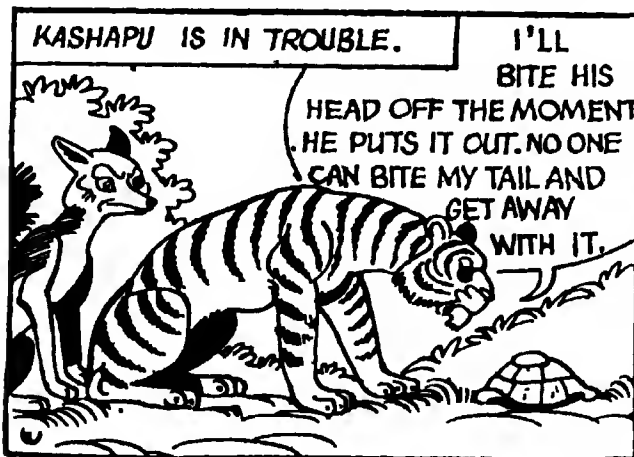
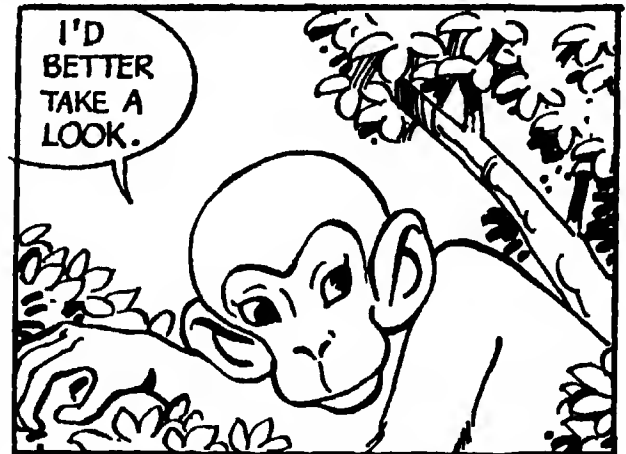
Everything was done at last. The halwa was put on four large platters. "It looks lovely!" said Ina, surveying them. "And I stuck the raisins in a pattern. Look!"

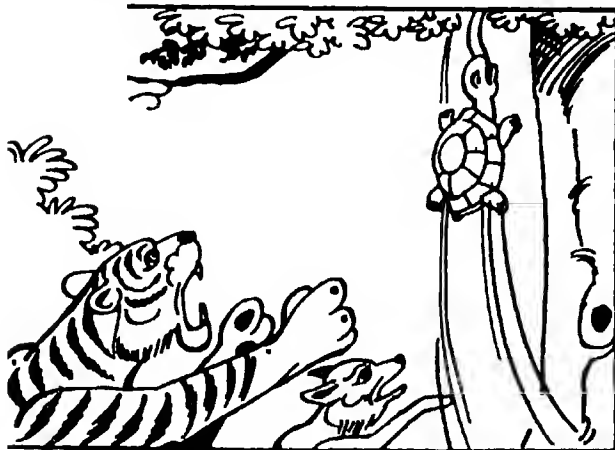
"I'm longing for the tea-bell to ring!" said June.

Swapna Dutta









Dr. Patel and His Gas Laser

LASER is a much talked about subject today. It is used in some of the most crucial fields of human endeavour, namely, medicine, communications, microbiology, and computers, and by the army. There is a whole range of lasers available, now known as solid-state lasers, liquid-state lasers, gas lasers and semi-conductor lasers, the adjective in each case indicating the kind of source. However, this was not the case in the early sixties, although both the solid-state lasers and gas lasers had been invented. The former, though powerful, could not produce a continuous beam of laser, and the latter, though it could produce a continuous laser beam, were weak. As a result neither could be beneficially utilised. It was the India-born American scientist, Dr Chandra Kumar Naranbhai Patel's new kind of gas laser, known as Carbon-dioxide laser, that gave a new impetus to research in laser and also increased its potential as a versatile tool as seen today.

LASER is the acronym of the long, technical term "Light Amplification by Stimulated Emission of Radiation". In appearance, a laser beam is like an ordinary light, but as is often the case, here, too, appearance is deceptive. Laser is innately different from ordinary light. In an electric bulb, for instance, the atoms of the filament absorb electric energy or electricity, and release it in the form of light. In releasing the light, atoms here behave like a crowd, whose footsteps are not at all in order. In the case of laser, the atoms — whether of solid, liquid, or gas — are "stimulated" to behave like an army battalion, whose footsteps are in per-



fect order. Laser can, therefore, easily be called light of a highly ordered type and so, like an army battalion, is packed with high energy.

In the early sixties, only those gas lasers had been invented whose basic gas source was a mixture of such gases as argon, neon, helium, and oxygen, which are called "atomic gases" — gases composed of single atoms. Dr Patel's carbon-dioxide laser was thus a slightly different invention, and that made all the difference. The gas he used for the laser was "molecular" and not "atomic". Carbon-dioxide is a molecule composed of two atoms — oxygen and carbon. The carbon dioxide laser produced a "pure" conti-

(Turn to page 61)



LEARNING PHOTOGRAPHY—7

HOLIDAY PHOTOGRAPHY

MOST of the time you might be busy with studies and homework. Lack of time is one reason why an amateur photographer finds himself handicapped, though it can to a certain extent, be compensated by an ever ready camera. On the other hand, holidays provide you with plenty of leisure and time to go places. All that you have learnt about film composition, portraits, and children — holiday is the time to put your knowledge to practice.

First of all, you must plan your holidays. Make a note of the places you will be visiting and the possible picture-taking requirements. If you plan your holidays this way, you may as well turn it into a photographic mission. Take a stock of the equipment you have — a 35mm camera and a 135mm tele lens are the ideal combination. It is not advisable to carry a load of different cameras as this increases your burden for little gain. You must also buy and keep all the films you need before you start on your holidays.

In small or far-flung places, films might be extremely expensive — and not available at all. To avoid such a situation and disappointment, you must carry your favourite brand of film. You may want to take plenty of pictures, but do not waste your costly film by merely repeating the same pictures, especially on beaches, mountain scenery, or temples. I have myself ruined my budget by clicking madly and thoughtlessly because I was overwhelmed by the majesty of snow-clad mountains and the flamboyance of the sea waves. The result was an awful similarity in slides and pictures to an extent that when I very much needed the film, I had none!

When you visit a place, try to capture the real spirit of the place. The church, the temple, and the market place observed from a high vantage point offer a panoramic view. It is advisable to include human figures in your composition, otherwise your pictures would look lifeless. A beach scene, however

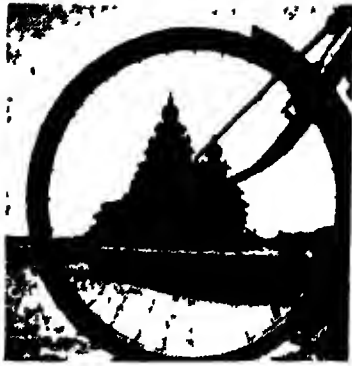
fascinating in view, would look deserted and dull without the holiday makers. Sometimes there are unusual exhibitions on display when you visit a place. When I was in Florence, one of the rarest outdoor exhibitions of Henry Moore's sculptures was on, and I could get quite a few rare pictures on that occasion.

Also try to photograph the people you see, for they are as much representative of the place as its architecture. The newspaper reading people on a Sunday morning at Hyde Park will be as typical of London as the Piccadilly Circus or the Buckingham Palace. When you take photographs of people at these new places, ask their permission first—don't shoot if they don't agree, and always wear a smile. People are won over sooner by a courteous smile rather than by arguments. At some places, people are still wary of strangers with cameras, in places like Varanasi, women flower-sellers tend to fight with you if you turn your camera on the flowers! They cover the flowers with their clothes, maybe they fear



Above Adding human interest to mere architectural details for a good travel picture. Below The people are symbolic of the place—Sunday morning at Hyde Park in London. On facing page A panoramic view of the place is generally welcomed by the viewer—City of Florence.





Giving a new angle to an old view

the blossoms would die if photos are taken. Then the best advice would be — don't take pictures! Similarly, people taking their bath in the open, even at the ghats, don't like to be photographed. Learn to respect their privacy and don't offend them. I am sure, you wouldn't like to be deprived of your camera or beaten up in the bargain — should you insist on taking photographs on such

occasions

Don't always hope to take astoundingly great photographs. Reasonably sharp and clear pictures of everyday life are also worth taking. Remember the places, identify your pictures, and make it a habit to keep a written note on the places you visit and pictures you have taken. Travel pictures are complete only if they can be described.

In order to make your pictures worth all the trouble, you must use your own imagination to save them from dull repetitions. No advice can be given on this point, except that you must think in advance how to render an ordinary scene into an extraordinary picture — unusual angle, unusual light conditions, unusual objects, some blurring effect — to show movement. You must see for yourself what you can do under these circumstances.

Surendra Sahai

“Children at Work”

HERE'S a story in a nutshell. Year 1953. Scene: Exhibition of children's paintings organised by *Shankar's Weekly*. A 'critic' exclaimed, "fantastic", but expressed a doubt: "You mean to say these have been done by *children*?" Now, that was a challenge to Shankar, who had by then held an international competition for children for five years in succession and thereby was convinced of their creative talents. He turned to the critic and said, "I'll hold an *on-the-spot* competition right here in another fortnight. You may come back and watch the children at work!" Shankar proved right, the critic must have hung his head in shame.

What was taken up as a challenge continued as an annual feature in Delhi for 29 years. *Shankar's On-the-Spot Painting*

Competition this year was held on February 15. As usual, it attracted a large number of children. Won't you take 13,000 or 14,000, or 15,000 a "large" number? A three-and-half-hour display of creative talents by these children netted about 30,000 paintings. A jury toiled for ten days to select the 600 best efforts, with a hundred and sixty of them winning prizes. They included the Jawaharlal Nehru Memorial Gold Medal, the Begum Zaidi Memorial Prize, the Children's Book Trust Award, and the Children's World Award. The prizes were distributed on March 24 by the Lt. Governor of Delhi, Mr. Jagmohan.

A photo-feature on this year's competition appears on the facing page and the following two pages.



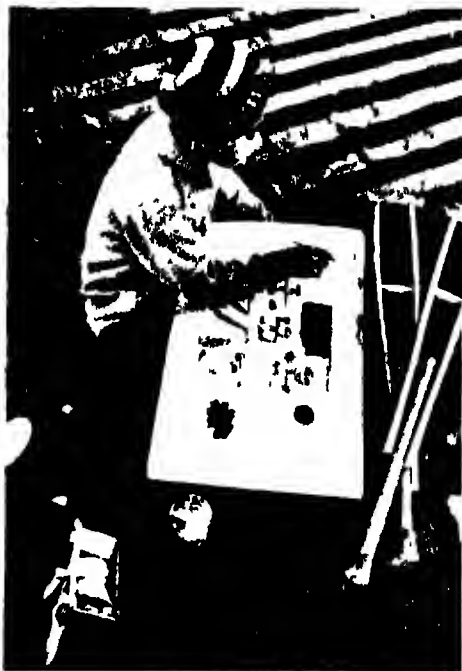


Crayons are colourful

Vijay Mendiratta



No, I can't spare my colours



I start with a handicap



Now a sea for contrast

N. Anand Rao



Here're my entries



Fifteen thousand children?



Lt. Governor Jagmohan being received by Mr. Shankar, Mr. S.P. Chatterjea, General Manager, Children's Book Trust, and Mr. G.B. Pal, Trustee.



From left to right : Mr. Shankar, Mr. Jagmohan, Jaidev, Sonali Basu, and Kumud Sawhney.



A handshake first



You deserve a pat



and you an applause



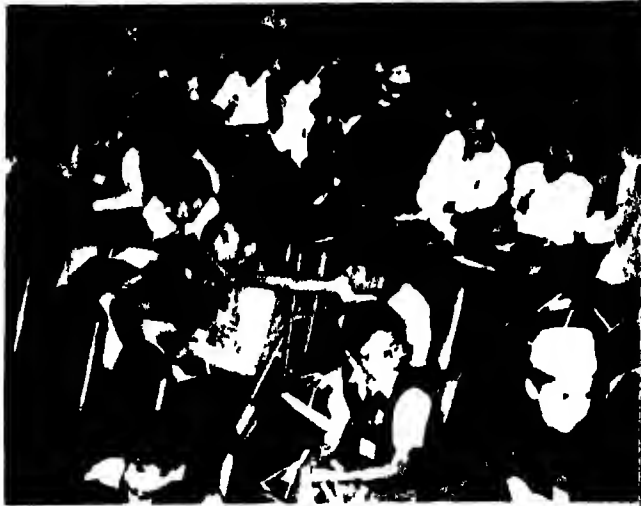
A smile for everybody

The Lt. Governor goes round the exhibition of prizewinning paintings. Escorting him is Mr. Chatterjea.



We got our prizes, let's wait for the others.

(Photographs by our Staff Photographer)



The Village was just about a furlong away when Makhoni suddenly stopped, and trumpeted nervously.



Come on, Makhoni, we're almost there, come on! Hey, is something the matter?

A glint of something shining in the moonlight caught Dhanai's eye.



What! It's two of those men behind that bush!

Come on, Makhoni, about turn.



As Dhanai lay flat on the elephant, a long-bladed knife missed him and got embedded on Makhoni's side. She trumpeted once again.



Dor, Makhoni, dor

That was touch and go! Now let me apply some medicine on your wound, Makhoni, and you'll be all right



Dhanai soon made a paste from some leaves.

This'll stop the bleeding. Now let's go to Neog mama's house



We're there at last! But the lights are off. Obviously Neog mama hasn't returned

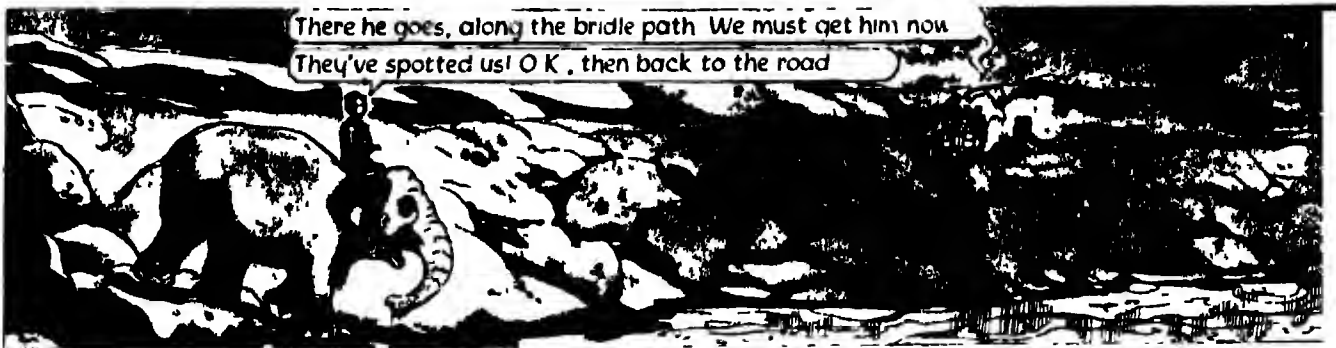
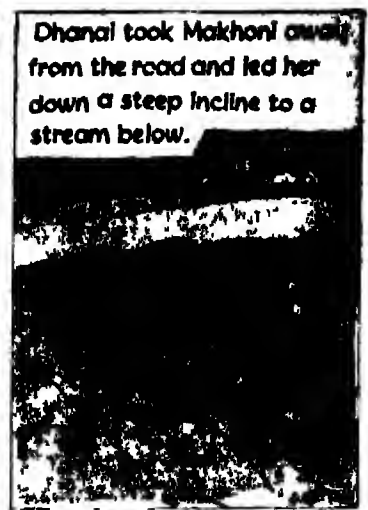


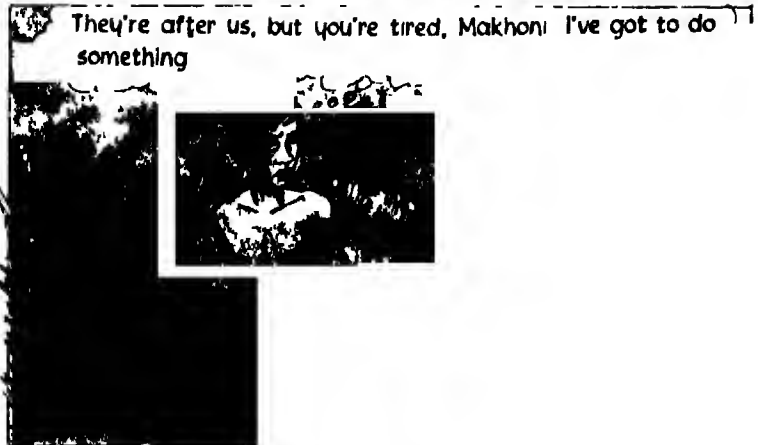
No poachers in sight! I might as well rush in and talk to Neog mami. Maybe we can arrange a rescue operation

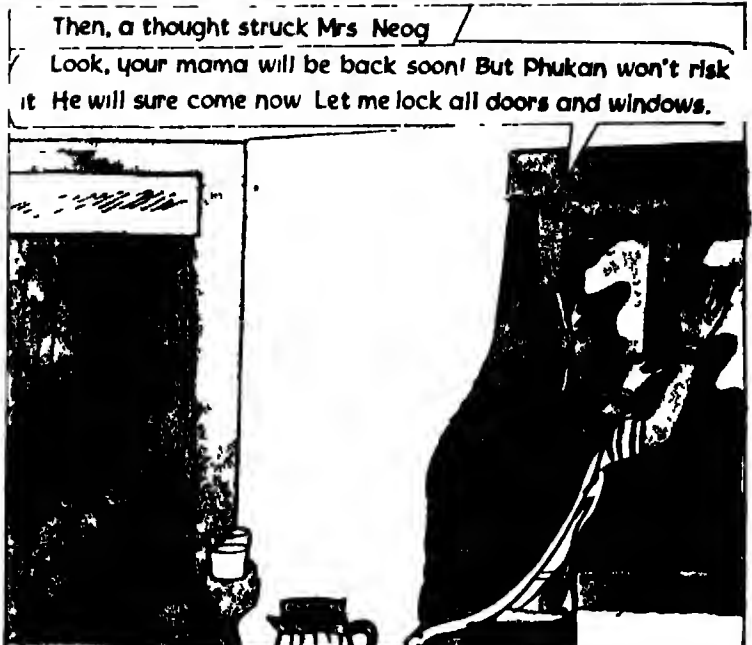
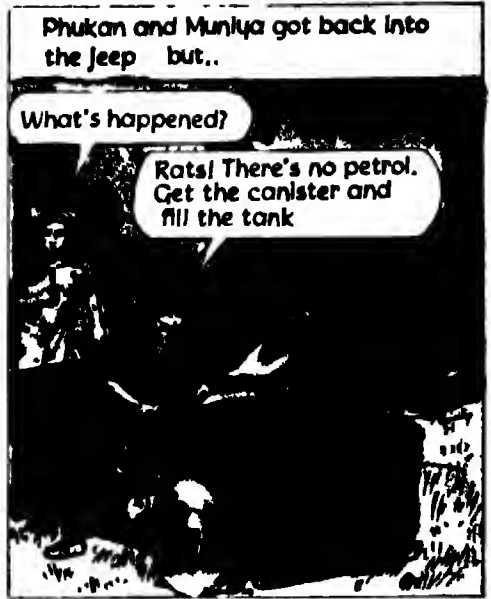
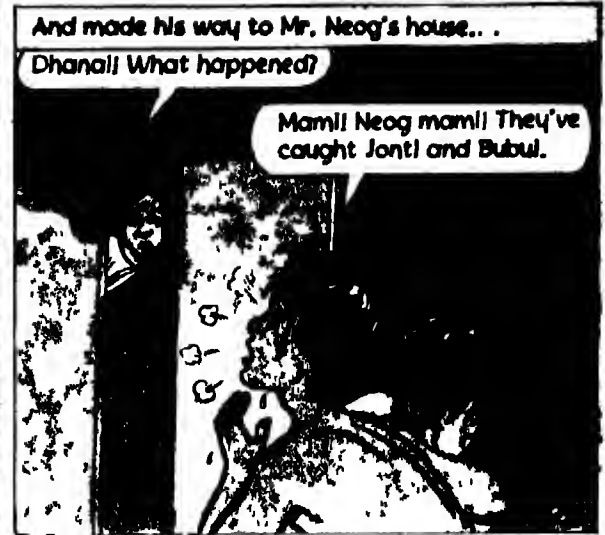


Just then the wind changed direction. Makhoni sniffed the air suspiciously. She could smell danger.

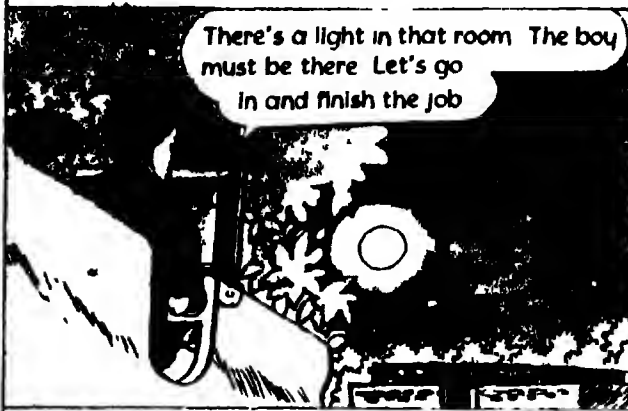




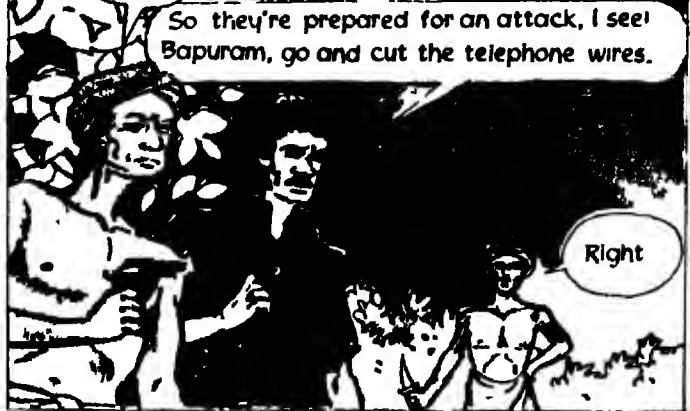




Just then, outside, Phukan stopped the jeep,
in the shadow of some bushes



All doors and windows seem to have been bolted from
inside. How do we go in?



But... the sound of a jeep speeding up the road was
heard. The poachers were greatly perturbed.



No! Wait, Muniya that boy is
in. If he talks to Neog
I'm finished. We'll attack Neog,
he'll be alone

No, Phukan, we must get
out of here!



It just struck me, Phukan! The boy knows
only YOU, so if you're caught with us,
WE will be in danger

Huh? What
do you mean?



contd.

JADUGAR JIM

Cartoonist:
SUDHIR TAILANG



TRIVANDRUM TO ERNAKULAM

ON ROLLERS!

A NEW sport has pinned itself on the sports map of Kerala—roller skating. Last December, a 220 kilometre roller skating 'expedition' was successfully taken out by ten adventurous young boys of Trivandrum. The team, comprising Aml Balam (18), Ashok (17), Binayak Shankar (20), Raymond (19), Babu Thomas (15), Jaideep Joseph (14), Madhu Nair (14), P Asif (17), and Smil (23), was led by Sebastian Prem (27)—the brain behind the expedition, who is also the Joint Secretary of the Kerala Roller Skating Association.

For all ten of them, December 9 was a momentous day. They "rolled out" of the premises of the Kerala Sports Council on the first leg of their expedition—the first ever to be held in Kerala and also in southern India, and the fifth anywhere in India (the first being the Mussoorie-Delhi Rally in December 1974-January 1975, the second from Mussoorie to Amritsar in December 1975, the third by Himachal Skaters to collect funds for the cyclone victims of Andhra Pradesh, and the fourth by Jammu Skaters in 1979).

The boys were quite fresh and spirited, and the first leg rolled on smoothly, the even, 'polished' roads helping them a lot. Under the watchful eyes of

Mr. Venkatanarayanan, their motor-bike escort, they headed to their destination for the night—Quilon—some 73 km away.

Bathed in perspiration and bothered blistered feet, the skaters doggedly zoomed into Quilon, where they were enthusiastically greeted by the members of the Quilon District Roller Skating Association.

One factor, Sebastian later recollected with a smile, that speeded them up were the dogs who gave them a chase—horrified at seeing the men on wheels! Not only dogs, even the people, who had never seen skating on roller skates before, lined up the roads and gaped at them.

Early next morning, the skaters were promptly back on the roads. Soon the team was moving fast towards Alleppey—87 kilometres away. But more than once, it seemed they might not reach their destination, as they were hampered by heavy showers every now and then, which made skating "a nightmare." Not to be daunted, the ten boys gritted their teeth, clenched their fists, and coaxed their wheels. After brief halts at Karunagapally and Haripad, they finally reached Alleppey, and what surprised them was they finished only

15 minutes behind schedule. They could not believe their watches!

"Try skating on wet roads," said Sebastian. "It certainly isn't easy, with rain pouring down. What further hampered us were our skates. We had only these tie-on skates and not fixed-shoe skates. Ask any skater, and he would say fixed-shoe skates are better any day. All my nine boys earned their skates during the second leg of 10th December," added Sebastian, with justified pride in his voice. "Even Madhu and Jaideep, though only fourteen, kept up with the rest through 'wet and dry'. They never let out a chirp though, frankly, I was seriously thinking of taking them out of the rally — their feet were so blistered

But seeing their determination, I did not have the heart to withdraw them."

The weary skaters were accorded a warm welcome by the Alleppey District Roller Skating Association, which put the boys back into their youthful spirit.

The dawn of 11th December—the Great Day — found each skater up and about even before their hosts. The day was sunny and pleasant, the blisters had subsided, and their feet were now quite accustomed to their grueling task. But there had to be some discouraging element! On this final day, it was the 60 km road itself, with only small strips of smooth stretches, so that the

(Turn to page 62)



India 1 down to New Zealand

SUNIL GAVASKAR must have been a confident man when he led the Indian team to New Zealand for a three-Test series at the tag-end of the 1980-81 season. New Zealand, which was never rated high among the Test playing countries of the world, had not so far won a series against India. The morale-boosting victory at Melbourne (see *Children's World*, April 1981) must have added to his confidence.

On the eve of the first Test at Wellington, however, the Indian camp was beset with problems. Three specialist bowlers, Doshi, Yadav and Ghavri, were on the injured list and had to be laid off. Ravi Shastri, the teenaged spinner, was specially flown from Bombay to reinforce the Indian attack. Besides him, Kirti Azad and pace bowler Yograj Singh also got their caps at Wellington. Martin Snedden was the debutant on the New Zealand side.

Gavaskar, who won the toss for India, elected to field. The hosts, aided by a superb 137 not out by skipper Howarth, piled up 375 in the first innings. Test debutant Ravi Shastri claimed 3 wickets for 54, while Kapil Dev's haul of an equal number of wickets cost him 112 runs. India, in reply, could make only 223 runs, thus conceding a first innings lead of 152. The honours were shared by Cairns (5/33) and Troup (3/43). Sandeep Patil was the top scorer for India with 64 runs.

A spirited fight back by Kapil Dev (4/34) and Shastri (3/9) in the New

Zealand second innings put India back in the game. The 100 runs they made was New Zealand's lowest total against India. When India started chasing a total of 253 for a win, nobody could predict what was in store. The Basin Reserve wicket was new and unpredictable. But Hadlee proved that the wicket was almost tailor-made for him. The veteran bowler, who claimed four Indian wickets at a cost of 65 runs, was mainly instrumental in dismissing India for 190, thus inflicting a convincing 62-run defeat on the visitors with more than a day to spare. Gavaskar and his men had nothing to grumble against, except their own disastrous batting performance.

India went to Christchurch for the second Test after making three changes in the team. Yashpal Sharma, Doshi, and Ghavri took the place of Bunny, Azad, and Yograj Singh. Gavaskar was lucky with the toss again and celebrated it by putting up 114 for the opening stand with Chetan Chanhan. Both Gavaskar (53) and Chanhan (78) were lucky to stay long, but the runs were invaluable for a side reeling under continuous batting collapses. While Chanhan completed 2,000 Test runs in his 39th appearance, Gavaskar became Hadlee's 150th Test victim. India ended the first day, beset with frequent stoppages of play, at 168 for two.

Bad weather restricted play to a mere 49 minutes on the second day when India crawled to 174 for two.

As no play was possible on the third day, the scheduled rest day was advanced, but this proved to be of no avail as rain played spoilsport again washing out play on the next day.

On the fourth day when play resumed, Hadlee, with the second new ball, bowled the visitors out for 255. Hadlee, who returned the figures of 5 for 47, was claiming five or more wickets in an innings for the 11th time in his career. By then, however, all interest in the match had been lost. New Zealand batted part of the fourth day and the whole of the fifth day to score 286 for five. The highlight of the innings was the maiden Test ce-

Reid who remained not out

India had to win the Auckland Test if they were to square the series. Yadav was back in action. Sunnyasan, who was the only one in the touring team yet to be capped, was given his berth. New Zealand included then veteran spin bowler, John Bracewell as the Auckland wicket was famous to take spin as the play advanced.

Batting first, India repeated the familiar sight of veteran batsmen walking back to the pavilion with little or no score to their credit. After the visitors stumped to 114 for 7, a fine rearguard action by battle-scarred Kinnam (78) and Yadav (43, his highest in Test) helped the side to a reasonably good total of 238. Then 9th wicket partnership of 105 equalled the previous best against New Zealand set by Kinnam and Bedi at Bombay in 1976. Bracewell took 4 wickets conceding 61 runs.

Though the hosts started disastrously, losing Edgar with no score on board, Wright (110) and Reid (66) bat-

ted well and, aided by Conev (65), helped the side gain a first innings lead of 128 runs. Young Ravi Shastri was the most successful Indian bowler with 5 wickets for 125.

India had hopes of wiping out the deficit and making a good total, when Viswanath started batting with the style and command which was missing for a long time. He made some delectable drives but was unfortunately run out on 46. Patil, in his inimitable way, made 57 and Vengsarkar contributed a laboured 52. The Indian innings was over with 284 runs on board. Bracewell bagged 5 wickets for 75.

Chasing a target of 157 in 184 minutes plus the 20 mandatory overs, Edwards (47) and Wright (33 not out) tried to go in for a win. But after Edwards was dismissed Howarth joined Wright and began playing with a defensive blade. Howarth was obviously content to rest on the laurels of the first Test, and he succeeded as the match ended with New Zealand on 95 for five.

Thus India lost a series against New Zealand for the first time. This was also the first ever series that India lost under Gavaskar's captaincy. During the eight previous encounters between the two countries, India had won six series and drew two, both in New Zealand. In fact ever since the Kiwis started playing Tests in 1929-30, they had won only two series before 1981, one against Pakistan in Pakistan in 1969, and the second against West Indies at home last year. So Howarth had reasons to be proud of this victory.

Looking back on the tour, India has no reason for complacency. Though Gavaskar managed to square the series in Australia, the defeat at the hands

of New Zealand showed all the weaknesses of the Indian team. The top level batsmen, including 'little masters' Gavaskar and Viswanath, failed miserably. It is not that India is lacking in talent. The selectors have to take hard decisions and include youngsters in the team. The finds of the just-concluded

tour are Patil and Shastri. Similar talented youngsters are available, if only the powers that be would open their eyes. The visit by England next season should provide the opportunity for this.

Radhakrishnan

Riding School for Disabled Children

EACH fortnight, 31 persons gather at the historic Australian homestead of Throsby Park, near Moss Vale, in New South Wales (NSW), to teach a group of disabled children how to ride.

Eighteen riders are from the Tangara Special School in the nearby town of Mittagong, which is 127 km (79 miles) south-west of Sydney, and four are from primary and high school in other

towns in the district.

The 31 helpers include nine girls.

Picture below shows Adam on the pony, Willie, led by Jane Fasten and stabilised by Mary Pogson (left) and Alma Turnidge, putting his sword through a 76mm (3-inch) ring held by Miss Throsby. This sword game on horseback is designed to teach coordination.



from the girls' boarding school, Frensham, at Mittagong, and students from Moss Vale High School, who lead the horses or act as stabilisers for the children

The riding-for-the-disabled classes at Throsby Park, the original homestead of the early Australian settler and explorer Charles Throsby, were started by one of his descendants, Miss Del Throsby

The 405 ha (1,000 acres) given to her ancestor by Governor Lachlan Macquarie in 1819 was recently bought by the NSW National Parks and Wildlife Service, which is restoring the colonial

homestead as part of the State's heritage

It is leased back to Miss Throsby, who runs a riding school on the property and introduced the riding-for-the-disabled classes in 1974

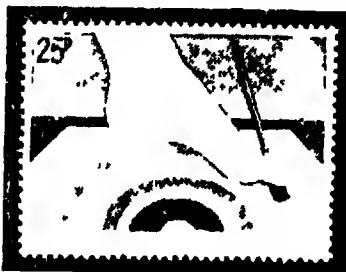
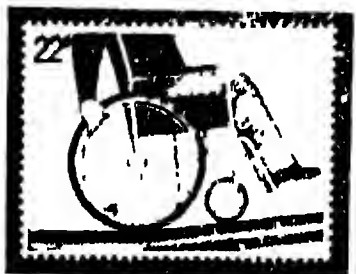
The idea of using riding as therapy had started in Sweden during the early 1950s and later spread to Britain, Europe, the U S A and Canada

It began in Australia, in Queensland in 1964, followed by Victoria and South Australia, and then NSW in 1972

The NSW headquarters of the Riding for the Disabled Association was

Members of a Rotary Club in Australia have designed and built a tricycle for children who cannot use their legs. A hardware dealer, George Pepperell, with the help of other members, designed the prototype for Karen Jones (seen in the picture), daughter of a member, who was born with spina bifida. The Rotatrike is designed for children who have little use of their legs but more or less full use of the arms and hands. It is propelled by revolving two handles which turn an axle linked to a bicycle chain. This directly drives the front wheel. Seat height and position are adjustable, and all moving parts except the wheels are enclosed for safety. The Rotatrike can be used by children aged from about six to as old as 16.





These four stamps were released in Britain on March 25 to mark the International Year for Disabled Persons. The 14p stamp features a blind man with his guide dog, the 18p depicts hands spelling out the word 'deaf' in sign language, the 22p stamp shows a disabled person in a wheelchair, on the 25p stamp is a disabled artist painting by foot.

(Courtesy BIS)

opened at Kellyville on the outskirts of Sydney in 1978.

There are now 20 centres in NSW teaching 200 disabled to ride.

The headquarters at Kellyville runs classes for 130 disabled riders a week. Most are from schools and homes, but some are with their families and own their own horses.

The other riding schools are at Campbelltown, Allambi Heights, Kenthurst, Llandilo, Rossmore, Ingleside and Dimal around Sydney and at Moss Vale, Wagga Wagga, Albury, Yass and Ulladulla, south of Sydney. Newcastle, Gosford, Armadale and Tamworth to the north and Bathurst, Orange and Dubbo to the west.

Disabled people gain many benefits from riding --

It encourages balance, using the whole of the body muscles to maintain independent balance. Leg muscles are most important, but the trunk and head

must be held reasonably erect to maintain a seat in the saddle. It also encourages concentration and self-confidence.

When the rider realises that he or she can control the pony or get it to do what is required, self-confidence soars. And progress carries the feeling of achievement over other activities.

Blood circulation and breathing improves, especially during trotting.

By occasionally changing the rider's helpers, a better relationship with strangers can be developed.

Although riders are carefully supervised, there is some fear of falling. By overcoming this fear, they learn to conquer other fears.

Miss Throsby says that 'most spirited young horses can be trained as mounts for disabled people because the horses' natural eagerness make them easily led.

(Courtesy Australian Information Dept.)

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

Master of Suspense



IT IS exactly a year since Sir Alfred Hitchcock the Master of Suspense, passed away — on the 29th of April 1980 — at the ripe old age of 81 in his Los Angeles home.

Many among the readers of *Children's World* might have seen at least some of his memorable films though quite a few of them were 'Adults only' movies. Hitchcock in a way compensated the children by writing equally suspenseful stories for them. Who has not heard of the Three Investigators — Jupiter Jones, Pete Crenshaw, and Bob Andrews — and the many unusual, bizarre mysteries they solve in Hitchcock's books for children?

Alfred Hitchcock was born on August 13, 1899 in Lexington, England. He was the son of a poultry farmer. He had his early education in a Jesuit seminary, later he went to the University of London. Originally trained to become an engineer, he took a fancy for graphic designing.

He spent a short period in the advertising business before taking up a job in the art title department of Famous Players — Lasky. Here in 1921-22 he designed the credit titles for nearly a dozen films. In the process he also learnt a lot about films and film-making and went on to direct films all of which became hits. His film life was so

extensive that movie historians have divided it into four phases THE SILENT HITCHCOCK (9 films), THE BRITISH HITCHCOCK (1930s, 14 films), THE AMERICAN HITCHCOCK OF BLACK-AND-WHITE PERIOD (1940-52, 15 films), and THE COLOUR HITCHCOCK (1953-76, 15 films)

On being asked why he preferred to make films on suspense chilling the audience, Sir Alfred used to repeat an incident which, he claimed, had shaped his thinking. As a little boy, he was punished by his father for some childhood prank. Alfred was sent to the local police station with a note explaining his crime. The sergeant, who was his father's friend, locked the five-year-old boy in a cell for a few minutes and then said, "That's what we do to naughty little boys." Hitchcock said this event later created in him a lifelong fear of police rather, of all official authority.

This director of fifty-four films, who scared audiences never made a *whodunnit*. In his own words, "A whodunnit is an intellectual exercise, a puzzle. No emotion except the one at the end which is the shock or surprise that the killer did it. But suspense demands just the opposite. You must tell them ahead of time that a bomb is under the table and then they wait for it to go off. Most of his films dealt with the murky world of modern espionage and crime. His audiences could expect a virtual roller coaster ride from all his films. One of Hitchcock's favourite themes was that of an average citizen catapulted into extraordinary situations over which he had no control. THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH and NORTH BY NORTH WEST are examples.

Hitchcock started off with silent films and got his first job as an assistant director on the British production WOMAN TO WOMAN. Later he directed a film himself, "THE

PLEASURE GARDEN', starring Alma Reville (Hitchcock married her in 1928.) The film that really set him off was 'THE LODGER' based on the story of Jack the Ripper. It was in 'THE LODGER' that Hitchcock made his first cameo appearance, not out of playfulness, but out of economy — he could not afford enough number of extras for the film! After that, he made a brief appearance in all his films. Once he was asked, why all his appearances were so brief — occasionally a fleeting glimpse and that, too, in silhouette. He is reported to have replied "Sheer modesty!"

After 'THE LODGER', he maintained his position by directing films like 'THE 39 STEPS' and 'THE LADY VANISHES' which, incidentally, is believed to be his best film, where he demonstrates his skill in manipulating the conventions of suspense drama, and introduction of humour to lighten the tension thus built up.

Why was Hitchcock called the Master of Suspense? He converted some of the film media into unforgettable and most penetrating images — those who have seen 'SABOTAGE' will find it difficult to forget that particular scene where the villain is left dangling from the torch of the Statue of Liberty or the scene in NORTH BY NORTH WEST in which Cary Grant is assaulted in an aeroplane. Hitchcock's concentration on suspense in his thrillers and his exploitation of the genre was unique. All his films had a dramatic appeal. More often than not, he sacrificed depth of characterization to dramatic development. So perfect were his scripts and technical innovations that the members of the audience were kept virtually on the edge of their seats. All these put together served to make him a master of suspense.

His first film in Hollywood was 'REBECCA' starring Joan Fontaine and Sir Lawrence

Olivier, made in 1940, and based on Daphne du Maurier's romantic novel Hitchcock even tried his hand at comedy by making 'MR AND MRS SMITH', but failed miserably. Again, it was Hitchcock who discovered the technique of building up suspense by the use of a tracking camera.

Some of his noteworthy films were 'STRANGERS ON A TRAIN' (1951), 'THE WRONG MAN' (1957), 'PSYCHO' (1960), 'TORN CURTAIN' (1966), 'TOPAZ' (1969), 'VERTIGO' and 'FRENZY' (1973). He had also his favourite actors and actresses. He did have a way of selecting his leading ladies, having a marked preference for cool-looking blondes like Grace Kelly, Ingrid Bergman, and Joan Fontaine. His favourite actor was Cary Grant who starred in a large number of his films.

One thing that was unique about Hitchcock was, he had a universal appeal. Teen-agers and octogenarians both used to flock to the halls when his films were screened. There has not been any other film director in the entire history of the silver screen who had had more popularity with audiences, been consistently successful at the box office (every film a hit) or been a more public figure than Hitchcock. He was a genie unto himself, and was an unchallenged wizard at manipulating audiences with tales of mystery and terror.

Besides directing films, Sir Alfred started in 1955 a weekly series for television, entitled 'ALFRED HITCHCOCK PRESENTS'. Each episode had a characteristic opening — the director's portly silhouette, with Gounod's whimsical 'Funeral March of a Marionette' playing in the background. Then the lights would suddenly come on while Hitchcock introduced to the audience the gist of the story for the evening and the show was on.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S OBITUARY

Besides the silver screen, Alfred Hitchcock wrote several books of stories for the grown-ups ('STORIES THAT EVEN SCARED ME', 'STORIES TO STAY AWAKE BY' etc) and 'THE THREE INVESTIGATORS' series which are still enjoyed by children everywhere. Hitchcock was known to have a sharp and ready wit. This director who for over half-a-century, scared the wits out of moviegoers all over the world, once confessed to an interviewer that he was himself meek, docile, and harmless! He remarked, "Everything frightens me!"

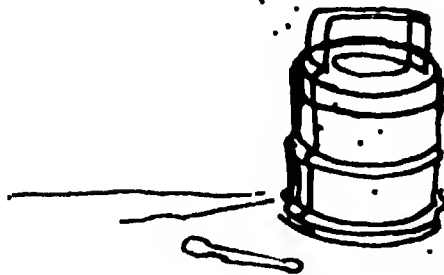
In his lifetime this unique person received many awards. In 1968 THE ACADEMY OF MOTION PICTURE ARTS AND SCIENCES presented him with the Irving Thalberg award for the consistent high standard of his productions. In 1971, he was awarded the French Legion of Honour, and on December 31, 1979 he was named Knight Commander of the Order of the British Empire by Queen Elizabeth. The most surprising thing is that though the stars of most of his films won Oscars for their acting, Sir Alfred Hitchcock never once received an Oscar!

During an interview he was asked about his views on death. Sir Alfred said, "I want to be remembered as a man who entertained millions through the technique of films. I'm satisfied with my life and would not dream of retinning."

A few months later the ailing Sir Alfred Hitchcock (he had a pace-maker, he suffered from arthritis and kidney failure!) was no more — he had passed into the realm of the unknown. Sir Alfred died just as he wished to with his boots on, for till the last dreadful moment he was working on his fifty-fourth film 'THE SHORT NIGHT' which sad to say will now remain unfinished.

Shiv Dhawan

THE LUNCH BOX



“DADDY, you must let me go for the excursion. I’ve never really been on any excursion. This Nepal trip promises to be the grandest that the school has had for years. I pleaded with my father again — with the faint hope that if I kept at him long enough, he would give way. I very much wanted to go for Ronita was going, and the thought that I’d stay back to read about Nepal in a geography book — as usual without pictures — while she would be actually seeing things made me feel very forlorn.

Sheela seems to think that Nepal is in our backyard,” commented my elder brother Ramesh. The only geography he knew was the park in Barbatpura where he and his friends played cricket with a bald tennis ball.

You keep out of this, Ramesh. It’s none of your business,” I cried out.

Business? No, please, sure please me and duty,” he retorted. Anyway, I wish you an enjoyable journey, a comfortable stay, and a speedy return,

he added.

I lost my temper. “Shut up, you idiot!” I screamed at him. But before I could go on I heard my father’s firm voice from the verandah where he was reading the newspaper that had just been thrown in. “Sheela, behave yourself and keep your temper.”

But why don’t you correct him? Why do you pick on me always? I will not put up with his cheek and dirty talk. I argued back sullenly. And hardly realising what I was saying, I added, “It’s your example that is spoiling him.”

I had gone too far. Father came striding in. “What was that? Hardly fourteen and you have the cheek to scold me, have you? Your mother would have taken a broom to you. You are growing up wild. You want to go to Nepal, do you? No, no Nepal. I don’t want to hear anything more about this. You are growing up to be an obstinate, wilful girl with a long tongue. That’ll do. Get to your school now,” he said, and shouted to the girl.

who came in to do the morning chores to bring me my lunch box

"I don't want any lunch I don't want to eat anything in this house I don't want to come back to this house—ever," I screamed. Fighting back the gathering tears, and grabbing my school bag, I rushed to the bus stop round the corner. I hated the house I hated my father, and I hated Ramesh—I hated the whole set-up. I would not go back in the evening. I would go somewhere, anywhere, maybe to Romila whose mother was so affectionate to me.

As the bus came—I was just in time—I pushed my way in and slumped down in a window-seat in the women's section. The conductor was issuing the tickets, and I sat staring out of the window.

Suddenly, I saw my younger brother, Chander, his face still sleepy, running up to the bus. As he caught sight of me, his little face—he is hardly seven—broke into a happy smile. In his small hands he was holding my lunch box, and he cried out, 'Akka, you've forgotten your lunch box, you'll feel hungry.' There he stood, behind the usual



crowd of last-minute footboard travelers, barefoot, his small face full of childish compassion and love. But my pride held me back and I motioned him to go away. The conductor rang the bell and the bus began to move. My little brother was running along the bus now, with the lunch box tightly clutched in his hands, but he was soon left behind though he was still running, and as the bus turned the corner, I could see him come to a sudden halt and stare at the bus.

I went back home in the evening—but rather late. Where else can one go after school is over? The house, as usual, was locked. The key would be with the neighbor. As Auntie gave it to me, she remarked that I was rather late. “But Chander doesn’t seem to have come home yet. I wonder if anything has happened to the local tram from Malakpet.”

Chander went to a school in Malakpet meant for partly deaf children. He came home before I did and played in the backyard—Buses, with a pair of old bricks. I would open the door and give him his milk, and wait till my father and Ramesh came home—usually two or three hours later. It depended on father’s office work and Ramesh’s cricket. I waited for some time, but there was no sign of Chander. At the station, they told me the tram from Malakpet had come on time. I was in a panic. I decided to go to Chander’s school.

When I reached his school, it was, of course, all closed for the day—with not a soul in sight. It looked so desolate and silent. I ran around, dazed with fear and anxiety. When I turned round the corner, I suddenly stopped

short. There in the far corner, alone on a sand heap—was Chander. The sand was all over him, his feet were buried in the sand—my mother often would say that he was the grubbiest child in the world. His books lay scattered around him. And my lunch box was near the sand heap.

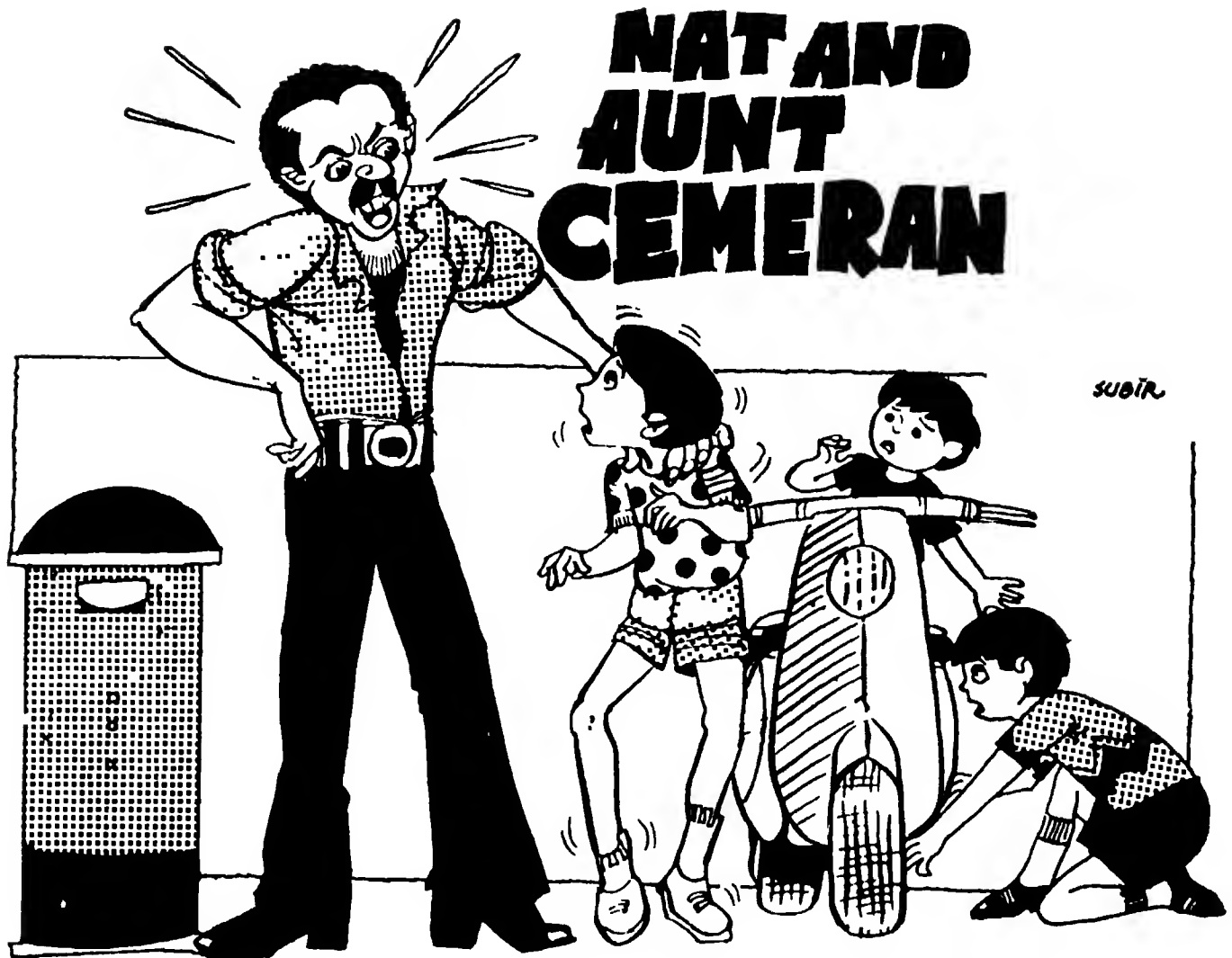
Chander was very busy. He was digging a cave in the sand heap, his fingers working away busily.



I noticed that the cave was just big enough for my lunch box to go in.

Leela Nagarajan (14)





WELL, life can be real tough in a joint family. Not only my mother scolds me but my grandmother and aunts too. Aunt Meena scolds me because her sons Tinkul and Kakul are always up to some mischief, and aunt Mohini scolds me because that monster of her baby howls if one just as much as looks at him.

Then there is aunt Cemeran, called Cimmv. She has no reason at all to shout at me, but does it all the same. Aunt Cimmv has no sons and no baby, you see, she is not married. She is eighteen years old and studies Psychology at the Gul Mohar College and says she will never marry, or if at all she did it would be after she is thirty-five. At present she studies till late in the night. That's what she says. But what she actually does is read

huge novels that she hides under her bed and on the cupboard.

If we hear aunt Cemeran reply on top of her voice, "I can't come down, Ma, I'm studying" when my grandmother calls her for help, I know she must have reached the last pages of a book and the happy end is near.

Grandmother gives an excusing smile and says, "She really studies hard, our Cemeran."

Tinkul and I look at each other with a crooked, all-knowing smile, and my little cousin Kakul stares at my grandmother with his dark, serious eyes and nods.

Aunt Cimmv is lucky. She gets away with everything. I think it is because of her increasing knowledge of psychology. For what she does to my grandfather, my father, and

my uncle's looks like magic to me

But, one day, something happened that made aunt Cimmy decide to stop bullying us

"Ma," she said and waved good-bye to grandmother. "I'm going over to Pimmi's house, we're studying together."

"All right, Cimmy," nodded grandmother. "Don't be late, darling."

"Of course not, Ma," promised darling Cimmy, and turned to leave. But before she did so, she flashed a triumphant smile at us. It was then that we noticed that she wore her latest jeans, a fire red T shirt and high heel shoes. Her face looked as if she had fallen head first into a paint box, her lips glittered a maroon, her eyelids a light blue, and what she had done to her cheeks I just didn't know.

Tinkul, and I nudged each other, laughter boiling up in our throats.

"Good-bye, darling," said Tinkul, "don't study too hard."

Cimmy, flashed her eyes once more at us, this time in anger, and banged the door shut behind her. She carefully stilted down the steps and soon vanished behind our neighbor's hedge.

Tinkul and I knew what to do. We pulled Kakul by his hand and were out on the road and past our neighbor's hedge in a minute. Like three Red Indians on the warpath, we followed her.

We followed her silently down our road, past Di Malhi's house and past Pimmi's house.

Of course, we hadn't expected anything else.

Then at the Vikrant crossing, she suddenly turned round before crossing the street.

Tinkul, Kakul and I ducked and dived into whatever was nearest to us. Unfortunately, it was a hedge, a hedge of the most thorny type to keep intruders away. Boy, did we get stung and pricked. But we gritted our teeth, licked our wounds, and were out and

after our aunt again.

She was nowhere in sight. "But where's she?"

"Ah, hell," growled Tinkul, "we've lost her."

"Awch, awch," cried Kakul, the youngest amongst us with his eight years. "I'm bleeding. Look here, blood!"

"Oh, come on, Kakul," grumbled Tinkul, "that's nothing. Wipe it off and behave like a man," and he thrust his not too clean handkerchief into his brother's hand.

"Oh, come on, boys," I urged, "we've got to find her. Follow me."

So Tinkul and Kakul followed me following aunt Cimmy. We dashed down the street, crossed the main road, and were faced with the greatest mystery ever. Our aunt had vanished into the blue. The road down to the market was practically empty. There were three school children in deep red uniform, a banana vendor, three cyclists, five cars, one scooter just about to turn into the market, four street dogs scratching themselves, a handful of crows and sparrows
a cat

"Hey," cried Tinkul, "there, she is."

"Where, where?"

"On the scooter. ohhhhhh she's going."

"Let's go," I cried, "follow her, boys, give your best."

The boys gave their best.

We ran as never before and reached the market in less than three minutes. But there was no sign of aunt Cimmy, or the scooter. No sign of her at all. The market was crowded with people. How could we find aunt Cemeran here? We had lost her for good!

"Hey, there it is," cried Kakul, "the scooter, the blue scooter. It must be the same one."

We sprinted off and stood round it. It wasn't of much use, because we weren't so much interested in the scooter itself as we

were in the driver or more correctly in the pillion-rider. We were still scrutinizing the scooter and Tinkul had already started fiddling with the brakes when, suddenly, I felt a strong hand take me by the scruff

The owner of that iron fist, a strong moustachioed man, shook me to and fro and thundered at me with flaring eyes "I knew, I would catch you some day red-handed. So, you're the culprits, stealing scooters and cars around here"

"No, no, no," I stuttered "Excuse me sir"

"Excuse, excuse!" roared the man "I certainly cannot excuse robbers and thieves. I'll call the police straightway"

"But sir, sir," cried Kakul with genuine tears in his eyes, "we thought it was, was, was" and he looked at Tinkul helplessly

"We thought it was our uncle's scooter" answered Tinkul promptly without so as much as blinking

"My uncle's scooter, my uncle's scooter" the fat man imitated Tinkul's voice and thundered "I'll give you 'my uncle's scooter' good and proper. I'll give you 'my uncle's scooter' right here, so that you'll forget your uncle *and* his scooter, forget touching other people's scooters once for all" And he let go my collar to pounce on Tinkul

The moment I felt free, I hissed at Tinkul, "Run, man, run," and pulled Kakul's hand. Then I ducked and pushed past the fat man, towing Kakul behind me. And then we ran all three of us. We whizzed past parked cars, zoomed round the corner, and dashed into the next shop. Panting hard with lolling tongues, we looked round

"What do you want?" asked the shopkeeper not too unfriendly

"Anything," stuttered Kakul and fished inside his pockets

"Anything in particular?" asked the shopkeeper with a faint smile

"Just one second, please," I interrupted. "I must see my list"

"Ah," smiled the shopkeeper, "I understand, shopping for mother, eh?"

"Yes, yes," cried Tinkul and Kakul relieved. We put our heads together and started to whisper

"How do we get out of here?" hissed Tinkul "This is a hardware store. I don't want any pots and pans"

And Kakul nearly cried, "I don't have any money"

Oh, that was a fine mess we had landed ourselves in

Fortunately two fat ladies entered the shop and engaged the shopkeeper in a long conversation on pressure-cookers, water filters, and juicers

That gave us the opportunity to slip out silently and run. We ran till our sides started to ache and our heads spun. We stopped in front of a music shop and nearly collapsed. Holding onto the grills, we looked at the latest records and tapes. And then we looked inside the shop, looked at the faded T-shirt of aunt Cemeran

"Hey," I whispered, "guess who's inside there?"

"Why?" cried Kakul "Why, that is aunt Cimmy. Hey, hello!"

"Oh, stop it, you jackass," hissed Tinkul. "don't shout the house down. Let's go inside, and see what she is doing"

So we slipped in unnoticed and crept up behind her

"Don't you like that record, Cimmy?"

My aunt looked up at the tall young man next to her and gave him a smile she would not have wasted on us, no sir

"Not particularly," answered aunt Cimmy with a bit of psychological air "I like jazz"

That was too much for Tinkul

He burst out laughing, but quickly covered his mouth with his hands while laughing

uncontrollably.

My aunt turned round. When her eyes fell on Tinkul, Kakul and me, her face turned white under her make-up. But because she was a master of psychology, only a small cry escaped her. Then her eyes narrowed and she frowned. The message of her eyes was deadly.

I took all my courage in my hands and bowed to her slightly and said, 'Excuse me, madam.' Then I turned and left and motioned my cousins to follow me.

Outside Tinkul seemed to explode with laughter. 'I like jazz, I like jazz,' he sang and even Kakul knew nothing better

than to dance around and cry, 'I like jazz.'

"Look," said Tinkul finally, "let's follow her wherever she goes."

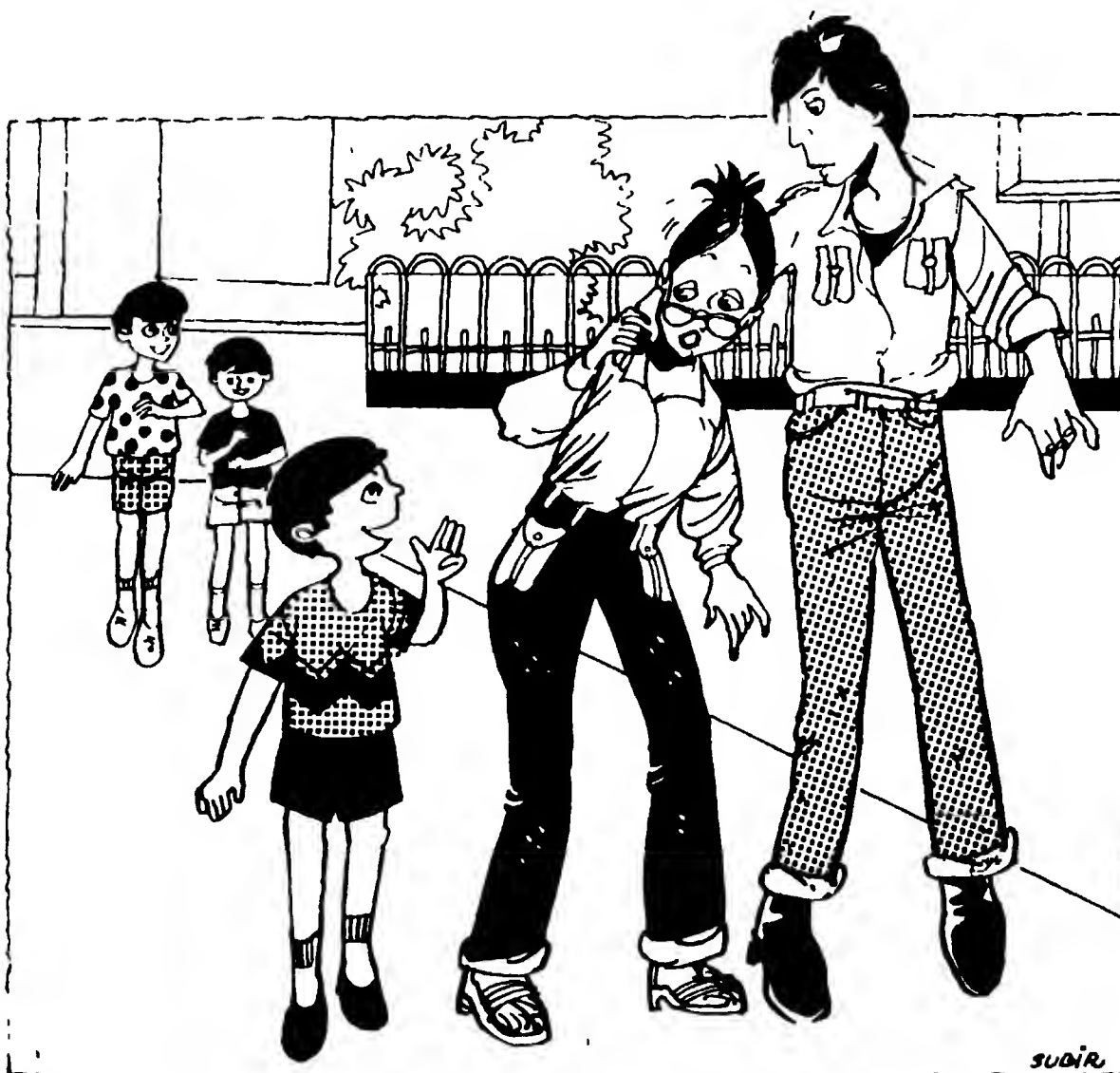
"Oh, no," cried Kakul, "she'll be angry with us."

"Oh, come on," laughed Tinkul, "she can't do a thing. That's what's so good about it."

It was good, it was tremendous fun to follow her all over the market, sneaking after her past the vegetable shop, and the grocer's right down to the snack bar.

"Come, we'll overtake her and wish her. Let's see what she does."

First Tinkul passed her. He looked at her



with a very straight face and said, "Good afternoon, Miss Natrajan"

My aunt was startled. This time she blushed.

But before she could utter a word, Kakul pushed past her and piped, "Good afternoon, Miss Natrajan"

Then I followed and bowed a bit lower than my cousins and said, "A very good afternoon, Miss Natrajan"

My aunt gasped.

"Do you know these children?" asked the young man with an amused smile.

"I can't say, I don't," was the psychological answer of my aunt.

We heard the young man chuckle and my aunt sigh, then we were gone. But we didn't leave her; we watched her. We followed her into the stationery shop and out of it, along the park and to the boutique. There we surrounded her and when she had no other option but to look at us, Tinkul smiled. "Nice to meet you again, Miss Natrajan"

My aunt flared up at us and the young man frowned slightly. So we decided to leave the shop.

The next time we "accidentally" met was in the ice-cream parlour. That is, we didn't meet inside; we just stood outside in front of the window and looked at her. We just stared at her, and the young man beside her. Suddenly, my aunt laughed. She looks very nice when she is laughing. She whispered to the young man who joined in the laughter. Then she turned and came towards the door.

"Listen," she said, "you actually do not deserve it, but if you promise to go home."

"Yes," we said carefully.

"And also to keep your mouth shut, I'll treat you all to an ice-cream"

"Yes, yes," shouted Kakul and jumped up into the air.

"I said, keep your mouth SHUT," frowned my aunt.

But she had already pulled us inside and pushed us towards the tall young man.

We had a good time leaning against the table in the parlour licking the ice-cream with names more poetic than mine, like 'Wild, will, Walnuts' for instance, or 'Creamy dream', 'Yanky Doodle Doo for you'.

When we left the ice-cream parlour, the sun was setting and it was time to go home.

"Now do I have your word of honour?" asked aunt Cemeran.

"Yes," we cried in unison.

"All right, off you go. See you at home."

And the tall young man waved at us like a top film star.

But he wasn't bad," said Tinkul.

No, not bad at all. He paid for all the ice creams."

And we ran off.

At home, aunt Cemeran was about to lay the dinner table.

"Hi," she said, "where have you been?" and she winked at us.

"Just around playing," I said.

"Playing the fool?" asked aunt Cemeran.

"No," replied Tinkul, "not we !!! Tell me, how is Pimmi?"

"Oh," answered my aunt very casually, "Pimmi is okay. We finished all our studies."

And we had a good laugh together.

Sigrun Srivastava

A LETTER TO YOU



Dear all,

It was Raghu who reminded me that I had not told you about how we played Holi this year. He asked me, "Have you told them?" He always speaks of all of you as 'them' and though he pretends this letter-writing is so much nonsense, he is very, very interested when I get news of you, when I get letters from you. (By the way, where are your letters? Where are all those truckful, trainful of letters that I thought you would send me?)

This year's Holi will remain green in our memory. Ha! that's very poetic isn't it? But when I say green, I do mean *green*—not red or yellow or even pink. This year, Raghu decided, we would use only green to play with—only green powder, green water. He told me, "It will be like a trade mark, you see. Anybody who has been splashed with green water or green paste would have been playing with us."

"But, Raghu, I said, 'other people

will also be using green powder. So how...?"

"Let them," retorted Raghu. "Really, Perky, if you do nothing but say silly stupid things, then you needn't be my partner."

So, of course, I stopped saying silly, stupid things. If Raghu doesn't have an answer to something, he starts his scoldings and makes out it's all my fault.

What Raghu really wanted to do was to make **THING** get all messy and dirty. **THING** never plays Holi. "It's so boring yah," he says. On Holi day, he sits in his room with a book and the radio on full blast. The first year he moved into this house near our's, all of us went to his house in a gang on Holi day and called out to him. We didn't call him **THING**, of course—we called him, "Shaila, Shaila" (His name is Shailendranath, with two dots to the i.) He didn't answer, though we called him at least twenty-five times. We could hear some loud bangbangs and

trrrrps from the house, louder than our voices. So, we squirted red water on his hedge and went off. If he wanted to be a namby-pamby, let him be one.

Afterwards, when Baby, er Rita, asked him why he hadn't come to play Holi, he said, "Oh, I was waiting for you to call me. Why didn't you come yah?" So then, Rita told him how we had come and called and he said airily, "Oh sohry yah! I had put on the rahdio. I did na hear you."

The next Holi, of course, Rita didn't play either. Holi became boring for her also. She was sitting in THING's house, reading a book with the radio on full blast. We didn't bother to call them.

But this year, Raghu wanted to drench THING, he wanted to soak him green, to make him look like wet washing. So we made plans.

On the day of Holi, Raghu and I did not put on old clothes or run about with buckets and *picchkaris*. We just sat with our school books in the garden, talking about homework and teachers and school. My mother (we were in our house) was thrilled. She came out once and asked, "But aren't you going to play Holi? You look so serious, sitting there like that."

And Raghu got up and said very politely, "No, Aunty, Holi is after all only for small kids. We have more serious things to discuss." And turning to me Raghu said, "You know that geometry theorem is not really difficult. I'll tell you how to do it."

My mother gave us a big smile and patted us on our backs. Afterwards, we heard her talking to Ba—sorry, Rita—who had come with sweets from Raghu's house. "Oh, Rita," said my

mother, "tell your mother that Raghu can have breakfast here. He and Perky are very busy with some geometry problems. Poor things—they must be so hungry. I'm making *pooris* and *halva* for them."

"But I thought they were playing Holi," said Rita. "I put on my oldest frock in case they suddenly sprang on me. You know what things they are."

"No, no, they are not things," we heard my mother saying. "In fact, Raghu himself was saying that Holi was only for small kids. Go and see them—they are sitting in the garden talking about theorems. They have changed, you know. They have at last grown up."

We heard Rita saying, "Bye bye, Aunty," and we knew she would come to spy on us. So, we quickly moved away from the kitchen window under which we had been hiding and sat down again with our books. We heard somebody (Baby, of course) huddling near the corner of the verandah and even saw her peeping out once. But we pretended we did not know. I asked Raghu, with great interest, "But why does the angle of the hippopotamus become..." And then I started coughing, because I was about to giggle. Very quickly Raghu started off in a loud, school-teacher voice, "The sum of equal angles cannot be more or less than the sum of..."

Lucky. Baby didn't realise what a lot of nonsense we were 'studying'. We heard her slip out and go running back home and we rolled ourselves on the lawn, laughing. Our plan was working beautifully.

We had a massive breakfast. My mother tenderly gave us two, three and four helpings of everything, and my brother's eyes almost popped out of his

head when he saw Raghu gobbling like a starved octopus. When we at last felt full, Raghu rubbed his tummy and said, "Shall we go back to our geometry, Perky?" and I nodded.

My mother smiled and patted us on our backs.

We ran up quickly to where our books lay on the lawn behind some bushes. Behind the bushes, there were also two buckets of water and a lot of green colour. We took off our shirts, and just with our shorts on, we mixed most of the colour into the water. Then we made a paste. A very thick paste of some more green powder and spread it on our hands.

We waited.

Raghu went on saying loudly, "The sum of the equal angles is more or less not equal than the hippopotamus angle of the angles of a triangle which is an icicle angle. . ."

We heard voices, other voices. THING and Rita. Raghu went on reciting monotonously but a little less loudly, "The sum of the icicle angle is more but no less . . ." I very carefully peeped out through the holes in the hedge. Rita was coming to my house, obviously, and with her was a strange figure—somebody wrapped from head to foot in a white sheet. It was only when he spoke that I realised it was THING.

"You really mean they are not



playing this silly colour game? You really mean they are studying?"

"Yes, yes, Shaila," said Rita "You must come and see. They had their books all around them and they were discussing hippopotamus angle of a triangle or something."

"Hypotenuse, Rita It means

But THING never finished what he meant, because just as he and Baby reached the gate, we sprang on them. "The water first," yelled Raghu and we poured the green slimy water all down THING—and it went through the sheet, through his clothes and soaked him to his skin. Then we plastered his hair green, and whatever parts of his head we could get at. He screamed, raged, and got so mixed up in the sheet that he pulled Rita's hair thinking it was one of us. "Raghu, Perky," yelled Rita and began hitting us and pulling at us. But we were also wet. Her hands slipped, THING fell—a green fat wet bundle of dirty green laundry, rolling on the road. We ran off.

The fun wasn't really over. We got our scoldings, of course, especially my mother's, who said she had never been so fooled in her life. But since we sat down again to study and didn't join anymore Holi players, she calmed down after some time.

But THING and Rita didn't calm down. When Rita had finally managed to get THING home, a wet blubbery mass, and helped him out of his sheet and waited for him to have a bath and stopped minding his pulling her hair by mistake, it was only then that they found that the green colour we had used was *mehendi* powder. Much of it, of course, was mixed in water and so did not leave any marks but the thick

paste on THING's hair and forehead had had time to settle, so when we saw him again, there was a beautiful strawberry pink mark on his forehead, just like on our palms, and his hair looked mysteriously double coloured.

He had come to my house to complain. "I am sorry, Aunt, that Pahky is under such a bad influence. If you like, I can teach him geometry. I forgive him for what he has done," he was saying.

No thank you, THING. I don't need you to teach me geometry. I too know the angles of this hippopotamus.

With evergreen memories

Perky

P S Remember to write Letters.

Q.E.D.

THE PRESENT WORLD

The world is becoming so
mechanized
That it is making me feel
hypnotized,
My head feels dull and my
trod is heavy,
I have no wish to lead
such a life
The planes keep flying, making a
mighty roar,
The noise—it really makes
my head feel sore,
The hustle-bustle of the traffic
in the street,
the crowded cities, the lanes,
and the fountains,—
Seeing all this, I long for
the peace of the mountains.

Suma Nair

WATCH FOR THEM

THE OWL

CLAD in soft fluffy plumage that makes it almost noiseless in flight and with eyes that can see in the dark the owl is a bird of the night hunting its prey in darkness. It is so identified with the waning light of the day that twilight is often called owl light! Because of its nocturnal activity, grave expression, and strange haunting call the owl has long been associated with mystery and magic, occupying a prominent place in mythology and folklore.

There were so many owls in ancient Athens that a saying of the time: "To send owls to Athens" was the equivalent of the present day: "To carry coals to Newcastle" which implies taking something to where it is already plentiful. The Greeks made the owl sacred to Athens, the goddess of wisdom, which probably was the basis for the owl's great and greatly overrated reputation for being the wisest of birds. Actually, owls are easily fooled. But the Greeks considered them birds of prophecy—portents of evil as well as of triumph, depending on the circumstances of their appearance.

The stigma of evil and supernatural power persisted through the centuries. Many people have feared the bird, some believing that the owls cry foretold death and disaster. But as owls shared a fellowship with demons and witches, it was believed they also had the power to ward off other bad spirits. For protection against lightning, the Chinese placed figures of owls on rooftops, and in Germany

real owls were attached to doors.

Owls have hooked beaks and powerful feet with talons to catch and hold prey. They dine off rodents, snakes, and insects, some of them catch fish. The bigger the owl, the bigger the animal it preys on. The owl's particular fondness for mice has won it the special appreciation of farmers.

Owls are the farmer's friends. Observations have revealed that a pair of these tireless hunters during the summer disposed of 200 to 300 rodents a month. Their enormous ap-



petite is highly helpful to the farmer whose land or barn they choose as a hunting ground. Since there are over a hundred species of owls found all over the world, they can truly be called the most cosmopolitan of land birds.

Among the notable varieties in India, the Forest Eagle owl, the Spotted owl, the Collared Scops owl, and the Himalayan Banded owl are well known. Other owls are the Tawny owl, which haunts Asia Minor and Palestine; the Polar white owl, the English and American Barn owl, and the American Screech owl. There are long and short-eared owls and the great Horned owls.

Their hoots also differ. The sound most often associated with owls is the soft deep "Hoo" sound. Each has its own distinctive sound, ranging from a wail to a cackle, a chuck, a high pitched bell sound, and a low pitched toot.

The outer toes of all owls are reversed. Unlike other birds, owls incubate from the laying of the very first egg. Oak, pine, and the teak are their favourite trees, but those which live near village and cities build their nests in the ruins of towers or deserted houses or in convenient trees. The nests are made in hollows in trees or in natural apertures. The normal clutch of eggs is three to four, and the breeding season varies from March to June.

The owl has been a favourite subject of sculptors, artists, and poets since earliest times. Its figure has appeared on ancient coins and in Renaissance paintings. Chaucer, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Thomas Grey, and other writers have widely alluded to it in their works, but it took the delightful nonsense rhymes of Edward Lear to give the owl literary immortality.

U. C. Chopra

(Continued from page 25)

monious beam of light several millions of times more powerful than the then existing lasers. For instance, it could easily cut down half a centimetre steel plate within a few seconds.

Dr. Patel was born on July 2, 1938, at Baramati near Pune in Maharashtra. His father, N.C. Patel, who is an irrigation engineer, told me that from childhood his son was eager to know how things worked. He used to pounce upon any gadget that needed repair. After doing B.E. from the Engineer-

College Pune, Chandra Kumar joined the Stanford University, U.S.A., and did Ph.D. there. Some years later, when he was at the Bell Laboratories, New Jersey, where he is still employed, he invented the carbon-dioxide laser. For the breakthrough he achieved, he received many prestigious

awards and became the youngest scientist to be elected to the U.S. National Academy of Sciences in 1974.

Dr. Patel's invention has found application in many diverse fields, not only because it is a powerful tool, but also because most of the light that it produces is in the infrared invisible rays beyond the red end of spectrum. As terrestrial atmosphere absorbs much less amount of infrared, the laser could be used to send messages over the earth and even in space, just as radio waves are used today. Dr. Patel has also shown how his laser could be used to detect pollution in the atmosphere. Besides, it has also proved to be a powerful tool in the study of gases, liquids, and solids.

Dilip M. Salvi

PEN-FRIENDS CORNER

Dear Reader,

Here's a unique opportunity to make friends with the children of the world. Over 2,000 children from various countries are already members of the Children's World Pen-Friends Club started in 1968. Some of them even now write back and tell us how they were able to strike abiding friendship with other children after becoming members of this Club. We now throw open membership to the Club once again: if you are not already a member, you can enrol yourself by sending us details of your name, sex, age, full address, hobbies, and the country from where you would love to get a pen friend. Those who have already sent in their particulars, like the following children, have been duly enrolled and their names will appear in these columns from this issue. Please remember: *The age limit is 16 years.*

3001

Sukhbinder Singh Jakhan (boy, 12)
281 Vidya Vilas
PILANI, Rajasthan, India
Stamp-collecting
U S A, U S S R

3002

Reija Salminen (girl, 16)
Arhotie 22A8
00900 HELSINKI 90
Suomi, Finland
Tennis, swimming
India

3003

Betty Quvickstrom (g, 16)
Marjalahdentie 12
00930 HELSINKI 93
Suomi, Finland
Postcards, poems
India

3004

Meena Narasimhan (g, 12)
8 Kamaraj Avenue
Adyar, MADRAS 600020
Sewing, bead-work
Any country

3005

Sanjeev Rastogi (b, 12)
14/195 Balaji Building
Garodanagar
Chhatkopi (E)
BOMBAY 400077, India
Pop music, tennis
U S A, Australia

3006

Marja Seppa (g, 12)
Kematie 3F85
00910 HELSINKI 91
Finland
Reading, writing stories
India

3007

Rajushi Behl (b, 12)
D/476, Sector 8
ROURKELA-9 Orissa, India
Music, coin-collecting
Japan

3008

Johanna Frianti (g, 15)
Katajatie 6
67200 Kokkola 20
Finland
Bird-watching, playing flute
India

3009

Rajja Kaisaniemi (g, 15)
Kankariatie F a G 182
00700 HELSINKI 77
Finland
Horse-riding, pop music
India

3010

Ajit Balakrishnan Nair (b, 14)
C/o Mr R Balakrishnan
D-19, CFTRI Quarters
MYSORE 570013, India
Stamp-collecting
Scandinavia

3011

Lennv Ow Jan-San (g, 10)
17 Puay Hee Avenue
SINGAPORE 1331
Painting
India

3012

Kasturi Rathma Jothi (g, 11)
42 Green Crescent
PENANG, Malaysia
Reading, writing
India

3013

Sirkku Heimmaa (g, 15)
Rantakatu 16 as 22
26100 RAUMA 10

Finland

Handicraft, music
India

3014

G V Smita (g, 11)
Block No 2D/Street 3A
Sector 10, BHILAI, India
Swimming stamps
U S S R, Germany

3015

V P Roshni (g, 13)
51 3 MIG Flats
Ashok Nagar, MADRAS 600083
India
Photography, dancing
Australia

3016

Michael Gordon (b, 10)
6 Heathpool Road
HEATHPOOL, 5068
South Australia
Painting reading
India

(Continued from page 39)

boys had to trudge on their front wheels. Besides, the traffic from Aroor onwards was very heavy, and though the vehicles — mostly heavy-laden trucks — co-operated, the progress was slow.

"At times," Sebastian recalled, "the trucks pulled themselves off the road, giving us a wide berth, and we became the road hogs!"

The finishing point was the YMCA Basketball Court at Ernakulam at 6.30 p.m. Due to the heavy traffic, the tired team rolled in two hours late amidst some dusty cheering by the members of the Ernakulam District Roller Skating Association and a large number of awed spectators. Though dog-tired, the Ten sportingly gave a demonstration of artistic skating, which won a loud applause from the crowd.

"Our major hurdle was, of course, funds," said Sebastian. "And finding a sponsor for this 'expedition' was quite a problem. Anyway, we wanted to make this a unique adventure. So, months before the expedition, we formed District Roller Skating Associations in those districts which we had to pass. The response from the skaters was encouraging — so we went ahead. It was like the proverbial two birds with one stone. We were making skating popular in the state and also cutting down the usual large costs for a rally like this. All expenses towards accommodation and petrol for the escort motorbike and other items were met by the respective District Associations."

Well done, Kerala!

Umesh Gaikwad

Stamps That Tell Folk Tales

IT IS seldom that we see a country's folklore depicted in stamps. On the facing page are featured four sets of such stamps.

The Lomsome Butswana series are based on some popular folk tales: 5t-*Chuwale and the Giant* (how an old woman outwits a giant and rescues her little grandson, Chuwale), 10t-*Kgori is not deceived* (how Kgori the bintard married to a beautiful python successfully wards off the advances made by her jealous sister, the jackal), 30t-*Nymbi's wife and crocodile* (how Nyambi God in heaven while living with his family on earth rescues his wife from the river where a crocodile has kidnapped and taken her at the behest of his neighbour) and 45t-*Chetser Hare* (how a sharp-witted hare carries out all the tasks he is set on by the malicious animals in the forest).

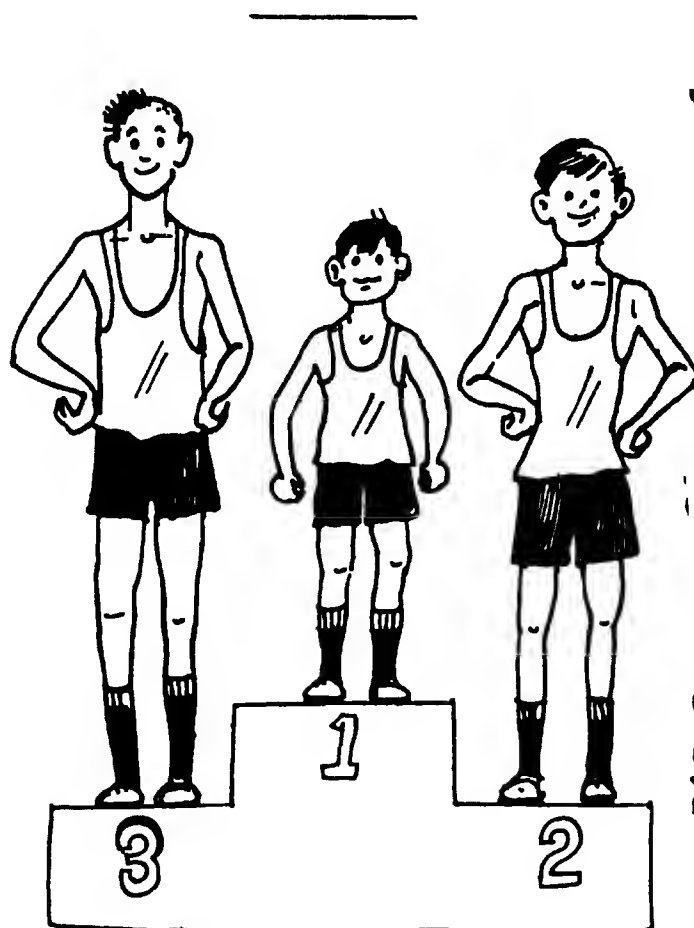
Many of the readers of *Children's World* will remember the KALU' stones from Tanzania that appeared long ago. Two of them and two other well-known African folk tales form the theme for the Tanzanian issues.

Australia's set-tenant strip of five 22c stamps feature the ballad *Waltzing Matilda* penned by Banjo Paterson (1864-1941). This is probably the best known song associated with Australia and was chosen the country's national song for the 1976 Montreal Olympic Games. The main components of this folklore are the swagman (tramp) down on his luck stealing a sheep to get a meal, the squatter (owner of a sheep station) — an important person in the early development of Australia and the police — often unpopular amongst the convicts-turned-pioneers.

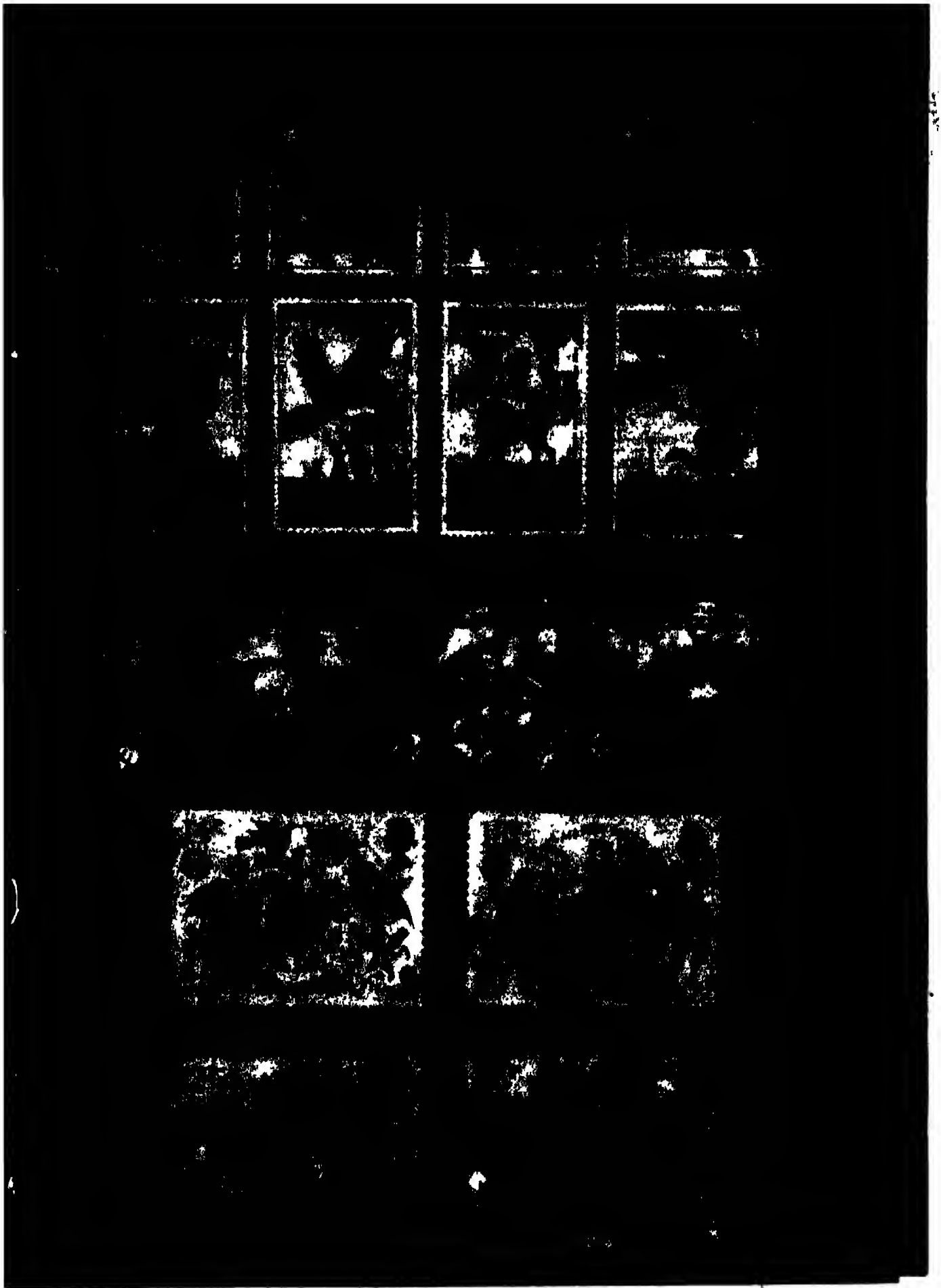
Britannia's February releases incidentally

were her last special issues of 1981. The 14p marks Saint Valentine's (patron saint of sweethearts) Day on Feb 14 the 18p, which hopes for a "Merry May" and shows Morris Dancers as depicted on a 16th century window in Shropshire; 22p signifies Lammastide the ancient harvest festival on Aug 1 and the 25p depicts Medieval Minn-ners from a 14th century manuscript. The folklore theme was chosen by the Conference of European Posts and Telecommunications (CEPT) for 1981's Europa stamps. So the 14p and 18p issues also carry the CEPT's Europa symbol.

(Courtesy : B/S)



The height of it '





Green
Silver
Orange
Silver
Red
Silver
Yellow

**No
foolin'**

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now have a
silver striped wrappin'!

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fun, okay?

WATCH FOR
THE SILVER STRIPES
BEFORE YOU
POP'EM IN

PARLE
POPPINS

Now,
the imitators can't
fool you.



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Two-way Talk

The Annual Number was quite nice *Birds on Stamps* was very colourful *Teacher Vs Student* was hilarious Thanks for the fat issue How about increasing the number of pages every month or making *Children's World* a Weekly?

S Venkataraman, *Rourkela*

An Hour with the Prime Minister in the March issue was very inspiring I was thrilled when I saw the photographs of the prizewinners It was a sorrowful farewell from Detective Shambhu

K P Krishna Kumar, *Dombivli (East)*

Children's World has a mixture of fiction and facts of myth and mystery, of sports and science And isn't it all well-blended?

Clara Gladys James, *Madras*

Optical Illusion was real fun *Tagore's Child Characters* was very interesting I hope you will continue the series It is only *Children's World* that can give children much pleasure

Kabir Hosain 'Alo', *Jagnanagar*

I rate it as the best magazine now available What strikes me is its language is correct and simple

Shonali Mahajan, *New Delhi*

I truly appreciate this magazine for it provides us with good stories and increases our knowledge Your "Junchi at St Avila's" and Detective Shambhu" are interesting Please start an Artist's column

Durdana Mirza, *Bombay*

I have been a regular reader of your magazine for the last five years Everyone in my house enjoys reading it I like the picture serial 'Kapish' very much 'The Rhino Trail' is very thrilling I enjoy reading Perkys letters Please introduce some Quizzes

Sridhar Chari *Baroda*

I find your magazine very interesting and would like it adorned with more stories and mysteries 'Kapish' is really merry and 'The Rhino Trail' full of suspense Please revive 'Perky' and 'Four faces' I wish this magazine were fortnightly and please increase the number of puzzles R Suguna, *Dulmiapuram*

I hope you will start the Pen-Friends Corner soon Since you have been postponing it, I'm quite disappointed The first thing I look for is the corner Could you please have it soon?

I like 'Letter to You' and 'Junchi at St Avila's' and all Sigmund Sivasava's stories

Anupama Chackerman, *New Delhi*

"CHILDREN'S WORLD" is of course the best magazine in the world Presently I am ill so I read all the old issues of *Children's World* right from 1975 Nothing gives me more pleasure All the articles are good The cover is always nice and so is Jeevan and Hami at the back I eagerly wait for Penpals Corner and of course the next issue

Sophie Gaur, *Roorkee*

Thanks Venkataraman for suggesting that *Children's World* be made a Weekly That would be to quote Hamlet "a consummation devoutly to be wished" Till then, you will continue to get a 'well-blended' *Children's World* as reader Clara Gladys James puts it

As one set of features and serials comes to an end another takes its place

Blazing a new trail as we part company with the Rhino's will be the mystery of 'The Chandipuri Jewels' This won the first prize in the 1979 competition for writers of children's books The other features like Junchi at St Avila's continue For Anupama and many others like her there are lots and lots of pen-friends to choose from — in this issue

EDITOR

The Crooked Tree

Down by the village green,
There flowed a little stream,
Near which stood a crooked coconut tree,
For years and years to be
So beautiful though she's crooked,
So helpful though she's rugged,
Slender and long her palms are,
Which you can see from so very far
She's seen little girls turn women
She's seen little boys turn men
Noticed by none she stands there
For she's always accepted in the scenery there
She'll be there for ever and ever,
The changing scenes will never affect her
For she's the beautiful crooked tree
For the years and years to be

Soumya (9)



MUCH ADO ABOUT

(Photographs: Chandra Kant)

"Don't say! You mean you actually heard a roar?"

"Here, take this and listen, if you don't believe me"

R-O-O-A-A-R-R!

"Oh! my God! This is too real to be coming from a transistor. You sure, there isn't a lion in the park?"



"Don't be silly. How can there be a lion in the park?"

"I know it's the transistor."

"I'm positive it's not."

"Okay, fine. Let's have a bet. We'll search the park and whoever loses has to treat the other to whatever he wants."



"We have five minutes. You go that way and I'll go this way."

"A lion in the park. Ha! Ha! What a joke."

R-O-O-A-A-R!

"Not again!"

"We're back to where we started."

NOTHING

Script: Navkala Roy)

'If you look this way, you might
change your mind

'A 1-1-1-1-e-e-e-a-l 1-1-1-1-o-n-

'Relax. It's just Mithun



"You von come right here
you nit-wit. How dare you frighten
me like this?"

'If you'd carried on any longer
Mithun, our friend here would
have had a heart attack.'



"So, you've lost the bet, huh?"

"I have, have I?"

"Ya, sure."

"You call this fellow a lion, do
you?"

"Well, you almost thought he
was, didn't you?"

JUNE 1981



Lo Zy you're Zwaitng Mr. Zwazpy?"

"B OOOO," came a loud tinkle-bell sound, and Aishvarya almost jumped out of her skin

"Oh, it's you, Scarlet," she said "I should have known, you'll do something like this"

"Hey!" rang Scarlet's voice, "Aishvarya why didn't you tell me you had plates and cups and saucers and cooking dishes which are just the right size for me? I'm taking them all away to my cubby-hole, I can cook and eat my food in those," she said and started gathering Aishvarya's tiny steel dishes and toy tea set together

"No, no, I say Scarlet don't do that!" Aishvarya exclaimed trying to take the cups and saucers and toy cooking gas-range and fridge from Scarlet's hands. But the moment she got one thing and put it down Scarlet picked it up again.

"Hey Scarlet if you take these dishes away what'll I tell Mummy and Daddy? Daddy brought that tea-set for me. I'll tell him to get another one for you. Okay? Till then you can come here and play house-house with me every day"

"Yes, I suppose I could do that," said Scarlet in a sad tinkle-bell voice "Otherwise you'll have to tell your Mummy



and Daddy about me, and they won't even believe you"

"Ya," Aishvarya nodded, "now let's see. Here, let's pretend you're an aunty whose come to my house. Now I'll make coffee for you."

"Here Mrs. Scarlet have some coffee and here are some biscuits in honey. I hope you like them. I made them myself," Aishvarya tried to say in a very grown-up voice.

"WAINH!" wailed Scarlet loudly as she took the cup, there's NO coffee in this cup!"

"I told YOU we were playing pretend," said Aishvarya in her normal voice. "Here Scarlet, here have some crushed biscuits in honey, these are real."

"Yummy," Scarlet licked her fingers and then the tiny plate. "Can I have some more?"

"I say Aishvarya, this biscuits-and-honey-dish gives me an idea. Why don't we invite Zwazpy for tea? He loves anything sweet and he's quite stupid you know, he won't know if there's real tea or coffee or not, as long as there's honey."

"Okay," Aishvarya was thrilled she had got a chance to show-off her tea-set. "You go and call him, while I get some more biscuits and honey."

"Righto!" sang Scarlet.

"So Mr. Zwazpy, you're waiting aren't you?" she said to herself as Aishvarya disappeared into the house. "Yes Mr. Zwazpy, you don't have to wait long! Here I come!" she muttered to herself as she flew off on her transparent red wings.

Aishvarya had managed to get some more biscuits and two huge spoonfuls of honey from Manga Ram, the servant.

She was about to crush the biscuits and put them in the honey when Scarlet and Zwazpy made a smooth landing on the verandah.

"Don't do."

"Zank zvon, Aishvarya." Scarlet and Zwazpy began to say at once.

"Don't crush the biscuits Aishvarya," Scarlet continued to say, sticking her tongue out at Zwazpy to make him keep quiet. "We'll spread the honey on the biscuits and nibble those, won't we Zwazpy?"

Franzly speaking ZI zwant zto zhawe zonly zhe honey, Aishvarya. ZI'm zure zvon zwont zmind zit ZI zhawe zonly honey. Zafter zall zvon zand Scarlet pluck zall zhe zflowers. And without another word Zwazpy made a beeline for the tiny serving-dish in which the honey was kept. He settled on the edge of the dish and bent to lick—"Zaha, zaha," he exclaimed in glee. "Zhis zis zehicious, zreal znectar."

"Zaha zis zit? Zoho zis zit? Zjust zvone moment Mr. Zwazpy," said Scarlet under her breath getting scarleter—and scarleter by the moment. And then silently on tip-toe she came up behind Zwazpy and in one quick move, pushed Zwazpy into the dish and PHATAK put the lid on top.

"Hah," she tinkled loudly in a very musical voice. "ZVA, ZVA, ZVA," is it Mr. Zwazpy, zo zvon zlike HONEY zdo zvou? Zhere Mr. Zwazpy zhawe zas much zas zvou zwant."

"Zon't zo zhat." Aishvarya began when she realised what she was saying! But she was frightened for now they could hear a tiny squeak.

"Zhey, zlet zme zout, ZI zay Scarlet, ZI zay Aishvarya, no, ZI've zhade enough honey, znou, zplease zlet zme zout."

"Not yet, Mr. Zwazpy," Scarlet's voice was tinkling "Not yet Zwazpy Aishvarya and I steal all the flowers don't we? Have all the honey you want now"

"Zenough ZI zay, zenough" pleaded Zwazpy and Aishvarya could bear it no more. She crept up behind Scarlet, and put one hand on Scarlet's eyes, when Scarlet couldn't see, she quickly pushed Scarlet's hands from the bowl and opened the lid and out flew a very very sticky Zwazpy gasping for breath

Zank zvon Aishvarya he cried, "zank zvon zlor zhe ztea zand zhe honey" he said as he flew around dusting off the honey. When he had shed it all, away he flew as good as new

"You know" said Scarlet, hiding a smile. I didn't really like doing it, but at least he'll leave us in peace to pluck flowers now

Vaijayanti Tonpe



WHO IS GOD?

Though an ardent follower

Of truth and God

I am forced to raise this question

Who is 'GOD'?

Who floated rafts

On the sky

Like cotton

Resembling boats in the sky

Who masterminded the Glorious

sunrise

And the breathtaking sunset?

Who is the creator of

the blue sheet of land

With stars and moon

As then inseparable companions?

He is only but GOD

The inexhaustible source of

Energy and hope

The one believed in by all worlds

He who launches hope

And creates natural settings

In the twinkling of an eye

Is 'GOD'

K. Rajesh (13)

Why the Giraffe Has a Long Neck

LONG long ago when the world was still very young, a giraffe was invited to a feast by the King of the Forest. It was a sumptuous feast and the giraffe, together with all the animals of the forest, loudly praised the good food.

The giraffe did not realise he had over-eaten, till he was bothered by a tummyache. So he excused himself and went for a long walk to digest the food. He walked briskly on and on, through the deserted forest, the other animals still being at the feast. The unusual silence struck him, and he thought to himself, "Ah, how peaceful it is, except for the twittering of the birds." He

looked up at the trees and saw the robins at play, when *glug! glug! squeleh!* His legs suddenly sank into the earth. The giraffe had unknowingly walked into a swamp.

"Oh my goodness, oh my!" cried the frightened giraffe and tried to haul himself out of the swamp. But the more he struggled, the more the swamp seemed to suck him down. "Help! Help!" he screamed in despair as he sank further and further.

Only the birds around heard him and tweeted and chirped and chirped and flapped their wings in alarm.

"Help! Help! HELP!" The cries echoed through the empty forest, but amidst all the din at the feast, they went unheard. "Help! Help!" The birds fluttered about helplessly, twittering, "Poor thing, poor thing."

"H-E-L-P! H-E-L-P!" The giraffe, now really desperate, cried at the top of his voice.

A family of rabbits, returning early from the feast, heard his frantic cries and hurried to the swamp. They gathered round and held a consultation, but like the birds, they too were helpless. "We can only pray for you," they consoled the poor giraffe who screamed for help all the more loudly.

All afternoon, the giraffe screamed and shouted for help. But no one came to his rescue. The animals at the feast, after a good meal, had all gone to sleep under the trees, and so did not



hear the giraffe's wails for help.

Slowly the giraffe sank deeper and deeper into the bog. He found that with all the helpless screaming, his throat had become sore and by the time evening came, the giraffe had lost his voice. (Which is why giraffes are generally believed to be dumb to this day.)

A little before sunset, a group of woodcutters, returning home through the forest, came across the giraffe. Only his neck remained above the swamp, but the men could see that though he made no sound, he was still alive. So they decided to try and help him.

Standing on the firm ground around the swamp, they caught hold of his neck and ears and pulled and tugged with all their might. But in vain. The giraffe seemed to sink even deeper.

Then the men consulted each other. They united their bundles of wood, tied the ropes round the giraffe's neck, and then climbed up the trees near the swamp. One, two, three—HEAVE! One, two, three—HEAVE! The men grunted and pulled and tugged at the ropes tied round the giraffe's neck. At last the giraffe was pulled out of the swamp.

When he got his feet once again on the firm ground, the giraffe could only nod his head (for he had lost his voice) to thank the men for saving his life. But, when he turned towards the rabbits to thank them for their prayers, he found to his surprise that they had disappeared.

Actually, the rabbits had fled in fright, because the giraffe was not the same as before. When the men had



pulled and tugged at his neck, it had stretched and stretched and was now very long, indeed. His legs, too, caught as they had been in the swamp, had stretched.

That is why the giraffe has a long neck and long legs to this day.

In fact, the giraffe is the tallest of all animals, reaching an overall height of more than 18 feet (5.5 metres). The name giraffe comes from the Arabic word *zarafa* meaning, among other things, one who walks swiftly. Indeed, at a full gallop, the giraffe can run more than 30 miles per hour.

The giraffe's body is comparatively short, but the legs and neck are very

long In spite of its length, the neck, as in almost all mammals, consists of only 7 vertebrae.

The front legs of the giraffe stand higher than the hind ones. That is why giraffes usually feed upon leaves on trees. Were they habitually to graze on grass, they would have to spread their forelegs widely and awkwardly, as they do when they drink water.

The short horns on the head, present in both male and female, are covered with skin and end with short tufts of hair. However, the horns are not used in self-defence, which they effect by

powerful kicks from their fore or hind legs.

Then cries, ranging from low call notes to a hoarse roar, have so rarely been heard that giraffes are generally believed to be completely dumb.

Giraffes are still seen in large numbers in East Africa (Africa being their native land), where they are protected. But elsewhere (Julius Caesar is said to have been the first to introduce the giraffe to the rest of the world), their number has dwindled following large-scale hunting by man.

Veenu Sandal



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THE VULTURE

A VULTURE soaring effortlessly through a bright clear sky or perched on a tree with its wings outspread is a majestic sight, although the bird is far less attractive if you were to look at it at close quarters. Its harshly contoured head and neck, naked and unfeathered, and the habit of feeding on carrion have combined to make it unloved and maligned.

As far back as Roman times 'vulture' was an approbrious term applied to greedy or hard-hearted people. The feeling of sanctity, respect, or even awe with which people of ancient times viewed birds of great size was rarely extended to the vulture. John Milton, the 17th century English poet, using birds in his poetry to symbolize human vices, characterized Satan as a vulture.



The name vulture is applied to a group of birds that share the common trait of feeding on carrion. Unlike their distant relatives — hawks and eagles who hunt their own food—vultures specialize in scavenging and they are often called the scavengers of the skies. The North American vultures are quite distinct from those of the Indian species, but both follow the same lifestyle. Among the Indian common vultures are the King Vulture, with its bare red head and neck, red patches on thighs and a large white patch on flanks, the White-backed vulture with its naked head and neck, short stout bill, and white lower back visible when the bird is at rest, and the Scavenger Vulture, with its naked yellow head and neck, and wedge-shaped longish white tail.

Vultures have weak beaks and claws, a characteristic of carrion eaters. Since they do not grapple with live prey, they have no need for a powerful bite or grip. Some species do occasionally hunt, but they will attack only helpless little animals such as young birds or baby mammals.

Many vultures have extremely keen vision and find their food by sight rather than scent. A vulture will circle in the air for hours, tirelessly and patiently, and swoop down when it espies an animal that is dead or dying. Apparently, vultures watch each other as attentively as they watch the ground because within a few hours scores or even hundreds will converge for the feast. Vultures are normally solitary birds, but they will gather in crowds to feed, standing around in a ring at a safe distance until they are certain that the animal is dead. The larger and more aggressive vultures may frighten

ten the weaker ones away with menacing
hisses and gestures

The vultures are greedy and voracious eaters and have difficulty in taking off from the ground particularly after a heavy meal. They hang around sheepishly till they can muster enough energy to run along the ground and become airborne. However, the greed can be an aid to survival, for there can be a long interval between meals.

White-backed vultures build their nests on tall leafy trees, unlike the long-billed vultures who build on cliffs. Nesting begins from as early as September, while the male provides large twigs the female incorporates them into the nest. During copulation, the female roars and occasionally both the birds indulge in hissing and mewling, and sometimes fight themselves. Copulation takes place several times a day and may continue for weeks. Only one white egg is laid in the nest, which is a big platform of twigs. The nestling is born naked and is fed by regurgitation.

Scavenger vultures are seen around refuse dumps and river banks and roost communally on thick-leaved trees and may use regular perches. Both the male and the female share in nest-building on the thick top branches of tall trees and usually lay two pale buff-colored eggs with black blotches. Both the birds also share in incubation and care of the young. They usually breed from mid-February to about the middle of March. The nestlings are a mottled grey and black with blue-grey heads and dark eyes.

The white scavenger vulture is said to be the filthiest feeder on earth, for nothing is too vile for its taste. The bird is, therefore, very useful in a hot climate where sanitation and hygiene are not of a high standard everywhere.

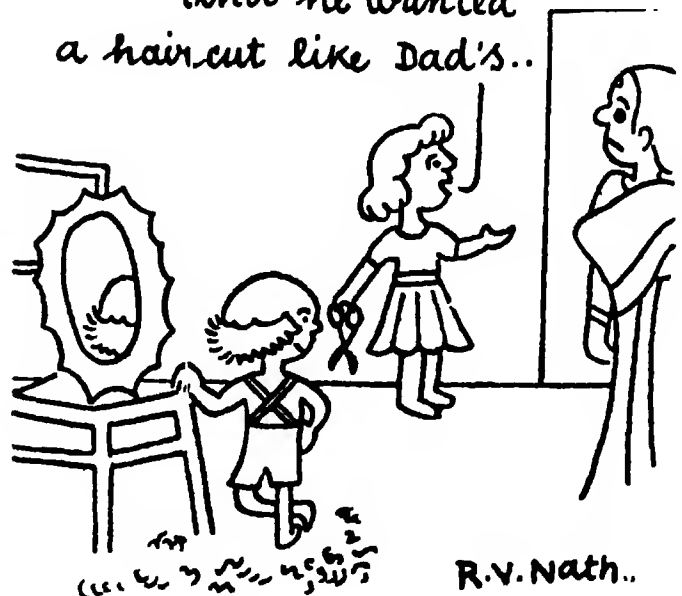
Most people regard vultures with aversion, both on account of their ugly appearance and filthy habits. Their services to mankind, however, cannot be over-estimated, as they are the most efficient scavengers in the bird world. They perform a very valuable public service as self-appointed members of a cleaning brigade, devouring dead animals and refuse that might otherwise pollute the environment and, in hot countries, would speedily spread pestilence and disease if left exposed for any length of time.

The food belt provided by dead animals in the rural areas and others killed by speeding cars and trucks on highways is an endless one needing constant vigilance.

For their contribution towards maintaining a healthier environment, in both rural and urban areas, vultures—the winged scavengers and undertakers—deserve to be protected by law.

U C. Chopra

we are playing barbershop
and he wanted
a haircut like Dad's..



R.V. Nath.,

UNMESH AND THE SAPLINGS

— Written and illustrated by Gecta Sekharan

“WOW! Isn't he a grand chap!” breathed Unmesh, pronouncing each word in an admiring confession.

Ram and Sanjeev watched Avinash sir's tall figure striding out of the classroom. All the other boys had left, but the three of them had remained to catch Avinash sir for a few minutes.

“What a perfect cowboy he'd make,” remarked Sanjeev.

“Magnificent!” came Ram's awed whisper.

“You just have to take one look at him and you know he's right out of a Ted Flint western. Jim West, the outlaw on horseback, flashing across the rugged landscape, leaving a trail of dead bodies in his wake.”

“Maybe we'll grow up and be like Avinash sir at least,” said Unmesh, his eyes shining.

“You've got a hope,” shot back Sanjeev scornfully. “Look at the way *he* walks and talks.” He attempted a confident swagger, and stopped. It struck him that his arms and legs were too long and awkward, they were getting in the way of his walk.

“Well, I've been to his house,” started Unmesh proudly. “You know, his house isn't far from mine, so I'd been once to sort out a Maths problem.”

“What luck! and what was he doing?”

“Oh, he was as friendly as ever,” Unmesh said coolly. He was pleased to see all attention being centred on him,

so what if it was ‘courtesy Avinash sir’. “He was in the middle of some wood-work-carving,” Unmesh continued. “Remember Jim West in *The Untamed Frontier*? What a wizard he is with a penknife whittling anything from a whistle to a log cabin!”

“Was he alone?” asked a curious Ram.

“No, I did see Mrs Avinash in the kitchen and I heard a baby cry, but,” Unmesh added hastily since his audience wasn't very impressed by this, “of course, *he* wasn't bothering about them.”

“Arey! You boys are here still?” It was the ‘chaprasi’ coming to lock the classrooms. “It's 4 o'clock, do you know?”

They were unceremoniously bundled out and soon each took his way home. Unmesh felt a fresh energy surge through him as he thought of his dreams, his Avinash sir and Jim West. Gosh! How he yearned to be grown-up like them. Instead, here he was tied to school and school books.

His father understood a little at least, and the last time he had gone on a tour out of Delhi, he had turned to him and smiled, “Remember, you are in charge now.”

He had gone red with pride, and walked about importantly from the moment his father left. “Now, what's first on the list? Ah, yes. I'll go and supervise the construction work going on upstairs.” But Mumny— she laughed indulgently and said, “All right,

you can buy me this week's ration from the market if you want to help."

Unmesh had glared. He was to take charge, wasn't he?

Unmesh was still practising the Avinash walk as he entered his house

"Unmu beta, what happened to you? We were so worried" Grandmother was waiting anxiously at the door.

The worried queries came like a rude dampener. For God's sake, couldn't he look after himself? He was almost fourteen, after all. Did Jim West have a grandmother asking such stupid questions? Unmesh was filled with resentment. "O leave me alone," he muttered, brushing past.

But Granny wasn't pacified. "But what happened? You were limping when you came in."

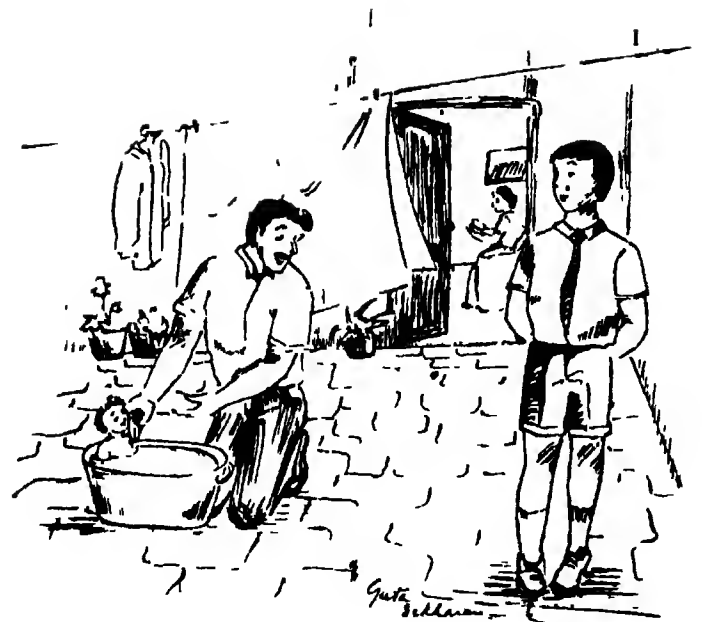
That was the cruellest blow - the Avinash walk being insulted, and called a *limp*!

"Unmesh bharva," called a little voice, "I've been waiting so long for you. Look at this basket I learnt to make."

Aruna, of course. God, why did one have little sisters? Without a glance at the crestfallen face, Unmesh rushed into his room. He threw his bag down and looked gloomily out of the window. The bright yellow and violet of the pansy bed seemed to be mocking him. But his eyes gleamed with interest as they lighted on the car parked in the pathway beside the garden. He had learnt to drive with his father for short distances on lonely streets.

"Unmesh!" He was startled by his mother's call. "Can you do some work for me?"

"Coming," he mumbled, but made no move. Suddenly, he brightened. Perhaps she had some important work



for him. He saw his mother waiting beside the car. Maybe she would ask him to drive! Excited, he bounded out.

"Unmesh, just help me plant these saplings, won't you? There's the 'khurpi'."

Unmesh stopped dead in his tracks. Not drive the car, but plant miserable little saplings? Suddenly, he felt as if he was being cornered by everyone - Granny, Mummy, Aruna, each one trying to pin him down to things so mundane when there were such adventurous things to be done.

"No!" he shouted vehemently. "I won't!"

"Unmesh?" his mother wheeled round surprised. "What's the matter?"

"What's the matter?" mimicked Unmesh. "Nothing's the matter with me. Something's the matter with *you* people."

"Behave yourself," said his mother, exasperated now. "Is this the way to talk? Tell me quietly what you're talking about."

All his pent-up frustration burst out on seeing his mother treat his turmoil so calmly.

"Mummy, I'm—I'm grown up now. I won't do these—these silly jobs," he blurted

"Silly?" echoed his mother most maddeningly. "What *is* silly about doing a bit of gardening?"

He, his throat a tight mass of choking emotions, couldn't find the words to explain. They were not the exciting things he dreamt of doing, and he wanted to do them all now, not wait till he was grown up

"O you won't understand," he cried in angry defeat and flung himself out of the gate

His hands clenched in his pockets, shoulders hunched, eyes knit in a scowl, Unmesh stumbled away as if to escape from the suffocating house behind. His young mind screamed for action, action of the kind he'd gathered from books and movies—and here he was forced to be content with hopes and dreams which never materialized

As he looked up from the road, Unmesh saw that his walk had brought him before Avinash sir's house. His wounded heart cooled a little as he thought of Avinash sir and the sympathy he might receive there

Without any of the hesitation that had cramped him on his last visit, Unmesh walked in. Mrs. Avinash recognized him and sent him in to the backyard where his teacher was working, she said

Without so much as returning the greeting, Unmesh hurried through the drawing room. The backyard. He was at his woodcarving perhaps?

"Hello, Unmesh, what a surprise!" Avinash sir turned round from stretching a shirt on the clothesline

Unmesh squeaked out an aghast 'Sir!' Avinash sir and washing! No, it had to be a mistake.

"What's up? You look worried," asked his teacher discerningly.

"O sir," wailed Unmesh, "I've got so much to tell you"

"And I'm here to listen," came the gentle answer. "We can talk as I give Renu her bath."

"Huh? Renu?"

Avinash sir stretched out a hand behind a big empty cardboard box and scooped out a little toddler who stared wide-eyed at an equally startled boy. Bathe the baby? Why, that wasn't a *job*. Maybe he was just doing it today, Unmesh assured himself. Maybe Mrs. Avinash was absolutely up to her neck in work. But a glance towards the house told him that Mrs. Avinash was relaxing with a magazine. And surely—surely, Avinash sir was not *enjoying* his silly task?

"This is the only time I get to be at home with my family," started Avinash sir putting the child into a tub of water. "What about your family? Is it a big one?" And when Unmesh told him, he chuckled, "Reminds me of *my* childhood in a village near Lucknow. My granny would be in a constant worry about the pranks we kids would get up to. We, of course, thought all her anxiety was unnecessary. Only she didn't, and that was what we loved"

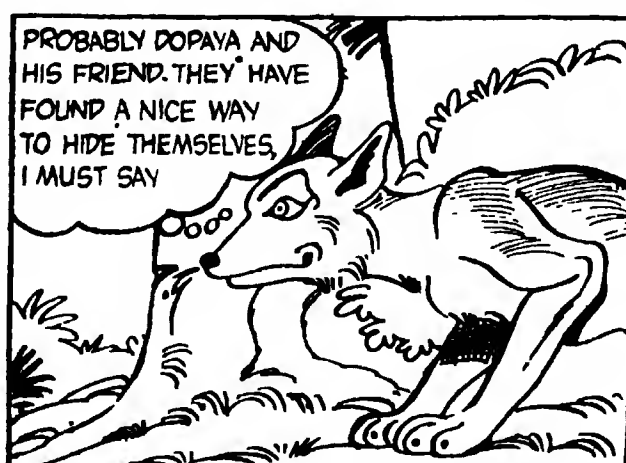
It sounded uncomfortably familiar. Unmesh was confused. Trying to change the subject, he asked, "How do you spend your time, sir? You must have a lot of exciting things to do . . ." He left the sentence appealingly open.

"You're becoming an imp."

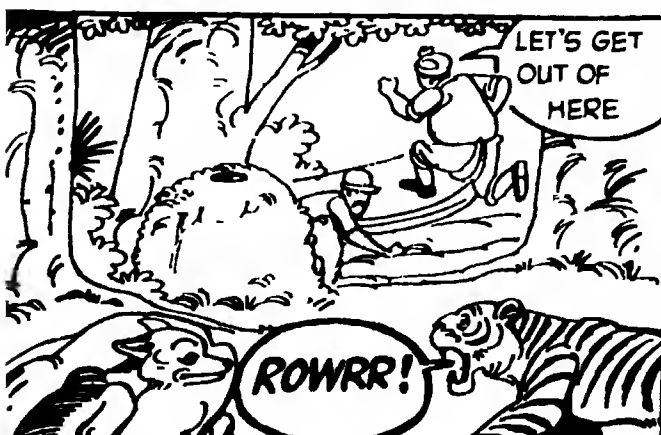
Unmesh looked up startled. But Avinash sir was talking to the little girl, who shrieked and splashed delightedly in the water

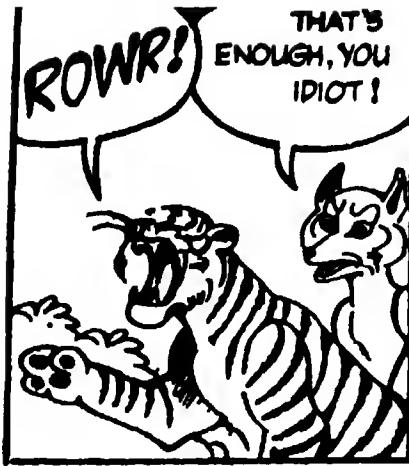
"Sorry, Unmesh, what were you saying?"

(Turn to page 25)



DANG REKHA FEATURES P LTD 1981







• BRUNO THE BEAR •

BRUNO was a black and furry bear. He had a white snout and beady brown eyes. He belonged to David, who performed in the streets with him.

Then day started early, after a hastily shared breakfast of roti with tea, or milk and bananas. David collected his paraphernalia, and Bruno waddled behind, giving satisfied grunts. He was all set to begin his day.



Bruno could dance and play the mouth organ. David had also taught him a lot of tricks. When David, in his striped, baggy pants and short waistcoat, played the mouth organ, Bruno danced to the tune. He danced with great ease, extending his hat for coins.

The people in the villages around, especially children, loved Bruno, as he was friendly and gentle despite his huge size. As soon as he came round the corner, prancing children gathered round him. They begged him to begin his trick, which never failed to thrill and excite them. Bruno was intelligent and quick, performing new tricks every day. Of course, he also repeated some of the old favourites. The children fed him with sweet-bread, of which he was very fond.

As usual, Bruno and David were one day on their regular jaunt. David started a lively tune to collect the people around. Bruno latched up his knickers, straightened his bow-tie, and performed a beautiful square-dance. Then came the balloon-balancing act. Bruno balanced a huge balloon on the tip of his nose and walked all round, amidst applause. Then he played cricket with David, wielding the bat expertly. Next he jumped through huge hoops of fire, held up by David.

Soon Bruno was a student, sitting with a chalk and slate. When David called out $2 + 3$, he wrote 5, on the slate. He kept adjusting his glasses, which refused to stay on his pug-nose. Then he

played the mouth organ with the air of an expert. Soon he donned boxing gloves, and had felled David in an instant. The crowd counted up to ten but David pretended to be unconscious. Bruno then raised one paw as a sign of victory.

It was while he was performing his newest act of somersaulting and cart-wheeling that he heard a piteous cry. Bruno pricked up his ears and moved in the direction of the sound. David, too, had heard the cry for help, amidst the laughter of children. They found a frightened girl of about five, sitting on the thin branch of a tree. The branch sagged under her weight, making ominous sounds. She had climbed up the

tree to get a ringside view of her favourite Bruno. The branch creaked alarmingly, and she sat petrified, in tears.

Bruno, for all his clumsy gait, soon ambled up the tree and bundled the child in his arms, without stepping on the broken branch. He handed her gently to her eager, grateful mother. The crowd gave three cheers for brave Bruno. Hip Hip Hurray! They tipped him generously, heaping him with his favourite foods—cakes, honey, and fruits.

David was proud of Bruno, and gazed from ear to ear while Bruno gorged himself on the delicacies, grunting contentedly.

Sharada Venkatraman

(Continued from page 19)

Unmesh found himself muttering, "Er-nothing, sir, nothing." Silently he watched Avinash sir pick up the baby, dry and dress her. Somehow, he didn't think he could bear to see his Jim West crumbling before his very eyes, "Sir, I'd better go now."

"Go?" But you said you had something to tell me?"

"No, sir, that was nothing important," said Unmesh hastily.

The walk back to his house was long and slow.

As he turned into his house, the crease on his forehead had smoothened out a little. He saw the saplings still lying forlorn in a polythene cover in a corner of the garden. He looked about him quickly. There was no one in sight. He crept up to the patch, picked up the tender green shoots, and started planting them.

MY MOTHER

Oh! How kind my mother is!

The kindest mother, she surely is.

Oh what a lucky child am I!

To have such a mother close-by.

Her heart is so warm,

Her eyes beam with kindness,

How nice to look at her form,

She is always full of happiness.

Mangala Gangolli (10)

Khorana and the Synthetic Gene

1976 was a historic year for mankind. It was in this year that a fully workable gene—the basic unit of heredity which makes children like their parents—was produced in a laboratory. It was the first step towards the production of artificial life. The credit goes to all scientists who laid the foundation of genetics—the science of heredity. But the Nobel Laureate Har Gobind Khorana and his group have to be given the special credit for having achieved the crucial goal. From off-the-shelf chemicals this group at Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT), U.S.A., synthesized the gene of *Escherichia Coli*—a bacterium that lives in the intestines of human beings and animals—and found that it worked as good as its natural gene. In

one stroke the group showed that the entire edifice of genetics is perfectly correct. To produce one gene of *Escherichia Coli* bacterium Dr Khorana and his 24 associates, however, took nine years of continuous labour! Production of human gene is now a distant possibility, if not a dream. One human gene is million times longer than a *Escherichia Coli* gene and is so much more complex.

Although Dr Khorana is today one of the great living American scientists, he was born in poverty in India in 1922. His father was a village tax collector at Raipur, Punjab (now in Pakistan). Of the 100 families in that tiny village, his was the only one that was literate. That was because his family gave first preference to education. Har Gobind received his first school lessons from a local teacher beneath the shade of a big tree. After schooling he did B.Sc. and M.Sc. in chemistry at the University of Punjab then at Lahore. In 1945 he went abroad on a Government of India scholarship. At the University of Liverpool, England, he took up Ph.D. in organic chemistry. However, on his return home he did not get a job. He was not even selected for a teaching post at the University of Delhi! Thereafter he went globe-trotting, shifting from one university to another and finally in 1970 he joined MIT where he has been since then. "You stay intellectually alive longer," he once said, "if you change your environment ever so often."

At the age of 46 Dr Khorana shared



the 1968 Nobel Prize for medicine with Marshall W Nirenberg and Robert W Holley. All three separately made valuable contributions to the understanding of the genetic code—the key to the structure and working of the gene. Dr. Khorana was responsible for synthesising a part of the gene of yeast cell in the laboratory. He had thus not only filled in some vital gaps in the understanding of the genetic code but also shown how genetic code acts in the cell machinery of living beings.

"You too can win the Nobel Prize," Dr. Khorana wrote to his students when he went to Stockholm to receive the Prize, "Do not let your so-called shortcomings overshadow your progress."

Friendly with his students, shy of publicity, he is a charming and unassuming man. He enjoys music and hiking.

Today in his late 50s Dr. Khorana continues to work relentlessly. He is currently studying how a gene functions in cell machinery. Now that a gene can be man made he wants to make necessary changes in it and observe how they affect the cell machinery and so the living beings. His studies will tell what causes genetic defects and how to correct them. In short, Dr. Khorana's work will lessen much of the suffering among the millions of human beings, caused by genetic diseases.

Dilip M. Salw

Did You Know?

Mickey was an English cat. In twenty-three years Mickey killed the largest number of mice ever—22,000.

Mickey died in 1968 after maintaining an astonishing average of killing nearly 1000 mice a year.

As cats fall, they turn over in the air and make sure they land the 'right side up'—that is on their four feet.

One cat slipped on its owner's balcony on the 11th floor of a multi-storeyed building. It was not only unhurt but was fit enough to walk away as if nothing had happened.

The woodcock nurses its broken foot by casing it in a plaster which is a

mould of mud roots and grass. When the mould dries and becomes hard, the bird can hop about freely. The woodcock knows instinctively when its leg heals, and it peels off the protective cast.

Hans Christian Anderson, the famous Danish children's story-teller of the 19th century was so scared of being buried alive, that he sometimes left notes by his bedside when he slept. The notes read 'I am not really dead'. Even otherwise he would beg his friends to make quite sure he was dead before putting him in the coffin. He couldn't bear the thought of waking up inside a grave.

Compiled by Indira Ananthakrishnan

20TH ANNIVERSARY

Man's First Leap into Space

"CIRCLING the Earth in the orbital spaceship I marvelled at the beauty of our planet. People of the world! Let us safe-guard and enhance this beauty—not destroy it!"

These words were said by Yuri Gagarin, the world's first cosmonaut, after his space flight.

Twenty years ago, on April 12, 1961, the first manned space flight left our planet from the Baikonr Cosmodrome in the Soviet Union. This was the beginning, the blazing of a trail which has now become a road to the cosmos. Today, one after another, spaceships are

Yuri Gagarin as a school-boy



leaving earth for the wide expanses of the universe. In the past two decades, thousands of different types of man-made vehicles have been launched into 'ethereal space' beyond the earth's atmosphere.

The flight of Yuri Gagarin is a milestone comparable in its impact with the mastering of fire and the invention of the wheel. It marked the beginning of a new era—"space era".

Gagarin's flight lasted only 108 minutes, but one revolution of his spaceship Vostok round the earth, at a speed of 1,800 mph, has paved the way to the present-day orbital stations which make thousands of revolutions. What was regarded as fantasy earlier has become a reality. Yuri Gagarin's flight proved that humans could live and work in space. Automatic probes are systematically revealing the secrets of different planets of our solar system. Soviet and American spacemen have accomplished a joint experimental flight.

Over the years, scores of manned space flights have been successfully accomplished. To date, 101 earthmen have been to the outer space. Flight-Engineer Viktor Savnykh of "Soyuz T-4" launched on March 12, 1981, is the 50th Soviet cosmonaut and 100th spaceman of the world. Among other 51 spacemen 43 are American astronauts and eight are from socialist countries—Czechoslovakia, Poland, the GDR, Bulgaria, Hungary, Vietnam, Cuba and Mongolia—who worked aboard Soviet spaceships and stations under the Interkosmos Programme of the socialist countries.

Pritam Lal

(Photos Courtesy - USSR Information Dept.)

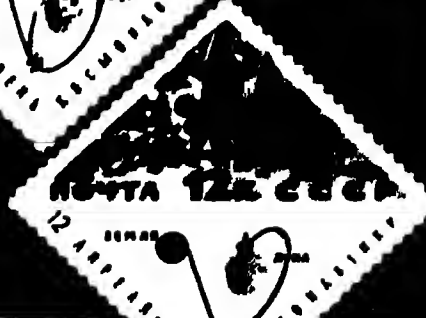
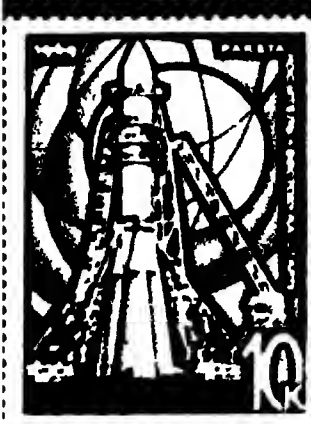
A PIONEER AND TWO RECORD HOLDERS

Right Yuri Gagarin with his daughters Galaya and Lena. Below: Standing in front of the statue of Gagarin in the town of Zvyozdny are cosmonauts Leonid Popov and Valery Ryumin, who hold the record (185 days) for the longest space mission in history.



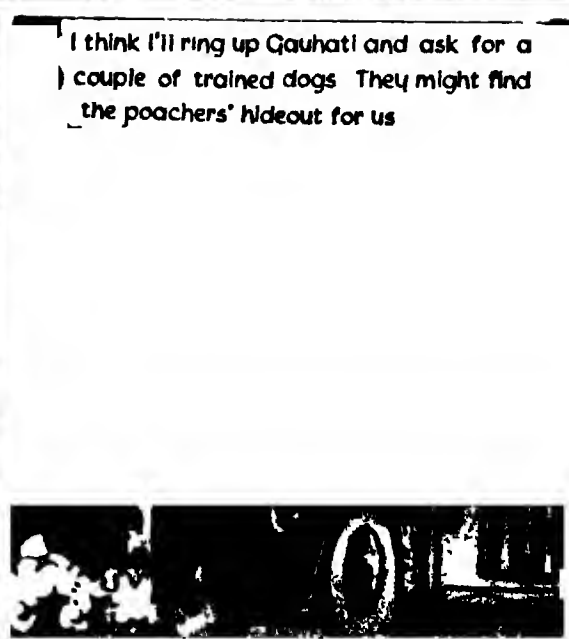
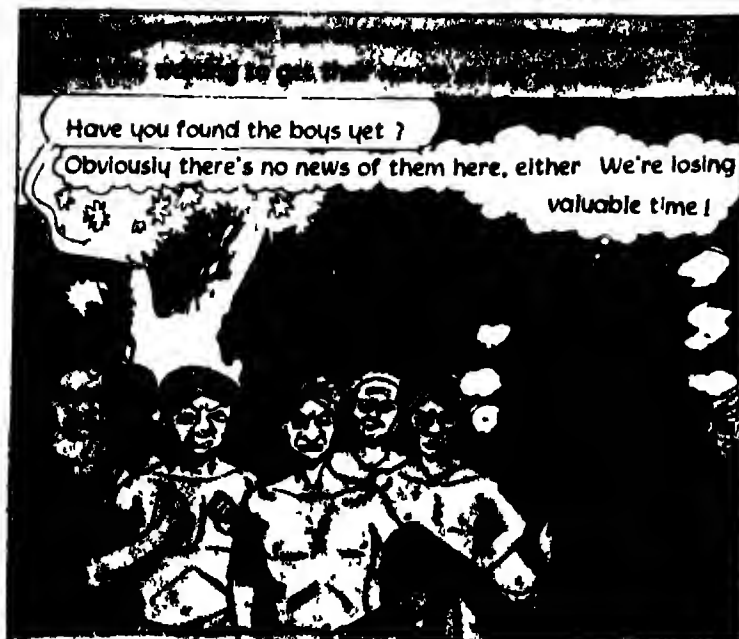
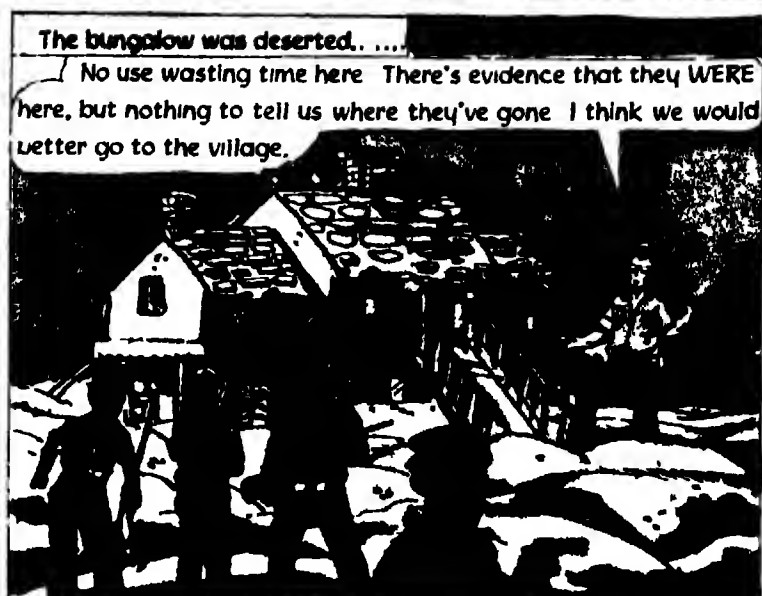


Soviet Union's Tribute to Space



Adventures

in Stamps



The call was never made
For, the shrill sound of
a jeep horn was heard.

Hey! What's that?



They followed the direction of the sound and found a
dying Phukan lying in a pool of blood, his head
resting on the jeep horn

PHUKAN!!!

Ahhh!



Phukan! Who has done
this to you?

Ahhh! too late



Muniya a and his gang
the kids with Muniya in the
shelter Save

Shelter?

Which shelter,
Phukan?



You know the place In the
sanctuary near the pit
Ahhh!

He's dead!



Meanwhile, In the sanctuary

Jontl!

Shhh



I've been able to cut my
ropes with this knife. Lie
still, while I cut yours



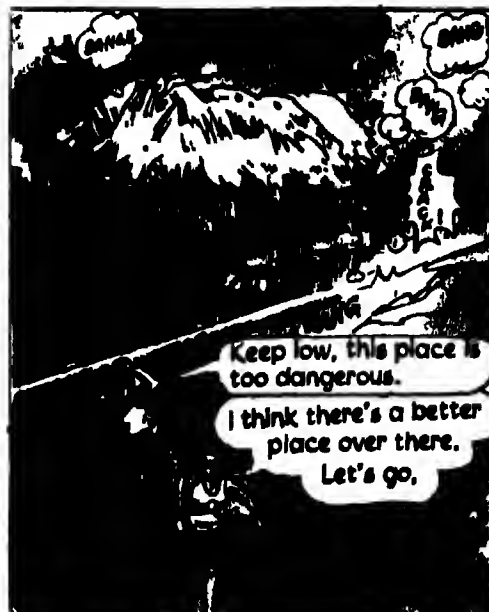
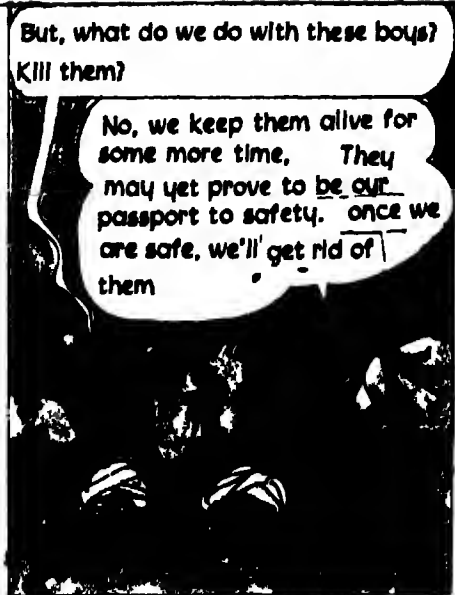
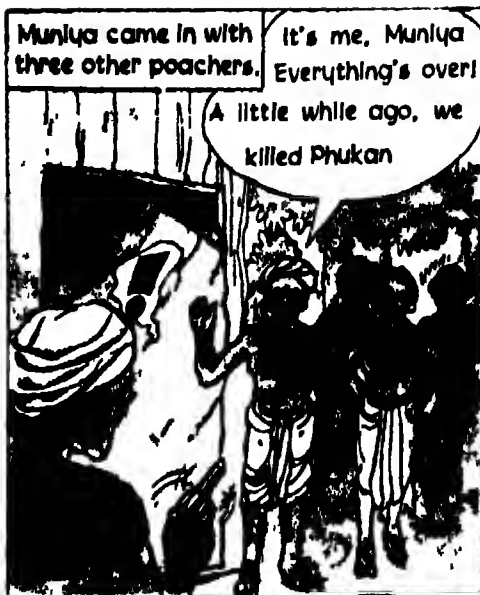
Soon both of them were free. Very
cautiously Jontl started cutting a hole
on the reed-wall.

Mind the guards, don't make any sound
I've finished



Footsteps were heard outside
Lie down, Bubul. We've to pretend
hands are still tied





The exchange of fire went on for some time.



The cunning chaps! They're not coming closer. If we go on like this, we'll run out of bullets! Stop firing



The rescue party, too, stopped firing. Then Mr. Neog's voice came loud and clear.....

Look here, fellows, you're trapped. Throw away your guns. Hold your hands high above your heads and come out, one by one.



Surrender? Ha ha ha! You forget we have the babes with us. If you don't give us safe passage, we'll kill them



Muniya and Bapuram entered the shelter — not knowing the boys had already escaped.



Babes, are we? He has just got the shock of his life!



I say, look at that, Bubull



Muniya! He's trying to escape through the hole we made.



He's planning to escape through the beel. We would better warn Neog mama.



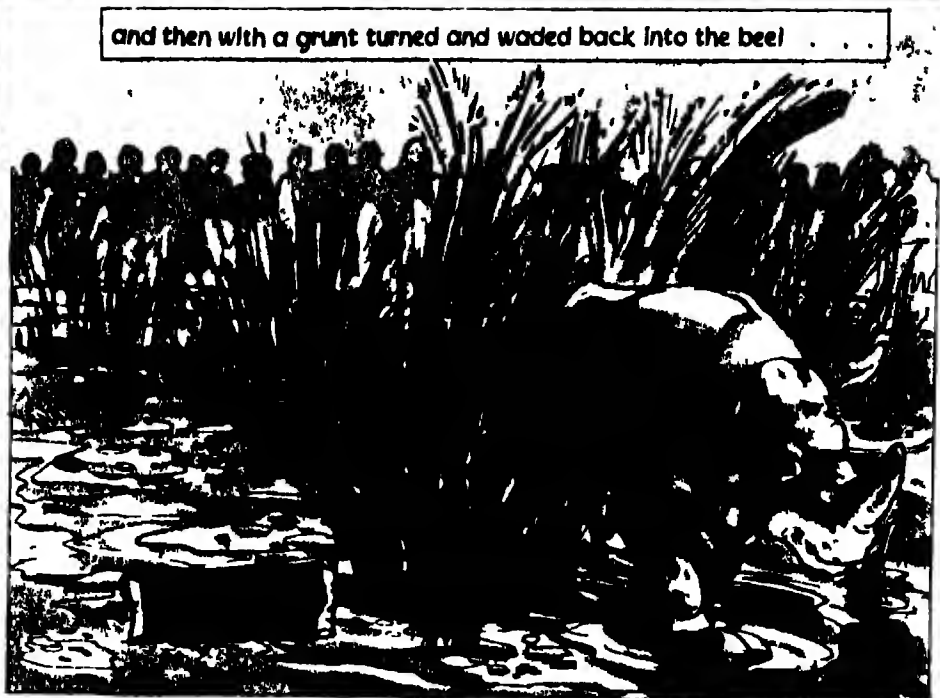
Bapuram came out of the shelter and threw his rifle in a gesture of surrender. It was a signal for the others to do likewise.



NEOG MAMA!
It's Muniya the
leader. He's
trying to
escape
across the beel



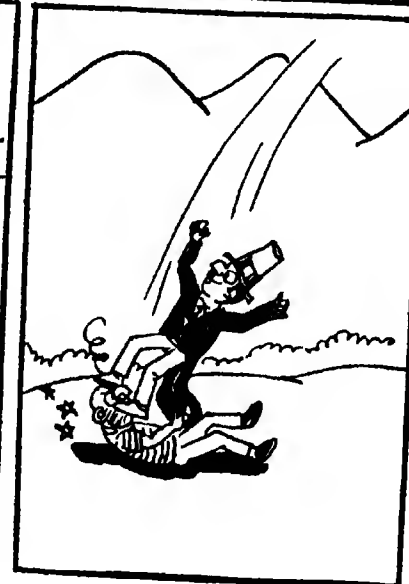
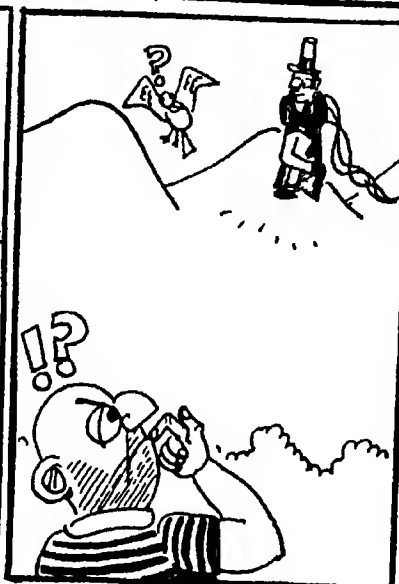
and then with a grunt turned and waded back into the beel . . .



JADUGAR JIM



Cartoonist:
SUDHIR TAILANG



A LETTER TO YOU



Dear grins and giggles,

Are you all waiting to hear about the acting classes? Or have you forgotten about them? Okay, okay I'll tell you everything from the start.

The first time we all met (yes, THING too), Mr. Krish gave us a lecture on how we must enjoy what we were doing—although it might mean hard work. How can anybody enjoy hard work? I wondered. But from what Mr. Krish said, it is possible. He told us there are people who actually enjoyed doing things, like algebra and history—it all depends on what kind of people they are. Some people enjoy collecting rocks and leaves, others love cooking, and there are others who feel very happy cleaning their bicycles. And, then, Mr. Krish said something very strange. He said, "Nobody really enjoys doing nothing."

I've been thinking about this a lot and not got anywhere. Can you tell me what you feel?

After the lecture, Mr. Krish made us all get up and do exercises—yes, like PT. Hands up, hands down, feet apart, jump, feet together bend, touch toes, swing arms, squat, and frog jump—the lot. Well, Raghu and I, especially Raghu, found it all quite easy, though we were sweating at the end of it. It made us so hot. But you should have seen THING. He puffed, he panted, when he sat he couldn't stand, when he stood he couldn't sit, he waved his arms wildly, like a puppet with its strings crossed, and his face got so blown up that I thought he would burst.

And, then, in the middle of it, he squatted down and wouldn't get up at all. Mr. Krish clapped his hands, the rest of us stood up, but THING just kept sitting, mopping his face with his clean hanky. "Come now, Shailendranath," said Mr. Krish, "ups a daisy."

But, THING just moaned in a fat way if you see what I mean, and wouldn't get up. Mr. Krish looked a little stern and told him again to stand. This

time, THING stood up slowly, like a creaky cupboard, and stood swaying, "Mr. Krish," he moaned "I have not cohme for PT but for ah ahcting."

"This is all part of it," replied Mr Krish. "If you want to do well, whether in acting or anything else for that matter, you have to keep fit and that means PLENTY OF EXERCISING"

THING moaned some more, but Mr Krish just went on without paying him any attention

"Now, boys," said Mr Krish, "what you have done is limbering up. You have exercised. So that your muscles are now free and can move easily (THING moaned softly) We'll be doing this every day before starting classes (THING moaned) Now form a circle and as you go round, each of you will take turns moving in a different way. For instance, first round, do a slow jog (THING moaned) We jogged round the circle slowly." "Now," said Mr Krish, "now, Pradeep—think of another movement, come on."

Well for the life of me, I couldn't think of anything but walking, so we walked round the circle.

"Next," said Mr Krish. And the next boy was Uppi who started walking backwards. "Good," said Mr Krish so we walked backwards and THING trod heavily on somebody's toes. "Now, Shailendranath," said Mr Krish. And THING with his red balloon face and his white hanky, very slowly lay down on the ground and started ROLLING. Well, it was easy enough for him to roll, he is just like a round cushion, but the rest of us got badly pricked in the grass and I could see Raghu's eyes gleaming. "Raghu, next," said Mr Krish and up

jumped Raghu and started turning cartwheels!

THING stood up and gaped. "But . . . but I can't" he blubbered. Neither could I, really, only Raghu can turn cartwheels so beautifully, but I wasn't going to tell THING that. So I bent down, pretending I was beginning to turn when Mr Krish, with a laugh in his voice, said, "Okay, Raghu—thank you for the suggestion, but it might take time for some of us to do that."

So Raghu stood up with a very cheeky grin and we continued the game with much easier movements.

When we got home that day, Rita was waiting for us at the gate. "Oh, how was it, how was it?" she asked excitedly. "Did you read that poem, Shaila? And did Mr Krish tell you what a nice voice you had?"

Before THING could say a word, Raghu blew out his cheeks, held on to the gate, swaying and said, "But I have cohme for ahcting, not exhereising puff puff puff."

Baby screamed and flew at Raghu, but THING was too tired even to say anything, and he went into his house and closed the door. "Now you've hurt him," screamed Rita. And she, too, went off in a huff.

But Raghu and I were feeling too happy to care. And if Mr Krish's classes are hard work, I am certainly going to enjoy them. Wouldn't you?

1 2 3 4 Hup
1 2 3 4 Change
1 2 3 4 5678

Pertty

Juneli at St. Avila's

THE STORY SO FAR

Juneli is quiet during the long drive back to boarding school. Her father's attempts at cheering her up are in vain. But once their parents have left, the girls cheer up as they exchange all the news.

The great excitement of the term is election-by-vote of a new headgirl. There isn't much to choose from, but Sheila Talwar's election seems hardly fair, when the others get to know of the Swiss chocolates she's been distributing to special friends. Mustachoo—the Bengali teacher, well-known for his weird dress-sense had been an object of mirth but proves to Class VIII that he has a nasty temper to match!

But that is not all, there is that little Urushi Dastidar who is determined to hate St. Avila's and all the girls. Yet she's the one who not only boasts of being a good singer but goes on to prove it is so, completely winning the approval of Baldwin (the bald music teacher whose real name is Mr. Chauhan) as also the admiration of her classmates.

Miss Hathi with proportions to match, is the new geography teacher, this term.

Juneli has been looking forward to reviving her Carefree Club for newcomers, but two vacancies in the Girl Guide Company means she and Rita can join it. They do so and are lucky enough to attend a meeting addressed by Miss Wyhe, a top-class Girl Guide from Canada, who has come to India for a year.

But along with exciting things like guide meetings are the horrors of letting Class VIII loose in the Domestic Science kitchen! The previous term they had substituted bleaching powder for cornflour in a dish. But they were confident when they made the halwa this term that nothing could go wrong. For hadn't they followed instructions and used G oil (Ground-nut oil, isn't it?) when the ghee was finished by another batch? But why did the G oil smell so funny?

You read on . . .

Chapter 9 : The Wrong Alphabet !

JUNELI and her friends surveyed the dining table proudly. "How nice our plates of *halwa* look, don't they?" whispered Rita.

"We ought to have tasted them, though," said Ina. "Just to see if everything is okay."

"Well, there was no time," said Juneli. "Sister Evelina came in while we were arranging the plates."

"And we couldn't have done any tasting right under her nose!" said Latha.

The short grace, with which they began

every meal at St. Avila's, was said and every one sat down to enjoy their tea. The girls of Standard VIII looked at the seniors anxiously. Jamila took up a huge spoonful of *halwa*, tasted it, and nodded approvingly. "Jolly good!" she said. "Not a trace of bleaching powder this time!"

"Yes, you've done us proud, kiddies!" added Alka. "It's quite delicious! And I think . . ."

Before Alka could complete her sentence, there came sounds of groaning and choking from the Class X table. "Ugh!" "Horrible!"

'Filthy!' "What HAVE the kids been using?" 'It's ten times worse than bleaching powder!' they cried wiathfully

'But oms is all right'" said Sheila in a puzzled voice

"This is terrible!" cried Usha, the class-captam of Class X

And oms is awful too!" whined Balbinder "Tastes just like rotten fish!"

'Fish?' cried Alka But how can halwa taste like fish?"

Sister Evelina walked into the dining room amidst all the fuore, "What have you been doing children?" she asked in a stern voice "Usha, pass me a bit of that halwa" She tasted a bit and made a wry face "It does taste like bad fish, but HOW COME? Did you by any chance, use the oil that was left over after frying the fish?"

They COULDN'T ave!" cried the guls of Standard X "We carried all the left over oil to the kitchen and washed all the frying pans ourselves!"

Then what have you been using?" asked Sister Evelina "Did you take the groundnut oil as I told you to?"

Oh yes!" said Rita "It was labelled, too."

Go and bring me the jar" she said "at once."

"I didn't take the jar," faltered Rita, "there was a bottle containing the same oil so..."

Go and bring it" said Sister Evelina "Really, you just can't stop making the most absurd muddles! At your age, too!"

Just then Rita came in with the empty bottle "I thought so!" said Sister Evelina, taking the bottle from her "My dear child,

don't you know the difference between C and G as yet?"

"C and G?" asked Latha stupefied

"Yes This is C oil, 'C' for Cod liver! I had got this for the children of the KG Class!" said Sister Evelina "And what business had you to take this *bottle* when I had specifically mentioned the jar I don't know!"

B-but th-they looked the s-same!" stammered Rita red with confusion

'Of course, they do! Both oils are transparent!" said Sister Evelina "The difference lies in the *flavour*, not in appearance!"

Juneli and her friends sat down, very red in the face! They had done it again and no mistake! 'We'll never hear the end of it!" said Ina "What a shame!" The others were laughing hysterically by now! *Halwa fried in cod liver oil!* Could anything be more disastrous! Luckily for every one, there were two lots of good halwa and this was shared by the whole school, amidst much laughter and teasing!

There was a Guide meeting after tea The day-guls had stayed back and were waiting for Sister Sybil and Miss Wylie in the playground "Oh dear! they will all get to hear of it, too! And rag us like anything!" said Rita gloomily

'Naturally they will" said Jamila "When you do something as absurd as this, you must expect to be ragged!"

To be sure, there were trills of laughter from every side as their novel halwa was described by those who had tasted it Even Miss Wylie laughed till tears streamed down her cheeks! 'Well, it's all the more reason why you should all pass your cooking test this term!" she said

"Cooking test?" asked Juneli bewildered

"Do we have to learn cooking as a Guide too?"

"Of course," said Sister Sybil, "you have to pass several tests before you can become a Second-class Guide. We shall have some of them this term. Miss Wylie intends to start teaching you signalling from today."

"Signalling?" asked Latha enthralled.

"Yes. With whistles or torches," said Miss Wylie smiling at her, "but you must learn the Morse-code first of all."

"Please, what is the Morse-code?" asked Juneli.

"It means sign-language or the language used in signalling," said Sister Sybil.

Next followed an exciting hour when they took down the Morse-code in their notebooks. Miss Wylie explained to them the mystery of "dots" and "dashes" which made up the code.

"The dot represents a short blast of the whistle," she said, demonstrating what she meant, "while a dash represents a long blast. Like this. Suppose you wish to signal the word 'A', how would you set about it?" she asked the eager girls. "What is the code for 'A'?"

"One dot and one dash," said Alka, glancing at her note-book.

"So we have a short blast and a long blast. Like this," said Miss Wylie.

"Won't it be terribly muddling?" asked Jamila doubtfully. "There are so many alphabets!"

"Not in the least muddling when you have memorized the code," said Miss Wylie. "But that's the first thing to do — learn the code really well."

"Once you know it, we shall have a number of signalling games," said Sister Sybil, "they are all great fun."

"But it will be pretty difficult to learn it all by heart," whispered Rita.

"Will it?" asked Juneli surprised, for she had a very good memory and had only to read anything carefully once, to get it by heart.

"Rather like the tables," said Latha.

"Oh don't say so!" cried Ina, who had a horror for Maths.

"We'll manage it somehow," said Juneli, "if we learn it together."

"Shhh! No more talking, girls," said Alka. "Form the horse-shoe and sit down. We are going to have sing-song now."

"Oh good!" said Rosita who loved music.

They sang the usual favourites — '*Cuckoo-bara*', '*Little Peter Rabbit*', '*Bits of Paper*', and the like, concluding with singing-games like '*Mulberry Bush*' and '*Looby Light*'.

"This is great fun!" said Juneli, bending down to tie her shoelace, "I wish Urvashi would join, too. She has such a marvellous voice."

"She'd never dream of joining!" said Rita with a shout of laughter. "Can you picture our baby-elephant dancing the '*Muffing Man*'? I can't!"

"Well, she ought to," said Juneli, "I'm going to ask her."

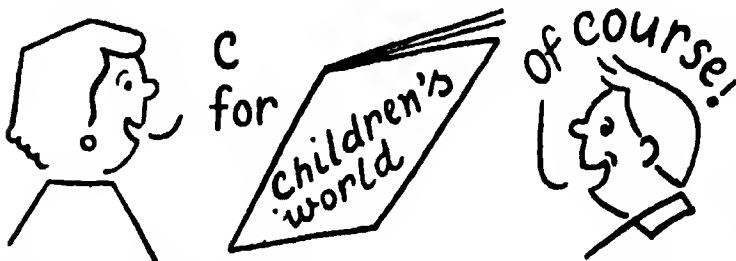
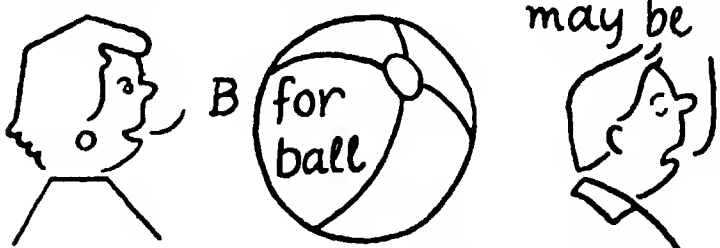
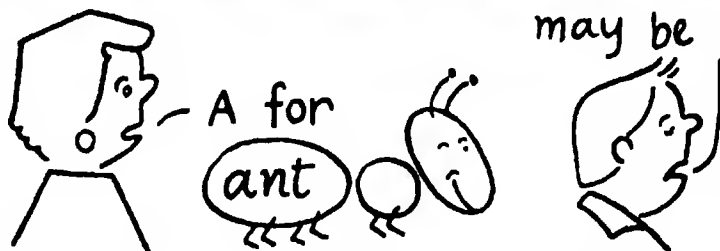
"You'll merely have your head bitten off!" said Rita laughing.

The meeting was over all too soon! "Next week we must finalise our plans for the supper-hike," said Sister Sybil.

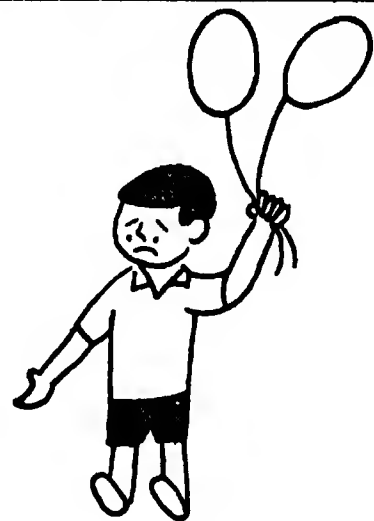
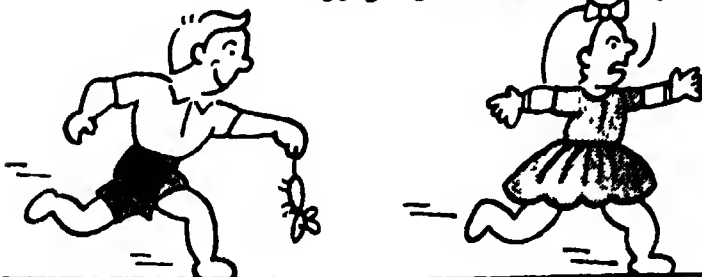
Swapna Datta

Cartoons

by R.V.Nath..



After seeing 'JAWS' even a dead rat scares me.!



“Good Morning, Uncle”



PREETI lived in Simla, with her father and mother. Their house was on a hill. There were many trees nearby. Lots of monkeys lived in the trees.

At 9 o'clock every morning, Preeti left for school. On the way she passed by Mr. Verma's house. He was an old gentleman. He and Preeti's father were friends. Preeti knew Mr. Verma. Sometimes she saw him standing at his gate, but she did not bother to wish him.

It was bad manners and Preeti knew it. But she did not care.

One day, Preeti was going to school. She saw Mr. Verma at his gate. 'I'll look the other way,' thought Preeti. 'He'll think I didn't see him.'

But Preeti soon found she couldn't look the other way. On the road, just ahead of her, was a crowd of monkeys, fighting with each other. How big and fat they were! And how they snarled at one another! Preeti was so frightened that she couldn't go on. She stopped and began to cry.

Mr. Verma saw her. He opened his gate and came out. He looked at Preeti and smiled, "Don't you worry," he said, "I'll see you past those monkeys."

They walked close to the hill. Mr. Verma placed himself between Preeti

and the monkeys. He kept smiling and talking softly till the monkeys were left far behind. Preeti was quite safe.

She looked up at Mr. Verma. "Thank you, Uncle," she said warmly. "Thank you very much!"

From that day, Preeti began to greet Mr. Verma. When she saw him at the gate, she smiled brightly and said, "Good morning, Uncle."

And Mr. Verma replied, "Good morning, my child, good morning!"

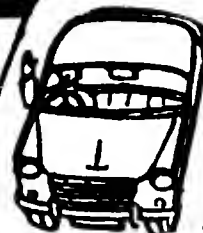
Pratibha Nath

THE SEA HOW LIKE ME!

When the sea is happy
It is quiet, calm and still
How like me!
Sitting happily, quietly
On the window sill
When the sea is angry
How like me
It will roar like thunder
And not stay still
When the sea is sad
It will bubble, ripple and cry
How like me
Sobbing, crying, and saying 'sigh'
Did you know that the sea,
Is just like me?
Sometimes it's a stormy sea,
Just like
Sometimes I'm
"Stormy Sonali"

Sonali Bhatia (13)

MOTORISTS!



**WHEN YOU ENTER
MAIN ROAD
FROM A SIDE ROAD**

**STOP
LOOK
&
GO**

**OBEY TRAFFIC RULES
AVOID ACCIDENTS**

**LIFE IS PRECIOUS –
YOURS AND OTHERS' TOO**



DELHI TRAFFIC POLICE

devp 81/32

LANDSCAPE

A general view of a valley, distant hills, mountains, winding rivers, garden views, beautiful mountains on the horizon are all very fascinating and generally attract both the amateur and the professional photographer. The results in print are not always as beautiful as viewed by the human eye. There are a few reasons for these. One, the view

appears cut off from the two sides, thus reducing its panoramic appearance, two, distant objects appear too small and insignificant, third, the scene appears flat and only two dimensional instead of three dimensional as seen by the eye, the sky also appears too dull and colourless.

Whereas the general view of a moun-

The main point of focus need not be in dead centre. Note how human figures contribute to the appeal of the picture.



tain top may appear magnificent, it is mainly because of the sloping ranges on its sides. Every scene contains some points of high focal interest. It should be the aim of an ambitious photographer to highlight these points in the photograph. A wide angle lens will record the panoramic grandeur and a tele-lens will draw the distant objects closer in view and will render them bigger. One way to make the small looking objects, significant despite their smallness, is to include recognisable objects in the foreground. A human figure, a tree clump or any other relevant object will serve this purpose. However, it is advisable to remember that the human figure should only appear as part of the scene and should not dominate the scene. Otherwise it might look like a portrait in the open rather than a landscape picture. This confusion can be removed by keeping an eye on the size of the human figure in the picture.

Remember to add a branch of a tree or a window frame in a picture particularly if the picture contains a great

Small figures in a landscape create the impression of nature's forces and vastness



Clouds add the suggestion of motion and life.
Use an orange or light filter.

deal of open sky. A frame will restrain the eye from wandering off from the main object. Whereas in colour the blue sky contributes a lot to the picture appeal, in black and white photography an orange/yellow filter will render the sky darker and richer in tone.

To achieve a depth or a feeling of scale and distance it is good to keep the aperture at the minimum so that there is an evenly distributed sharpness of detail. One may also include a long hedge, a winding road or stream in the composition, running from one side of the frame to the other. In mountain views particularly, a river or stream contributes a lively interest to the scene. To sum up a few important points:

1. Include a human figure or other recognisable objects in the foreground but do not make it too dominant. It should be part of the scene. If small figures or objects in the far distance are included in the composition it will contribute immensely to the vastness and

feeling of space and the majesty of nature

- 2 Frame your picture with a silhouetted tree branch or even a window frame to direct attention towards the main object
- 3 Use a yellow/orange filter in order to darken the sky and capture the whiteness of the white cloud on a blue sky
- 4 If available use a wide angle lens to capture the panoramic grandeur and tele-lens to draw the far-off objects nearer in view
- 5 Water scenes look all the more dramatic when reflections of trees, vegetation, boats or other objects is also given due prominence. In fact reflections demand a picture

Two tall trees frame this panoramic mountain scenery



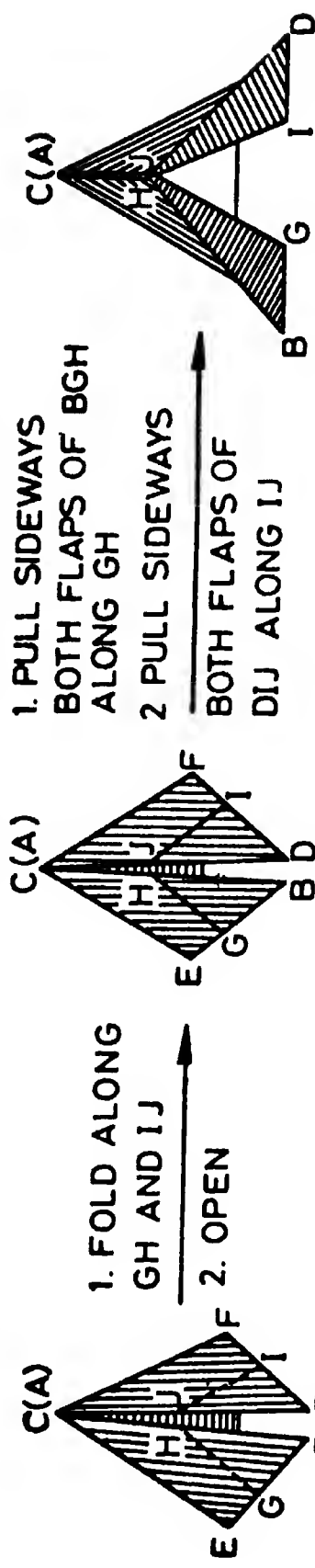
The tree bending over the stream forms the frame and makes the small duck look quite important

for their own beauty and mysterious life. Rivers or streams should appear to move diagonally within the composition. It appears life-like and very dramatic.

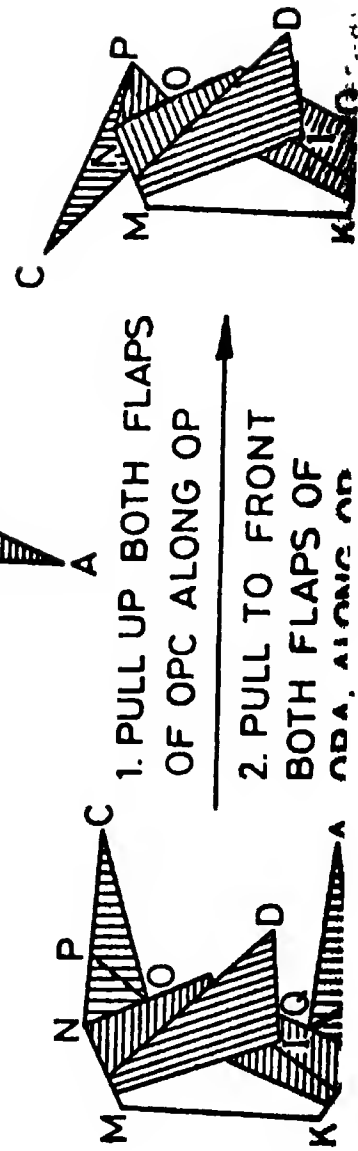
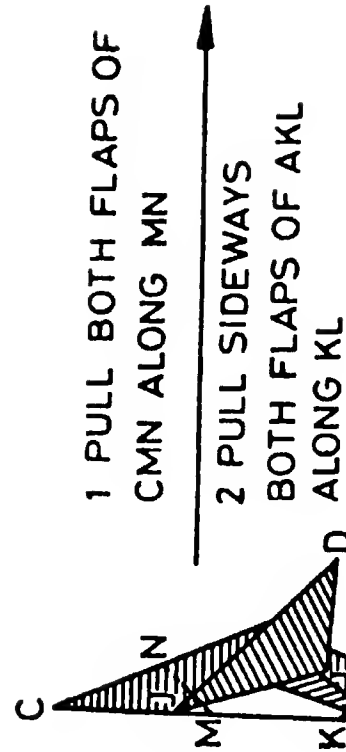
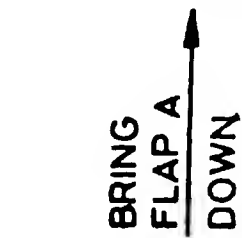
- 6 The shape of an area of tone or highlight suggests a linear direction. The focal point, in terms of light tones, should be in the foreground. Keep light tones in the foreground, medium tones for middle distance and dark tones for the far distance.
- 7 Whereas bright sunlight is generally preferred by all, every kind of light has its own mood. Best light however, is soon after sunrise and in the afternoon when the sun creates long shadows and the light is richer in hues and dramatic than at midnoon.

Surendra Sahai

Origami Through Geometry—8: Penguin—S. Ranganathan



FOLDED FISH BASE



A HUNTER HUMBLED

AFTER prolonged prayers to goddess Durga Dharmaketu a hunter was blessed with a son. He was overjoyed. The child was named Kalaketu.

Kalaketu lost his mother when he was still a baby. Dharmaketu spared no pains in bringing up his son, and he grew up into a strong young man. Though dark-skinned, he looked very handsome. He had such finely chiselled features that he looked like a statue carved out of black stone. With muscles like steel, his body seemed stronger than a tiger's. Nobody could match his strength with Kalaketu's.

Dharmaketu trained the boy to be an expert hunter. Kalaketu went hunting with his father even when he was a mere child. He could easily shoot down a flying bird. He could light and kill a tiger without any weapon and pull out the tusks of an elephant with his bare hands.

Dharmaketu married off Kalaketu at a young age to Phullara. Soon after Dharmaketu died.

Kalaketu and Phullara were poor and lived from hand to mouth. The husband killed wild animals, and the wife sold the meat and skin in the market. She ran her household selling tusks of elephants, horns of buffaloes and skins of tigers. Still they could not make both ends meet.

In course of time Kalaketu had killed most of the animals in the forest. The animals that survived became panicky. They went to the lion, the king of beasts, and complained against the hunter. Each animal had its own tale of woe.

"No, I won't tolerate this any more," roared the lion.

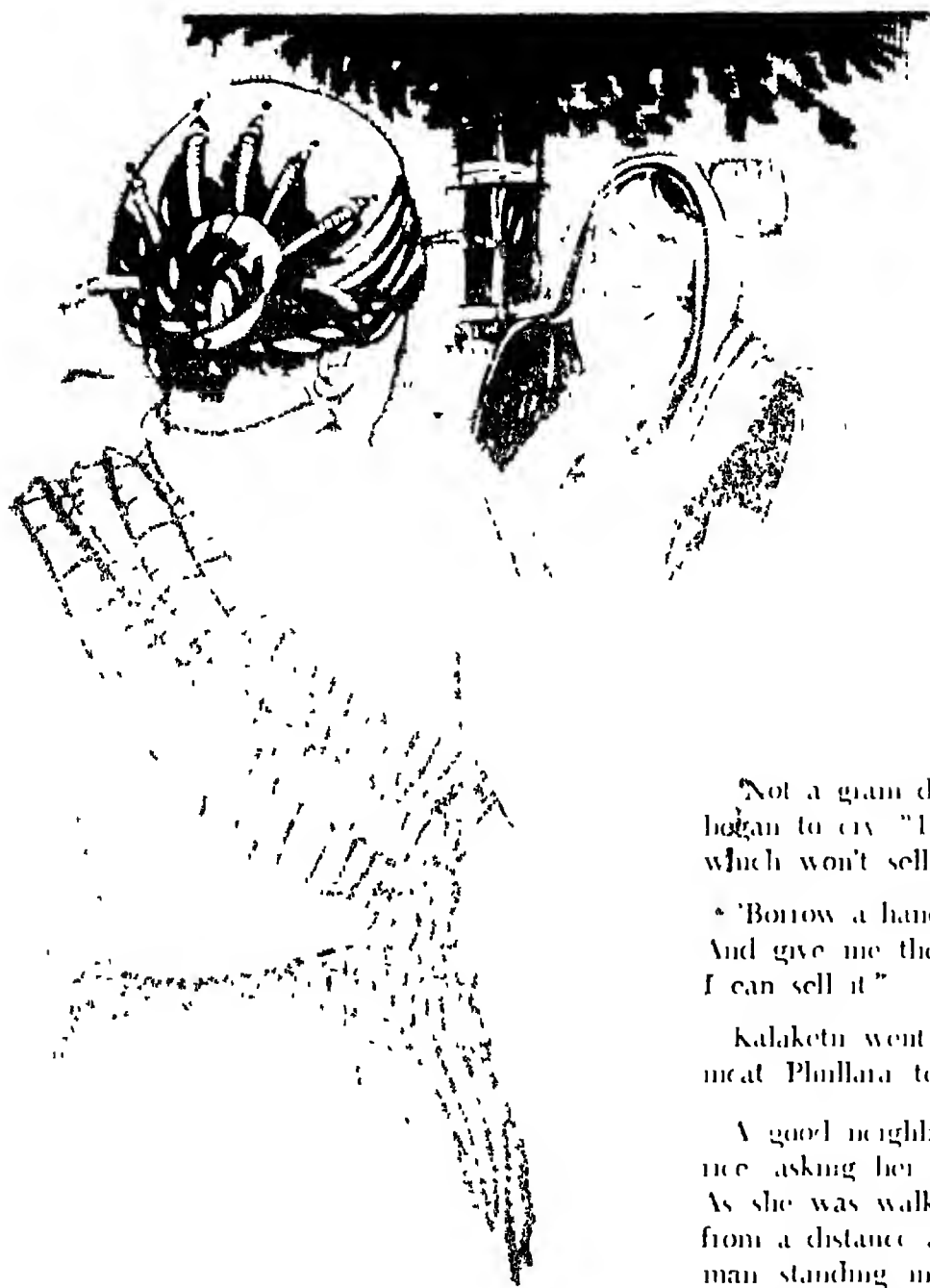
He ordered all the beasts to get ready to fight the dreaded hunter. The tiger, the strongest of them, was asked to lead the attack.

Next day, the moment Kalaketu entered the forest, the tiger pounced upon him with all his might. Kalaketu struck him with a powerful blow of the fist, and the tiger dropped dead. Seeing the fate of the mighty tiger, the lion himself jumped upon Kalaketu. The lion was given a kick and driven away. At last all the beasts attacked him together from all sides. Kalaketu single-handedly resisted the united attack and put many of them to death. The rest ran for dear life.

Feeling helpless, the lion took the animals to his sister goddess Durga. One by one they related their tales of suffering at Kalaketu's hands and wept bitterly.

Durga was surprised. "Kalaketu is all alone and you're so many," she said, "yet you're afraid of him. How strange!" She, however, assured them of safety and asked them to go back to the forest.

The goddess thought for a long while and then hit upon a plan. When Kalaketu entered the forest the next day, he found that all the animals had disappeared, as if by magic, which was unusual. He was not only surprised but worried as well. "What would they eat?" He searched every nook and corner of the forest, but did not find any game. Disheartened, he began to walk home.



There was nothing to eat at home, and nothing to sell in the market. How would Phullara manage the day? There was no one in the village from whom they could borrow something—they were all hunters and, so, poor like them. Tears welled up in Kalaketu's eyes.

Phullara too was filled with despair when she saw her husband return empty-handed. Kalaketu told her about his bad luck.

"Not a grain do we have today," Phullara began to cry. "There's just some stale meat, which won't sell."

"Borrow a handful of rice from somebody. And give me the stale meat. Let me see if I can sell it."

Kalaketu went out carrying the basket of meat. Phullara too went out to borrow rice.

A good neighbour gave her some broken rice, asking her to return it the next day. As she was walking back home, she saw from a distance a very beautiful young woman standing in front of her house. She had not seen her before. Surprised, Phullara went near her and asked her who she was.

The woman said, "I couldn't live in my husband's house. His second wife is a cruel woman. That's why I wander from place to place all alone. Could I live with you for some time, sister?"

Phullara was in a fix. "I can't say 'no' to a guest, but there is nothing I can give her to eat." She thought for a moment and said, "You're a woman, don't you know you shouldn't be moving about alone?"

"What else can I do, sister?" said the woman. "Well, I've heard about your poverty and miseries. I'd like to help you and make you happy. Henceforth I'll run your household. You shouldn't worry."

Phullara did not believe her. She said, "You should go back to your husband's house. You should not worry about us."

"Are you really asking me to live with a wicked co-wife?"

"Yes. You may quarrel with her, but must not leave your husband's house. You cannot stay with us."

"I'm old enough to know what's good or bad for me. Don't bother about it. Well, sister, let's all live together."

'Alas!' Phullara said. "You don't know how poor we are. She then gave an account of their sufferings — how they lived in poverty the year round."

The young woman listened to her silently. She said, "Don't feel distressed, sister. From now on you have a share in my wealth."

Phullara could not understand all this. She asked the woman to wait there and ran to the market to tell her husband about the young woman.

Kalaketu was so astonished that he took it all to be a cock-and-bull story. Phullara asked him to go along with her and see for himself. Kalaketu ran fast towards home, followed by Phullara.

As he neared his hut, he saw the beautiful woman. He slowly went to her and said with folded hands, "I'm a low-born hunter. You'll make yourself unclean if you enter my hut. If you've lost your way, let my wife take you home."

The woman smiled, but said nothing. Kalaketu got angry. "I can't make out what all this means. I asked you seriously to leave this place and go wherever you like. I can't stand any nonsense!"

The woman still went on smiling without uttering a word. This was too much for the angry hunter to bear. In a fit of rage, he drew his bow to shoot an arrow at the woman. But his fingers refused to move!

At that moment the woman spoke. "That's enough. Drop the arrow. You don't know who I am. I am goddess Durga."

Both husband and wife could not believe their ears. The goddess went on. "Your miseries have moved me so much that I've come to help you. Take this ring. It's worth the fortunes of seven kings. With the wealth it gives you, you both can live in peace and happiness. You don't have to kill animals anymore."

Kalaketu even then did not believe her. He asked, "Why are you so kind to me, a mere hunter? Why should I believe your words? Well, if you are really Durga, then appear before me in the form in which people worship you."

The woman smiled again, then, in the twinkling of an eye, she transformed herself into goddess Durga in all her splendour. The spectacle almost dazzled the couple. Spellbound, they knelt before her and sang in praise of the goddess. She then took out the ring from her hand and gave it to Phullara.

But she was not satisfied with a ring. How long would it keep the wolf from the door? Goddess Durga seemed to have read her thoughts. She gave her a necklace studded with precious gems. Then she disappeared.

It was difficult for Kalaketu and Phullara to believe in their windfall. Tears of joy rolled down their cheeks.

Next morning both of them walked up to the nearby town to sell the ring. They went to a jeweller they knew. He examined the ring closely and said, "Where did you get it?"

The husband and wife did not want anybody else to know of their good luck. They

merely said, "We got it while we were digging for gourd"

The jeweller was wily. He offered only a few coins

"That won't do," said Kalaketu. "Give me the ring back, we shall go to some other jeweller."

The jeweller thought, Kalaketu probably knew its real value, and it might not be possible to cheat him

"All right," he said at last, after a lot of arguments. "You win. Here's your money."

He paid Kalaketu the full value of the ring — much more than what Kalaketu had expected. Phullara decided to keep the necklace for herself

With the fortune they thus came by, Kalaketu and Phullara did not have to depend on the jungle or its animals for their day to day life. They led a life of joy

And the animals in the jungle heaved a sigh of relief

Sourin Chowdhury



The Death of King Conor

(A Good Friday Story)

LONG, long ago, in the days when there were James, Ulster was ruled by a king called Conor Mac-Nessa. He was brave and kind, and his subjects loved him well.

Many interesting things happened during his long reign, and his knight Cuchulainn became famous for his heroism. But a day came when Conor breathed his last.

The men of Connaught had attacked Ulster, but they were defeated by Conor and his warriors. Conor had almost overtaken them at a ford when a man hiding behind a bush, let a stone fly from a catapult. It hit Conor's forehead with great force, and he fell down, unconscious. The spot where Conor fell is still known as Athmicheal, meaning the Ford of the Slings Cast.

Conor's men carried him to the palace. The ablest physician in the kingdom was called to his bedside. He tried to remove the stone, but it remained where it was. Then he stitched up the wound with golden thread.

"You will live to a ripe old age if you take care not to lose your temper," the physician told Conor. "And all your movements should be slow," he also advised.

"So I shall never ride a horse, nor fight a battle, nor join a hunt," asked

King Conor with a sinking heart.

"No, indeed," replied the physician.

"I would much rather die," groaned Conor.

The physician tried to console him. "You can still attend feasts and listen to tales told by your minstrels," he said.

All this did not cheer Conor, but he had no choice. So he obeyed his physician for a number of years.

The sun rose one morning bright and clear. It was like any other day in spring. But at noon, something strange



happened. The face of the sun was hidden by a thick darkness and soon it grew as dark as the sky on a cloudy midnight. Everyone was greatly troubled. Conor consulted the wisest among the priests—a very old man.

"Have you ever seen such a strange thing before?" asked the king.

"No," replied the priest, "but I shall soon solve the mystery."

The old man closed his eyes in silent meditation. After a long time he broke the silence.

"I see a land many, many leagues away. A crowd has gathered on top of a small hill, dressed in long, bright coloured clothes. A number of soldiers are in the crowd. Their breastplates and helmets dazzle my eyes. The far-away country is sandy and the people are slightly darker than the Irish.

"Now I can clearly see three crosses on the hill. The soldiers have nailed three men upon them by their hands and feet," the old man shuddered, breaking his narrative. After a moment, he continued, "There is a young man on the cross in the middle. His face is fair and his eyes are full of love—even in this hour of pain and sorrow. He is an immortal, and the sun mourns for him in darkness."

"Is he a criminal?" asked Conor, full of curiosity.

"Oh, no," replied the priest, "nothing can be farther from the truth. He is the son of God—the creator who is greater than all the gods put together. He brought peace to the sorrowful, health to the sick, and comfort to the needy. Yet the people have handed him over to the wicked rulers to be



killed. Even the Roman governor would have freed him, for he was moved by the words of this young man. But the masses wanted his life, a life that has sustained many lives. At length, the wicked rulers have obeyed the will of the people. He is going to die soon. Greater love hath no man," ended the old priest with a sigh.

Instantly Conor sprang up, mad with anger at the terrible injustice. Drawing out his sword, he cried in a thunderous voice, "I will kill his enemies—the unholy ones!"

Blood rushed in a great gush to King Conor's head, the stone got displaced from his forehead and he fell down dead.

Just then, in a land far away, a great soul went to its Maker.

Sujaya Sen

How Snakes Got Their Forked Tongues

KASHYAPA was the grandson of Lord Brahma and son of Marichi. He had two wives—Kadru and Vamta. Kadru gave birth to snakes, while Vamta gave birth to birds.

One day, while their children, the snakes and the birds, had gone out to play, the two women quarrelled. They were looking at the sun slowly travelling across the sky in his horse-drawn golden chariot. They argued over the colour of the horses that drew the sun's chariot. Kadru insisted they were black, and Vamta was sure they were white horses.

In the heat of the argument, they lay a wager. If the horses were white, Kadru (who believed them to be black) would serve as Vamta's maid. And if the horses were black, Vamta (who insisted they were white) would serve as Kadru's maid for life.

The sun's horses were, in fact, white. So, when Kadru came to know of this, she became very sad. But she was determined to win the bet by any means. She asked her sons, the black snakes, to wrap themselves round the horses. They obeyed their mother, and lo, the sun's horses appeared black. The deceitful Kadru thus won the bet and poor Vamta became her maid.

Now Vamta had a son named Garud who was very brave. When he learnt of his mother's fate, he became very

unhappy. He thought of ways and means to release his mother from her bondage to Kadru. In the end, almost in despair, he decided to approach Kadru and plead for his mother's release. But all he could obtain was a promise from Kadru to think over the matter.

In time, Kadru and her sons did not want to offend Garud, for they were very afraid of him, knowing all too well of his bravery and his prowess in battle. So, they thought of a plan. They knew that there had been a war between the gods and the demons over a pitcher of amrit, the immortal drink from the ocean of milk, and that the gods had won. Many a time had they wished to drink the amrit so that they could become immortal like the gods. Now, here was an opportunity. They went up to Garud and said, "We've heard much about your bravery. Bring us the amrit from the gods, and in return we shall set your mother free."

Garud, in great despair over his mother's plight, willingly agreed. He immediately set off towards the sea to fetch the amrit. A great fight took place between Garud and the gods guarding the amrit. Ultimately, Garud won and obtained from the gods the pitcher of amrit.

Lord Vishnu was impressed by Garud's bravery and asked him to name a boon. Garud said, "O lord, if you are

happy with me, grant me that from today snakes would become my meal”

Lord Vishnu granted the boon, and Garud set off for home with the pitcher of amrit. Lord Indra happened to be passing that way and, noticing the pitcher of amrit with Garud, was disturbed

He stopped Garud and told him of his fears if the snakes were to become immortal. Garud, in turn, told Lord Indra of his mother's pitiable condition but agreed to abide by whatever India decided. India thought over the matter and said, “We'll play a trick on the snakes. After you've handed over the pitcher of amrit and thus met the conditions set by the snakes for your mother's freedom, I'll turn myself invisible and steal it back before they can drink from it.”

Garud, happy at Indra's suggestion, reached the abode of the snakes with the pitcher of amrit. But they had in the meanwhile learnt of Lord Vishnu's boon and so would not come out for fear that Garud would make a meal of them. Garud, aware of their fear, said, “Since you're afraid of me, I shall leave the pitcher of amrit in that patch of Kusha (a type of grass), and go away. So, now, I've fulfilled my part of the bargain, and you must set my mother free.”

The snakes, rejoicing greatly at their good fortune, set Vanita free, and both Garud and his mother went away happily. However, when the snakes were making merry, Lord Indra arrived there invisible and quietly took away the pitcher of amrit.

When they discovered the disappearance of the amrit the snakes were dis-



mayed and very angry. There was nothing they could do about it. But in the hope that some of the amrit might have spilled onto the Kusha, they began licking the grass greedily. Now Kusha is a type of grass with very sharp points, and soon the snakes' tongues were torn in two. To this day, the snakes have forked tongues and they are called *dwijiwha*, which means 'having two tongues'.

As the snakes had deceived poor Garud, they had to suffer, for he ate up all the snakes in Patal Lok. To this day snakes continue to be the garud's meal.

Shukla Chandola

Remembering Pandit Nehru

JAWAHARLAL NEHRU—

A Pictorial Biography

By B. R. Nanda

Publications Division, New Delhi

Rs 26

ON May 27, it will be 17 years since Chacha Nehru passed away. It's difficult to forget a person like Chacha Nehru — especially for us children. We even celebrate his birthday as Children's Day, but I suppose it's equally difficult for others who have known him and his work to let him fade from memory. Mr Nanda, who worked as the Director of the Nehru Museum and Library, has made very good use of the material he had access to and has brought out an excellent pictorial biography on our beloved 'Chacha'.

It is not one of those 'measured doses' type of biographies for children where nothing but all the good and great qualities of the person are highlighted, including an emphasis on what a wonderful and perfectly good child the person had been. In fact, when he wrote this book, I don't think Mr Nanda was thinking of children at all. Nevertheless, I found it very engrossing, straightforward, and concise. It traces Nehruji's life from his birth through his school, college, and professional life. In simple, unexaggerated terms, it describes how "Jawaharlal may well have embarked upon the staid life of an affluent barrister" — but "deep down in him there was a vacuum which needed filling with something more than personal and professional ambition". And he seems to have found it when he met Gandhiji, in Chachaji's own words, he was "simply bowled over by Gandhi straight off".

It is not so much the private Chachaji that concerns biographer Nanda as much as the political one. For, his marriage to Kamala Kaul is confined to one sentence. His daughter Indira's birth is announced in one sentence and Chachaji's death itself is a fact that can be stated without even giving the date or dwelling on the funeral. The only tribute to him is paid by reproducing the obituary that appeared in *The Statesman* on May 28, 1964.

There are excellent and rare pictures of Panditji — there's one of him as a child after the 'mundan' ceremony in which he is wearing all his finery and has just a 'bodhi' on his shaven head. Others that show the transition from a chic young man educated in the west to the sober khadi — 'churidar' and 'achkan' — clad national leader, yes the rose in his buttonhole is very much there — which would interest children. Apart from these, I was delighted to find Chachaji's letter to children — '*The World Around Us*' — which appeared in the Children's Number of *Shankar's Weekly*, bordered by Shankar's caricatures, in December 1949. This was the first time I noticed the *date* and found it was written long before I was born. I had read this letter several times in other publications and always thought Chachaji had written it just 'yesterday'. Nice of Mr Nanda to include it in this biography — it is one of Chachaji's best gifts to children.

The Publications Division has really done itself proud by the excellent production of this book. Glossy smooth white pages — neatly printed, clear photographs, a pleasant dust jacket, well worth its price.

V. T.

Path to Greatness In Science
By J. Radhakrishnan
Publications Division, New Delhi
Rs. 10

The lives of great men have always inspired the children of the succeeding generations. Not all men, who gained great achievements in life and earned fame, were born with a silver spoon in their mouths. Many had to struggle hard, even to escape from starvation, before their talents were discovered and the world recognised them. Stories of the relentless fight by these people, properly told, will be a source of encouragement to children at all times. This is what Mr. Radhakrishnan has attempted in his book.

He relates the stories of the lives of twelve rather thirteen, geniuses, who turned the course of development of the world. The results of their work are in everyday use today. We can't think of a modern world without the telephone, telegraph, electric lights, and aeroplanes. But a century or so back the world had none of these facilities.

The scientists in the 19th century did not have most of the facilities that the modern researchers have. Madame Curie, who won the Nobel Prize twice, had for her laboratory a wretched, old wooden shed. For his brilliant work in physics which earned him a Nobel Prize, all the equipment that C. V. Raman had were a mercury lamp, a flask of benzene, and a direct vision pocket spectroscope. And Einstein's laboratory was his brain!

The author narrates the life stories of Marie Curie, Jagdish Chandra Bose, Srinivasa Ramanujan, C. V. Raman, Satish Chandra Das Gupta, Louis Pasteur, Albert Einstein, Samuel Morse, Alexander Graham Bell, Thomas Alva Edison, the Wright Brothers, and Louis Braille. The narratives are made interesting by interspersing details with small anecdotes. To cite one example, J. C. Bose was once invited by Tagore to spend a few days with

him. He agreed on condition that the poet would tell him a story every day. Famous stories like 'Cabuliwallah' got to be written thus!

Publications Division seems to believe that no special attention needs to be paid to the language of children's books. This is a highly dangerous notion. In fact, the one major aspect that has to be cared for while writing for children is that the language should suit the topic and the age group of the children for whom the book is intended. Here, the chapter on Einstein begins thus: "In the legendary temple of science are said to exist many splendid mansions. And varied are they that dwell therein."

Better care should have been bestowed on details, too. On page 20, the life period of the legendary mathematician, S. Ramanujan, is given as 1887 to 1928. Eight pages later, it is said that he died in 1920.

On the whole, the book is a good contribution towards children's literature.

G. Radhakrishnan

The Broken Wing and Other Tales
By Belinder Dhanoa
National Book Trust, New Delhi
Rs. 2.50

Between the picture-book age and the adventure age is the important age of fairy tales — an age of make-belief, when men can become donkeys and birds can turn into beautiful maidens. The stories certainly have a charm of their own.

Therefore, when I picked up this book for review, I was not thinking of it as 'kidstuff' at all. For, after all, there is a child in every adult and so, such stories have a universal appeal.

The author, Belinder Dhanoa, has taken five fairy tales, one each from Korea, Philippines, China, Sri Lanka, and Japan, and

retold them in a very clear and lucid style. The characters are full of life and one doesn't mind if they are exaggerated. Although in places the fantasy is too far-fetched – like in the Japanese fairy tale, 'The Vanishing Rice Straw Coat', where Otoko disappears as soon as he wears the straw coat, – yet the stories are full of humour and one enjoys reading them.

As far as the illustrations go, the less said the better. For, unlike the stories, the drawings are most unimaginative, and I was certainly put off by them. If only the publishers had taken a little more care over them, the end product would have been totally different.

N.M.

MATHEMATICS AROUND US

Fractions

By Bina Sareen

Rs. 5

Word Puzzles

By Phyllis D'costa

Rs. 2

**Both Madhuban Books, Vikas,
New Delhi**

It fractions can be fun
And spellings make me grin
I would rather, much rather, ,
Be out of school
Than in
But teachers and headmasters
And punishments and canes
Have a sneaky way of appearing
Right where
It pains
So puzzles they may be
And fractions with mice
But to make it all lessony
Is not so very
Nice

Getting to Know About Paper

Getting to Know About Petroleum

Both by Jacquelin Singh

Madhuban Books, Vikas, New Delhi

Rs. 2 each

At last! Books about familiar things and about which we would like to know more. But sadly, the books don't tell us very much. I wanted to know how paper is made in a paper mill, but the writer doesn't talk about it at all (It seems paper making is a lot like jam-making, everything mixed up in a huge container and then flattened out like aam-papad!)

The book on petroleum is more interesting – it talks about where oil is found, how it is drilled, and in how many ways we use it. But why does the writer have to keep jumping from idea to idea as if she is playing hopscotch? On page 2 she talks about the uses of petroleum, then on pages 3, 4, 5, she talks about where it is found and how it is pumped, then on page 6, she talks again of its uses and repeats that on page 8 and so on.

I also wish the pictures were of smiling people – somehow they all looked as if they had had a headache. Maybe making paper and drilling oil can make heads ache but, then, I would rather not get to know about them.

The Monkey and the Crocodile

By Santosh Rae

Madhuban Books, Vikas, New Delhi

Rs. 2

I am sure I have read this story earlier somewhere, but I did not mind reading it again, because I like stories about clever people (especially monkeys) who can think their way out of danger.

The mangoes in the pictures made my mouth water, but the monkey does not look very clever. Also, when I have to read sentences like 'Big Mouth waited and waited below', I feel like shouting, "Then why didn't he go and go?"

PATHFINDERS

Our Neighbours in Space

By N.N. Majumdar

Rs. 4

Story of the Taj

By Kamal Aurora

Rs. 5

**Both Madhuban Books, Vikas,
New Delhi**

It is always exciting to know about space, because we might, just might, suddenly find another planet with people on it. But our nearest neighbours in space don't seem to have that kind of life and this book, therefore, can tell us only of what these planets look like, their position in our solar system, and also of how we learnt all that we know of planets and stars. The book is quite a lot like your science text-book, and so it will help you whenever you find the text-book difficult.

I wish, though, that the pictures were not always diagrams, and that the writer could make me feel part of a huge, magnificent 'star-show' rather than somebody who has to answer a question paper on it.

'Story of the Taj' made me much happier. It did read like a story, and I felt as if I was walking down the streets of Agra all those years ago and watching the Taj grow slab by slab, jewel by precious jewel. But, then, why aren't the pictures coloured? Why are they again so drab?

I also felt quite knotted up when I had to read sentences like 'Shah Jahan brought to

this art a refinement of taste that was unequalled and under his patronage, architecture flourished as never before' (page 9). Does talking about kings always have to be so stiff with big words?

A PICTURE DICTIONARY

My First Big Word Books

Compiled and illustrated

by Bharati Mirchandani

Madhuban Books, Vikas, New Delhi

Rs. 15

A few questions

- 1 For what age group is this book intended? If it is for children learning the alphabet (page 2, 3), then why does it introduce words like 'Pyramid' (page 22) 'bungalow' (page 37) 'honeymooning couple' (page 18)?
- 2 How can a child, who learns numbers on page 10, tell the time on page 17?
- 3 If a child can tell the difference between a mallard and a duck (pages 28-29), why should it be shown a tennis court like the one on page 27?
- 4 Why should the artist expect anybody to be amused by tasteless, bizarre drawings (a cow in a sari, a pig in shorts)?
- 5 Why is there no spirit of fun in the book?
- 6 Why should a child's first book be so convoluted?
- 7 Why at Rs. 15 should anybody buy it?
- 8 Is this book for a child's bookshelf or to be displayed on a coffee table?

If it is for a coffee table, why then

A is for artificial

B is for brittle

C is for consumers

Not all that little

Poile

PEN-FRIENDS CORNER

Dear Reader,

Here's a unique opportunity to make friends with the children of the world. Over 2,000 children from various countries are already members of the Children's World Pen-Friends Club started in 1968. Some of them even now write back and tell us how they were able to strike abiding friendship with other children after becoming members of this Club. We now throw open membership to the Club once again. If you are not already a member, you can enrol yourself by sending us details of your name, sex, age, full address, hobbies and the country from where you would love to get a pen-friend. Those who have already sent in their particulars like the following children, have been duly enrolled and their names will appear in these columns. Please remember *The age limit is 16 years*.

3017

Timo Ojala (boy, 11)
Mastijnaadankatu 11 A 28
67000 KUKKOILA 80
Finland
Map-reading, astronomy
India

3018

Sharon Townes (girl, 13)
PO Box 313
Deep River ONTARIO
Kojipo, Canada
Skating, swimming
India

3019

Pujo Huri (g, 15)
Makitorpantie 16 B 13
00620 HELSINKI 62
Finland
Jazz music, theatre
India

3020

Monika Bhatia (g, 13)
Guru Ghat
Pucca Tank
NAHAN (Himachal), India
Writing, painting
Any country

3021

Deepak Bhargava (b, 12)
1945 Eastchester Road
Bx NY 10461
Stamps, baseball, soccer
India
3023

Manoj Chadha (b, 13)
C/o R P Chadha
H/IV/30 Old Double Storey
Lajpat Nagar IV
New Delhi
Japan, America

3024

Lamen Markoe (g, 12)
1250 Chocktaw Pl
Bx NY 10461
Arts, crafts, sports
India

3025

Anil Kumar Verma (b, 14)
C/o NS Verma
J/361 DDA Flats, Janata Colony
Kalkaji, New Delhi 110019
Japan, Libya

3026

Ahson Van Rooy
9-131 Tyndall Ave.
Winnipeg, Man
Canada R2X0Z3
India

3027

Jitendra Tulshiram Date, (b, 14)
C/o Dr. T.H. Date
83/1, Plot 2 Parvati,
Sarang Society,
Pune — 411009
Reading, Swimming, stickers
U S A , Japan, Germany, Russia

3028

Donna Curcio (g, 12)
1629 Williamsbridge Rd
Bx NY 10461
Balletdancing, gymnastics
India

3029

Jardeep Kokate (b, 13)
C/o S D D Quarters,
Khamgaon (BULDANA)
Maharashtra
Photography, reading, sports, stamp-
collecting
Any country

3030

Mathew Kazen (b, 12)
140 Pel Pkways
Bx NY 10461
Skateboard, ice-skating
India

3031

N Sundaisan (b, 14)
Sector 9, Street 1,
Quarter 3A
Bhilai — 490004
Postcards, coins, stamp-collecting
U S A , Germany

3032

Smriti Suparna (g, 14)
11/2A Pusa Road Annexe
New Delhi 110005
Reading
U S S R

3033

Vikas Singh (b, 9)
C/o R.C. Singh
C/20 Sec 18
Rourkela
(Orissa) 769003
Stamps
Canada, U S A , Japan, Germany, France,
China

3034

Nedra Robinson (g, 12)
2094 Boston Rd
Bx NY 10461
Soccer, bike, skateboard
India

3035

Manisha Shah (g, 11)
C/o Dr M S Hura
8, Petropolis
58 Colaba Road
Bombay — 5
Cooking, pen-friends, skipping, reading
Any country

3036

Tamika Jones (g, 12)
1579 Rhinelander Ave
Bx NY 10461
Gymnastics, knitting
India

3037

Jovati Mitra (g, 16)
12A/17 W E A
Karol Bagh
New Delhi — 110005
Talking, writing letters, Music
U S A , France, Spain

3038

Devojit Borboruah (b,)
Kamalabari
P O Duhajan
Dist Dibrugarh
Assam — 786602
Cricket, movies, western music, reading and
badminton
Any country

3039

Lisa Suddin (g, 12)
1579 Rhineland Ave
Bx N Y. 10461
Baseball
India.

3040

Rupande M Patcl (g, 16)
199 Jawahar Nagar,
Goregaon (West)
Bombay — 400062
Stamps, coin-collection, photography, swim-
ming badminton, cricket, travelling
U S S R, Canada, West Germany, Japan

3041

Kristian Washington (b, 12)
1579 Rhineland Ave
Bx N Y 10461
Skateboard, sports, bike
India

3042

Lamont Smith (b, 13)
665 E. 181St.
Bx N Y
Comic books
India

3043

Eileen Masiello (g, 12)
1551 Williamsbridge Rd
Bx 10461
Tap-dance, skateboard
India

3044

Cathy Bonneau (g, 12)
1610 University Ave.
Bx N Y
Bikes, sports
India

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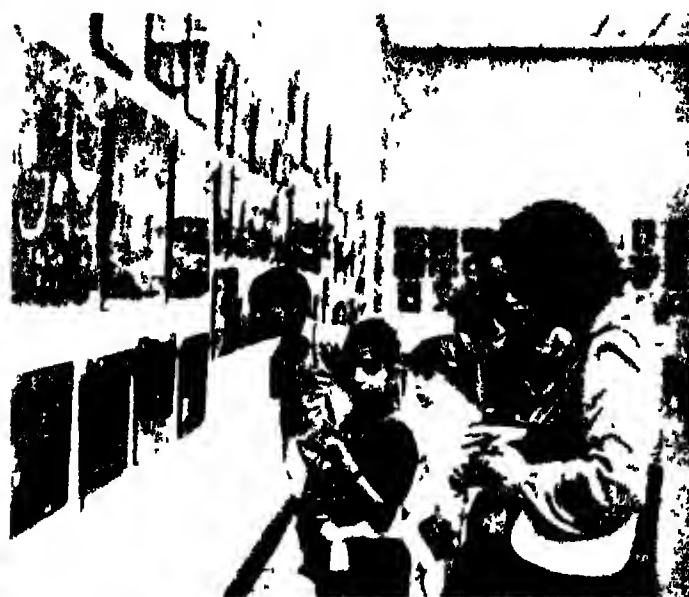
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Around the world

Eighteen-year-old Howard Calvert of Edgware, Middlesex, England, (left, top) wants to keep the world in trim! And towards this aim, he has developed a portable gym that exercises all parts of the human body. Simple in design and easy to use, it is based on the principle of a fulcrum which is adjustable along two sprung steel strips. If the fulcrum is placed close to the hinge, the strips are easy to flex, but it becomes more difficult as the fulcrum is moved nearer to the spring section bars. The bars are adjustable, too. Howard has been trying out his portable gym in schools for the past two years. His invention has by now earned a name for him.



I see the world was the subject of a recent international painting competition and exhibition in Moscow. On display were nearly 2,000 prizewinning entries. Picture above shows a group of children from Mexico and their mothers at the exhibition.

At left (below) is Oxley — a 3-year old male tiger born in Australia. He is now an Indian "citizen"! He was gifted by the Taronga Zoo in Sydney to the Zoological Gardens in Lucknow. Taronga sent out a list of its surplus stock of animals to the zoos around the world. Oxley was in the list and Lucknow "ticked" for him.

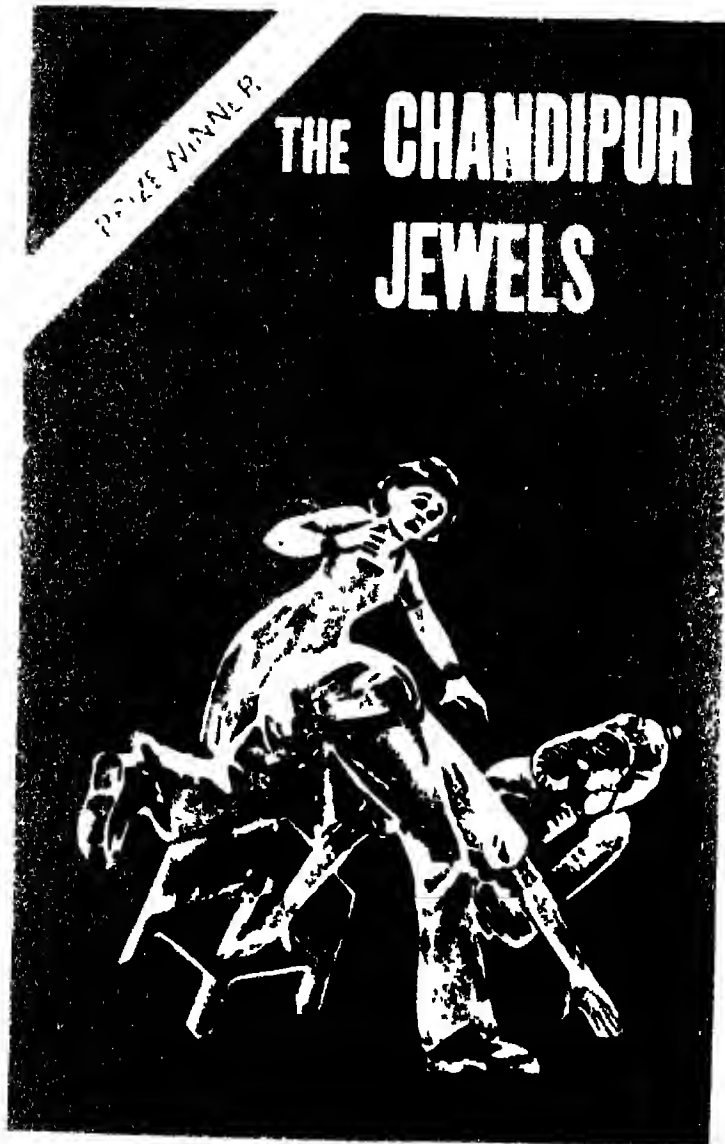
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ous words "green eyes". Despite the forbidding damp and darkness of the old fort, they venture in search of the heirlooms, while fiery eyes lurk behind the crumbling stone walls.

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CHILDREN'S World

JULY 1981



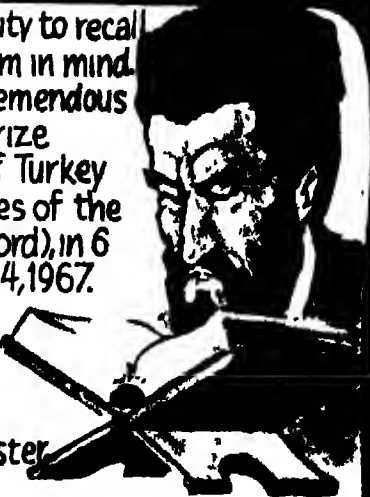
Jeevan and Hanu marvel at KINDS OF MINDS

Man's brain, with its greater size and powers, makes him the superior animal. His mind controls everything he thinks and does. Each person has a unique mind of his own ...in thought, I.Q., aptitude and memory.



Aptitude is the capacity to acquire skill in a particular field. **Bobby Fischer** (born March 9, 1943) has a unique aptitude for chess, with an I.Q. measuring 187. He's the youngest ever International Grandmaster winning the title at 15!

Memory is the ability to recall items and keep them in mind. The mind has a tremendous capacity to memorize. **Mehmed Halici** of Turkey recited 6,666 verses of the Koran (a world record), in 6 hours, on October 14, 1967.



I.Q. (Intelligence quotient) is the ratio of a person's mental age to his age in years. It is believed to be a measure of human intelligence. I.Q. is measured in numbers. 100 is taken to be average; 150 is genius level. **Kim Ung-Yong** of South Korea has the maximum recorded I.Q. - it's 210!



Thinking is a process by which your mind works to feel, do things and formulate ideas. One of the greatest thinkers of all time was **Plato**, the Greek philosopher. (427 B.C. - 347 B.C.) He believed that true knowledge is eternal.



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Cover Transparency by Pradeep Soni

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wo-way Talk

Dear Editor,

The June issue was fantastic. Please give us more of interesting facts with coloured pictures than of folk tales. Can't you have competitions to attract more readers?

Debdas Patnaik, Bihar

It was a sad farewell by *The Rhino Trail*. I am eagerly waiting for the next serial, "Chandipin Jewels". *A Letter to You* as well as *Jadugar Jim* are interesting features.

KP Krishna Kumar, Dombivli

Thanks for the fat issue (April, 1981). CHILDREN'S WORLD should either be made fortnightly or retain its fat size. The month-long wait for this wonderful magazine makes us impatient. *Birds on Stamps* was very colourful. *Teacher Vs Student* was hilarious. What strikes me in the magazine is its language -- simple and correct. I have preserved all the issues of the past five years when I started reading it. Everyone in my house enjoys it. Please give us some science-fiction and more puzzles.

I Radhakrishnan, Neu Delhi

CHILDREN'S WORLD is the most delightful magazine for children I have ever read. *Yom Pen-friends Corner* has at last appeared. I am glad there are a lot of children abroad joining as members.

Bharati Shankar, Madras

I am a regular reader since 1968. Rather my parents used to buy it then, because I was too young to read it. But I have retained every copy bought since then. Your *Pen-friends Corner* is a superb idea. I hope to see more names of boys of 15-16 age-group.

Suguna Sundaram, Bombay

Bruno the Bear was very interesting -- especially the way the story ended. *Juneli at St Avila's* is also equally interesting.

IV Arathi, Madras

Please make your stories more mature -- for the sake of grown-up readers. Articles on great men, true stories, information about

other countries -- these are some of the items we miss very much. I hope we will be rewarded with more refreshing and mellower issues.

Shubha Lakshmi Shrestha, Calcutta

Fantastic. I don't have any other word for this magazine. *Kapish* and *Perky's* letters are the ones I like most.

Vineet Upendra, Bombay

CHILDREN'S WORLD is a store-house of knowledge. I liked *Detective Shambu* very much. We must have more detective stories.

Vijay V Patankar, Ratnagiri

Dear Readers,

Thank you for all your appreciative words and suggestions. Many of you still have not sent in your answers to the Readership Survey (see May 1981 issue). Those that have come in by now suggest introduction of several new features -- ranging from some exclusive items for girls to a tabloid version of the world's news. Quite a few of these suggestions will take shape IMMEDIATELY. A page or two for girls, some novel How-to-do items, *Around the World* -- no, we shall not disclose everything now! Watch for them in the next issue which, incidentally, will be another bumper number. We have also 'reserved' the next comics in colour for the August issue (see page 40), which is likely to have a whole section printed in multi-colour. We are grateful to reader Radhakrishnan for telling us how CHILDREN'S WORLD has become a 'family' magazine, and to Suguna Sundaram, who has preserved, according to our calculation, all three hundred and forty issues since the first CHILDREN'S WORLD weekly of January 22, 1968. That must be a record for any of our readers. Who else is there to join Suguna's company?

EDITOR



It did not take long for Teko to discover that instead of swimming and diving himself, he could ride on a man's back and enjoy himself. And then he found that he could embarrass the man considerably by removing the snorkel mask (used for underwater swimming) from his face when it was least expected. Teko found this very funny and would circle round the swimmer, laughing at his own joke.

Teko learnt to swim when he was about three months old. Like his brothers and sisters, he didn't like the water at first. He had to be cajoled and pushed into the water. Sometimes, the mother otter uses the baby's favourite food, which is clay-fish, to entice him.

OTTERS MAKE PLAYFUL PETS

—Photographs and text by Brahm Dev—

ONCE upon a time, there lived a dear little otter called Teko. He had a naughty little whiskered face, bright black eyes, a brown coat, and a long arched body. One day, Teko's owner, Mr Gavin Maxwell, took Teko down to the water.

Teko himself, like all otters, could do both, walk on land and swim in the water, with equal ease. But he was most surprised to find that human beings, too, could swim. Now Teko loved having a laugh. Otters are usually up to mischief in any case, and they are the only animals that laugh almost like us humans—by lying down on their back and wiggling and yet keep their mouths open.



into the water. Often, however, she takes him piggy back and dumps him in the water where it's either sink or swim!

Otters, generally, are very clean animals. When they are about six weeks old, their mother teaches them to use a far corner of the home as lavatory, to dry themselves after swims, and to keep their coats smart and well-groomed.

Most otters eat with their fingers. Some even have the habit of sucking their fingers when they are taken to a new place. For food, they like crayfish best, followed by frogs, turtles, eels, snails, and snakes. Some otters can be very greedy. Monday and Mossy were two other otters belonging to Mr. Maxwell, who has written two books on otters. Anything Mossy the male otter could snatch from Monday the female, he did. When they were first offered food, Mossy carried the whole lot of eels to a distant corner of the room and would not let Monday come anywhere near. When Monday was given another eel, Mossy would quickly run across the room, take it away from poor Monday, and add it to his own share!

Otters are found all over the world except in Australia. They can be trained better than dogs. Otters have been known to rally at the toot of a whistle, dive into and out of boats on command—to give a few examples.

On the whole, otters are very affectionate and lively, always upto something. Mr. Emil Liers, who was the first successful breeder of otters in captivity, had a mother otter who was 12 years old. One day, she took her three babies visiting to a neighbour's house. She pulled open the door, took a bath in the lavatory upstairs, and then crawled into the neighbour's bed


to dry off. Pet otters sleep in bed, just like little children, with a pillow under their heads.

Mr. Liers's otters loved ice-skating contests with the children in the neighbourhood—and the otters always won. Indeed, the feats that otters perform are truly amazing. Teko used to play football in the water. Monday could balance like a tight-rope walker and move stones that were as heavy for humans. He once moved a stone that weighed 60 to 70 pounds.

Otters are also very courageous, defeating almost all their natural enemies. They kill wild cats with ease and almost always spell sure death for snakes. The otter seizes the snake behind the head, killing it in seconds.

Otters have been described as the most playful of friends. But sadly, they are hunted for their beautiful fur. So, what otters need are friends who will fight for their survival and preservation.





Monkey and the Buddha

IN the heart of the eastern sea, there was a beautiful and fragrant island called the Mountain of Flowers and Fruits. On the edge of this island was a large rock. It was no ordinary rock. It was there from the beginning of time and was full of magical powers of the heaven and the earth.

One morning, the rock burst without any cause and from the crack a large, stony egg came out. No bird could have hatched it, but the shell cracked open by itself after a few days and a monkey jumped out.

The little monkey bowed to all four corners of the earth. Then he leapt high with joy. "I am here!" he cried.

Monkey grew faster than any other animal and soon became the leader of all monkeys.

Once he took all the monkeys of the Mountain of Flowers and Fruits to a valley. They bathed in a pool which was formed by a mighty waterfall, called the Water Curtain.

An old Monkey said, "Whoever pass-

es through the Water Curtain shall be our king."

Monkey came forward, head held very high. "That's easy!" he cried and the next moment he leapt through the roaring cascade.

When Monkey crossed the Water Curtain, he found himself on a bridge. The bridge led him to a large cave -- the Cave of the Slanting Moon and Three Stars.

The only inhabitant of the cave was a god. The immortal one was pleased. "You're a brave monkey. I want to reward you," he said.

Now Monkey had no parents and no one else had given him a name.

"I want a name," said Monkey at once.

The god gave him a strange name, indeed. He called him -- "Aware-of-Vacuity."

"Do you want anything else?" asked the god.

"Yes. I want to learn the seventy-two tricks." They were very difficult ones.

and took him three hundred years to master. At last it was time for Monkey to return.

Monkey became the king of his tribe and punished his enemies for all that they had done while he was away in the Cave. He soon began to misuse his powers.

Monkey was afraid of neither supernatural beings nor men. He stole the magic wand of the Dragon King from his Sea Palace. With the rod, Monkey could go wherever he wished.

Rod in hand, Monkey decided to go to the Underworld of the Dead where he met the god of Death.

"Give me the Book of Life and Death!" cried Monkey.

The god had to obey him. The Book contained the names of all living beings and the life span of each one of them. Monkey read the pages carefully and before long he found his own name. He had many more years to live, but that did not satisfy him at all.

"I want to live forever!" he cried



angrily, tearing the page into little bits. Monkey glared at the god of Death. "Now I shall be immortal!" he cried

But Monkey was not content with just that. 'What's the use of any power if I must die?' he thought. The thought of death never left his mind.

Monkey knew that the god Lao-tzu used to brew the Elixir of Everlasting Life. So, one day, he set out for the Western Heaven, the abode of Lao-tzu.

Monkey stole into the heavenly palace, unseen by anyone, and found five bottles, full to the brim, of the wonderful drink. He drank it all up, to the last drop.

'Now I shall really be immortal,' he thought smiling to himself.

Monkey began to misuse his powers after this incident more than ever before. He came to know of a magic peach tree in the garden of the Fairy Queen, Hsi-Wang-Mu. The tree yielded a good crop only once in three thousand years. The peaches were the most delicious fruits on earth and in heaven, so the Fairy Queen used to invite the gods to a feast in her garden where they tasted the rare fruits. Needless to say, she did not invite Monkey. So he stole into the orchard before the gods arrived. Then he ate and ate until he could eat no more.

'The fruits are really delicious!' he thought, licking his lips. Just then, some of the guests arrived, but that did not bother Monkey. He changed himself into a small peach-worm and crawled up one of the branches.

The Fairy Queen was puzzled when she found so many of her precious fruits missing, but she could not find the culprit!

Monkey had many more wicked adventures. At last the gods could bear it no longer. "Save us from this mischie-

vous beast!" they appealed to the Lord of Heaven.

He shook his head. "He is too powerful for me. The only one who can defeat him is the Buddha," he replied.

So the gods set out towards the west. They met the Buddha and told him about the troublesome monkey. The great saint took pity on them. "I can tame him for you," the Buddha told the gods. They went back light-hearted.

Monkey was very rude to Lord Buddha. "Who are you and what do you want?" he shouted, all in one breath.

"I am the Buddha and I want you to mend your ways," replied the Lord in a kind voice.

"How dare you! I am Aware-of-Vacuity, the great Monkey, the master of all knowledge, and an immortal being!" he screamed.

The Buddha remained calm. When Monkey paused for breath, he said, "You are famous for turning somersaults, so I have heard."

"It is true!" shouted Monkey. "I can turn somersaults over the clouds, and each somersault carries me over eighteen thousand 'lis'!"

"Show me your skill," said the Buddha.

"Very well," cried Monkey and leapt high in the air. Soon he reached the clouds and was lost from sight. He turned somersault after somersault, faster than lightning.

After a while, Monkey stopped for a moment to stare at five pink columns taller than any other he had ever seen.

"These pillar-stones have been built to mark the end of the world," he thought. 'I've come very far indeed!'

Full of pride and joy, Monkey put a

(Turn to page 61)

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NAT AT THE CONCERT

WELL, my aunt Cimmy likes jazz, while Monisha, Tinkul, Kakul and I like pop, and my aunt Mohini likes Hindi film songs, my aunt Ruchika likes ghazals, and my grandmother loves bhajans. My grandfather doesn't like music. He said, "A rare moment of silence in this house is better than any jazz, pop, film songs, ghazals and bhajans together, better than any music in the world, it is paradise!"

My mother nodded and smiled and said, "I, too, like a moment of silence. But I like classical music too, western classical music. I wish someone would share my likings."

"Not me," said Aunt Ruchika, "I can't understand it."

"Me neither," sighed Aunt Cimmy, "I just love jazz."

"I like the Beatles," murmured Tinkul. "Don't bore me with concerts and all that."

And then my mother looked at me and asked, "What about you, Rajan? I thought you would appreciate classical music."

I tried. It's not that I did not, but it was difficult, with so many different instruments all playing a different tune. I tried to make an interested face, because I didn't want to hurt her feelings.

I sat down next to her and we listened together. Fortunately, it was not a long piece of music, not like symphonies and concerts that go on and on and on and never seem to end.

"Not bad, Ma," I managed to say, "but enough for today."

"All right, boy," smiled my mother. "Run along, close the door behind you, I would like to enjoy some more of it before tea."

As usual, she played her favourite, Sonata Nr 14 C#s Minor Opus 27, 2 the "Moonlight Sonata" by Ludwig van Beethoven. I know the title by heart, so often have I looked at the cover, so often have I heard my mother reply when my grandmother shouted from the verandah, "Oh really, Sowmya, you just played that kind of song yesterday."

"It is not a song, mother," said my mother, "it is a sonata, the *Moonlight Sonata* by Beethoven." Then she shook her head and sighed. But she kept on playing it, in spite of my aunt shouting, "Oh really, Sowmya, don't you get fed up of the awful tin-tin-tin on the piano?"

"I wouldn't call it awful, nor a tin-tin-tin," replied my mother coolly and raised her eyebrows. "This is the *Moonlight Sonata* by Beethoven."

After that incident, my mother played her favourite sonata only when she was sure that nobody listened, besides me. But someone did listen—my grandfather.

Silently, he came up behind her, placed his large gentle hand on her shoulder, and said softly, "I don't know why, but I seemed to have grown fond of this wonderful piece of music."

"Oh Papa, I am so glad," said my mother, "I do hope Rajan will grow to like it, too. It is Beethoven, his *Moonlight Sonata*."

"Ah, not bad, girl," said my grandfather. "Great person this Beethoven, so much feeling."

"Isn't it, Papa?" cried my mother, and started her lecture on distinguished pianism, preludes, roodooes, cherzoes, piano, pianissimo, allegro, allegro mono tropo, of masterpieces of figurative invention, of harmonic concentrated emotions, orchestral richness, and more all over again

'All right, Sowmya," smiled my grandfather, 'give him time After all he is only twelve"

Then he ruffled my hair a bit and said, "Run along, Nat junior, play cricket with the typhoon called Tinkul"

I went and played cricket and must admit, I enjoyed it more than classical music

And then came the day when my mother told everybody at the dinner table, "Hans Joachim Issentfeld is giving a concert at the India International Centre He is a very fam-

ous German pianist I would like to take the children along. It is time they are introduced to music and art Would you like to come along, Cummy?"

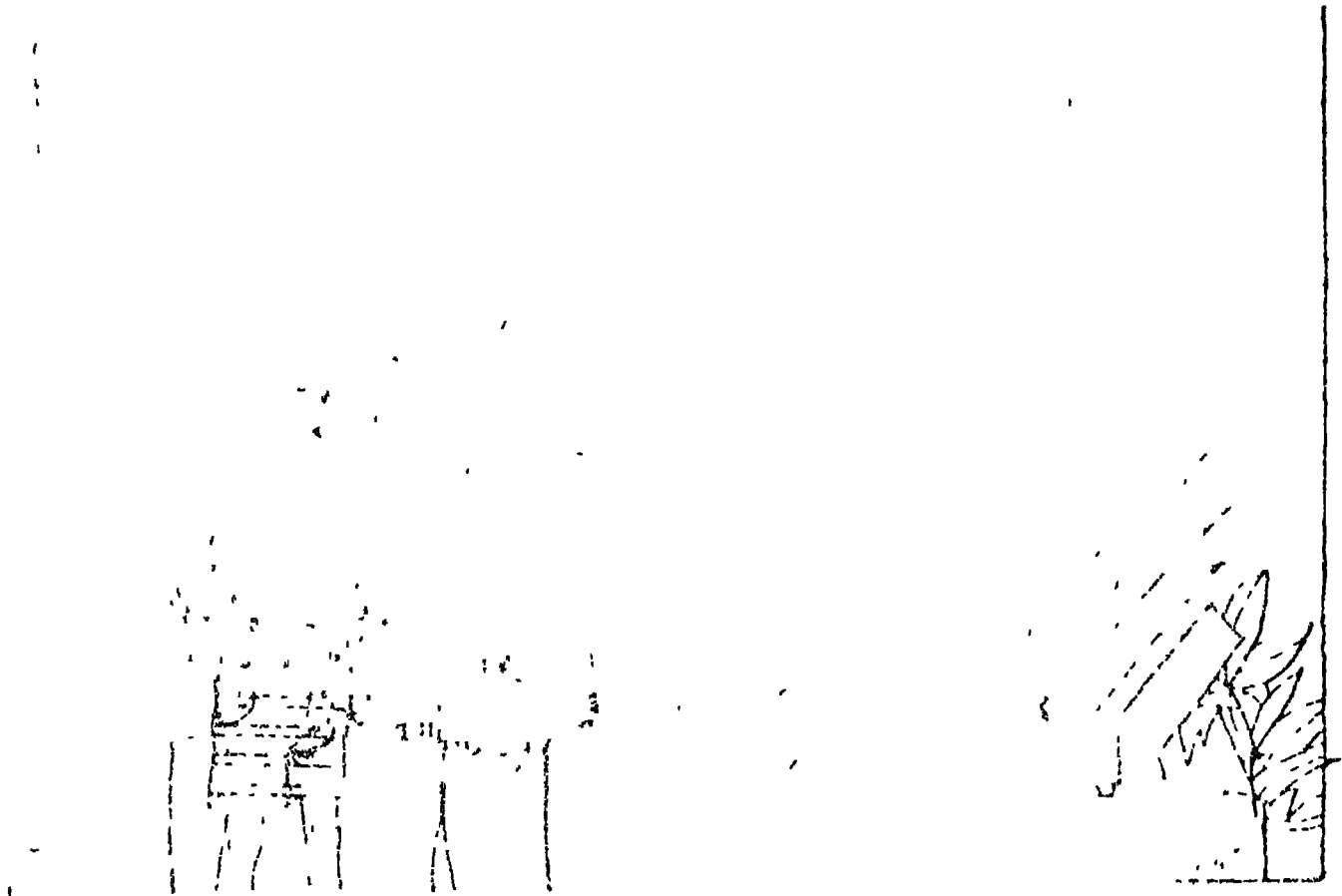
"Well, I don't know," hesitated my aunt. "Do you think it will be good?"

"It will be excellent Nat and Tinkul will come along, too"

"I?" cried Tinkul "No, Aunt, I get terribly bored there"

"Oh, Ma, really," I grumbled, "I wouldn't like to go"

But my grandfather lifted his brow in the same way as my mother and said calmly, "I think that is a wonderful idea, Sowmya. It is time Cemeran learns something besides her psychology books and Mills and Boons romances"



said, "Would you kindly look for the notes in the file on the piano? It is time we began!"

Then he got up and walked with me upto the edge of the stage. There he took my hand and announced "Ladies and Gentlemen, please excuse the delay in beginning the programme. But we will start right now and that too with the personal request of my little friend who has helped out with what seemed to me a very hopeless situation. I will now start the programme with the Sonata No. 11, C# Minor Opus 27, 2 the *Moonlight Sonata* by Beethoven."

The applause that followed was fantastic. It was unbelievable. It just didn't seem to stop.

Mr. Hans Joachim Issenfeld bowed and so did I. And bowing all the way, he accom-

panied me to the steps.

I don't know how I reached the seat next to my mother's. I only heard the people clap and cheer. The applause died down only after the pianist had taken his seat and nodded at the nervous woman next to him.

And then he played the *Moonlight Sonata*. The clear sound of the piano filled the room and rose and fell and danced and glided. It was wonderful. I looked at my mother who sat next to me very erect, her hands folded in her lap. For a second, she glanced at me and smiled and her hand reached out to hold mine. Just for a while.

And suddenly, I understood them all, my mother, my grandfather, and the great German composer, and his wonderful music.

Sigrun Srivastava

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The Saucy Samosa

ONCE upon a time there lived an old man, an old woman, and a little boy—their grandson—whose name was Tappu. Tappu's grandmother, like any grandmother, was a really good cook. Her specialty were samosas, and the chutney she made to go with the samosas was especially special. So special, in fact, that anyone who tasted it exclaimed "WAH-WAH!"

One afternoon, she had made her special samosas and her even more special chutney. Tappu and his grandfather sat down to feast on them. As his grandfather dipped a samosa in the chutney, he said "Amrit," (that was Tappu's grandmother's name) "the chutney is what brings LIFE to the samosa."



He was not in the habit of speaking loudly, but he pronounced the word "life" really loudly, and as he did so, something very strange began to happen.

They heard a funny noise. WHRR . WHRR .WHOOSH and they stared and stared at the samosa in Dadaji's hand, for out had propped legs and arms and a face on the samosa! They couldn't believe their eyes or ears, for the samosa cried in a squeaky little voice, "Hey! let me go!" But Tappu's grandfather still held fast to the samosa. And the cheeky samosa actually bit Dadaji's fingers! Dadaji let out a yell and loosened his hold on the samosa. As he did so, the samosa, all in a trice, had jumped on to the floor and was running as quickly as his little legs could carry him.

Tappu and his grandparents were really astonished—but they ran after it all the same. Tappu, being a little boy, could run faster than the old people. He tried to run and shut the door, but the saucy samosa was too quick for him. It had run past the open door, down the steps, and out onto the long road before Tappu could say "Oh my gosh!" Tappu ran after it, crying out to his grandparents to follow and join the chase. But the saucy samosa outran all three and was soon out of sight, while they had to sit down, all out of breath, to rest before they could walk back to their little house.

On went the saucy samosa. By and by he came to a cobbler sitting on the pavement. The cobbler looked up from his work, being disturbed by something scampering past him. He thought it must be a mouse, but peering ahead he saw that it was something that looked like a samosa. "Hey!"

The samosa stopped running and said, "What?"

The cobbler saw that it was actually a samosa. "Don't run away little samosa, come here," said the cobbler thinking that when it did, he would eat it because he was really hungry.

But the samosa said, "I've outrun an old woman, an old man, and a little boy—I can outrun you toooo—you toooo."

"We'll see about that!" cried the cobbler throwing down his work and running after him. But the cobbler couldn't catch up with him and soon he, too, had to give up and go back to mending shoes.

Faster and faster ran the saucy samosa. By and by he came to some workers who were building the road. "What is that?" asked a thin one of his fat friend.

"It looks like a samosa, doesn't it?" replied the fat one.

"A samosa with legs and arms! I've got to feel it to believe it—let's catch him!" said the thin one excitedly

"Come on, men, let's catch the samosa!" he cried running

Now the other eight had neither seen nor heard the samosa whizzing past "Samosa? What samosa? Yes, we're hungry, give us a samosa, too—but where's the samosa?" And seeing the fat one and the thin one running ahead, they too ran to catch up with them.

The little samosa looked back and seeing ten men coming after him laughed "Aha—I've outrun a little boy, an old man, an old woman, and a cobbler—I can outrun you toooo, you toooo!"

"Is that so?" shouted the thin one

running after him. But soon, the ten workers got very tired, for they had been working all day. The saucy samosa was out of sight, so they gave up the chase and went back to their work.

The saucy samosa kept running. He had run so much that he had reached the other end of the town. He passed three dhobis with clothes laden on three donkeys. He turned his head a little and called out to them, still running "Hey you! I've outrun a little boy, an old man, an old woman, a cobbler, ten road-builders, and I can outrun you toooo, you toooo!"

The three dhobis rubbed their eyes "WHAT was THAT? A talking, running samosa?"



"I want him, I saw him first?" cried one.

"I want him—I heard him first," cried the second one

"I'll have him, I'm catching him first," cried the third, running after the saucy samosa

The other two dhobis joined the chase, too. And what a funny sight it was they made! The samosa, the dhobis, and the donkeys (you see, seeing their masters run, even the donkeys ran, braying loudly as they did so) all running fast! But the samosa ran so fast that the dhobis were no match for him. They gave up the hunt and went on their way with their donkeys.

"HAPPY Happy Me!" sang the saucy little samosa in his saucy little voice. By and by he passed a fat woman with a basket of vegetables. She rubbed her eyes in wonder. "Hey, are you a samosa?" she cried.

"Yes, I am," replied the saucy samosa still running and shouting, "I've outrun a little boy, an old man, an old woman, a cobbler, ten road-builders, three dhobis and three donkeys, and I can outrun you toooo, you toooo!"

"Oh, no, you won't," cried the fat lady running after him, thinking that if she could catch him, he would make a fine but unusual present for her niece whose hobby was collecting curious items. She strolled on her plump little legs after the samosa, but was not a patch on the great runner, the samosa! And when she knew that there was not a hope of overtaking him, she sat down on a patch of grass huffing and puffing, all out of breath.

The saucy samosa laughed in glee and went on running till by and by, he

came to a stray dog lying by the side of the road. Now this dog was weak with hunger since he had not found a scrap to eat for days. And when he saw the samosa, he licked his chops, for here was something to eat AT LAST. "Hello, who are you and where are you going?" asked the dog.

"I am the samosa that has outrun an old man, an old woman, a little boy, a cobbler, ten road builders, three dhobis, three donkeys, and a fat lady and I can outrun you toooo, you toooo," said the saucy samosa in his most boastful voice.

The dog said, "I can't hear you, little samosa. Won't you come closer?"

The saucy samosa stopped running for the first time and went a little closer to the dog and called out loudly, "I've OUTRUN AN OLD MAN, AN OLD WOMAN, A LITTLE BOY, TEN ROAD-BUILDERS, A COBBLER, THREE DHOBIS, THREE DONKEYS, A FAT WOMAN, AND I CAN OUTRUN YOU TOOOO, YOU TOOOO!!"

"I think I'm getting really old and weak—I didn't quite hear the last part of what you said—could you repeat it for me, please?" asked the dog in a very feeble voice, as he stretched out more towards the samosa, putting one paw behind his ear.

The little samosa came up really close to the dog and screamed in his loudest, proudest voice, "I SAID I CAN OUT-RUN YOU TOOOO, YOU TOOOO!"

"You can, can you?" yelped the dog, snapping up the saucy samosa in one gulp before the samosa could say "help!"

Gargi Balakrishnan



“JUNIOR, why aren’t you going out to play?” asked Mrs Limburger tiger.

“The sun is too hot,” said Junior stubbornly, from the back of the cave.

“But with all the trees, hardly any sun comes in,” said Mrs. Limburger practically.

“But. . .but.

“Is it because of the snakes?” asked Mrs Limburger, more in a knowing way than in an asking way.

“No .no it’s not,” finished Junior lamely

“It’s not? Is it lizards then.”

“No . . . no ”

“Mice?”

"No..."

"Birds?"

"No..."

"What is it then, Junior?" asked Mrs Limburger in a tired tone.

"It's... it's chipmunks," blurted out Junior

"Chipmunks!" said Mrs. Limburger in a tone of disgust. "Why, you can swallow them in one gulp!"

Junior didn't say anything.

"Out with you," said Mrs. Limburger chasing Junior out of the cave.

Junior was feeling very depressed as he walked cautiously through the jungle. He was being careful not to come across any chipmunks but, at the same time, he sort of wanted to, so that he could somehow prove he was brave. But he wasn't sure how to prove that he could do something he couldn't do. Junior gave a big sigh. Tigers give big sighs, and since Junior was especially unhappy, his sigh was huge.

Other animals scurried to find shelter at his sigh.

'Oh no, a big beast must be coming,' thought Junior, not knowing that it was because of him all the animals were going into hiding. Junior hid behind a tree, waiting for the big beast to come.

"You silly, why are you hiding?" asked an owl.

"I'm hiding from the big animal that is coming," said Junior, fearfully.

"But it is you from whom everyone is hiding."

"Me? But I'm not scary at all," said the tiger in an awed voice.



The Author

"Maybe to yourself you are not scary, but to the small animals you are huge and ferocious"

"Me? Me?" said Junior still surprised "Me?"

Junior got up from his hiding place. He stretched out to his full size. "I guess I'm pretty big. And I am a little scary looking"

"Indeed, you are. Why, you're one of the biggest beasts in the jungle"

"I am I guess I am," said the tiger. "Why, I'm very big and strong" Junior was amazed. "Thank you, kind owl," said Junior confidently and he stretched out a paw grandly and with his head high he stalked off.

Junior was not a scaredy tiger any more. He wasn't scared of anything. Well, maybe a little... of chipmunks.

Leigh Culpepper (10)
U.S.A.

“Shooting” in Bad Weather

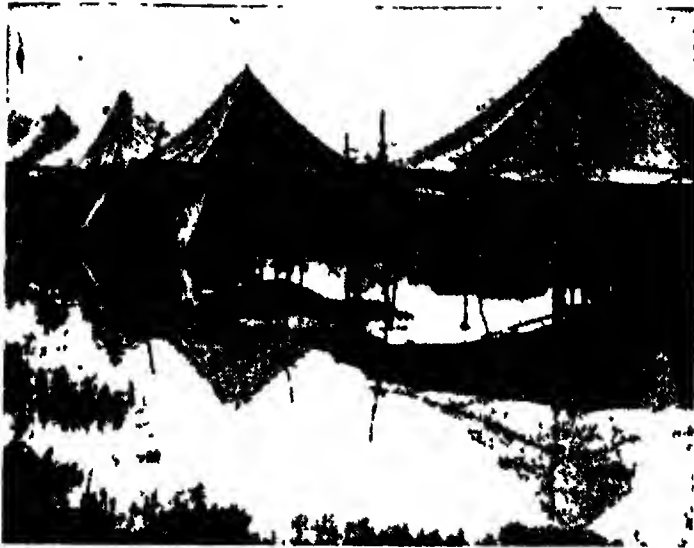
MANY people still think that a bright sun alone guarantees good photographs. It does, to some extent. But on occasions when the sun plays hide-and-seek behind the clouds, when conditions are stormy, the rainy season, at dusk when the sun has set, good pictures can still be taken. In fact, one factor which will add to their beauty is the unusual weather condition.

First, let us think about photography dur-

ing the monsoon season. Do not choose to stay indoors, cursing the season which comes after a long wait. Notice the joy of the farmers when they see the rain clouds. The foliage shows the abundance of nature. Occasionally, the sun shines on the landscape, glimmers on the leaves and the small puddles on the roadside. Take out your camera, wrap it up in a plastic bag, open your umbrella, and the chances are, you will return with some ex-

A very dull and cloudy day can also be a source of evocative pictures full of mood and feeling of the season





Reflections are very dramatic, like when the fields are waterlogged

cellent pictures, unusual and full of the spirit of the season. When it has rained, rush to the garden. You cannot fail to see the beauty of the raindrops on flower petals. Isn't it worth a picture or many? Rain should not dampen your spirit.

If there are clouds in the sky, the lighting can be utilized in various ways for original

Directional light isolates the subject from the background



TYPE V 10R1

picture ideas. Cloud formations are very dramatic and cry aloud to be photographed. They create their own mood. The shafts of sunlight form a delightful pattern against a dark foliage, resembling the spotlight effect in theatres. Go in for the silhouette effect when



For a complete chiaroscuro effect, 'against-the light' photograph

taking photographs with the sun in the composition. It retains the ideal single-light source impression.

It is generally suggested that the best time to shoot is when the sun is behind your camera. But an equally good time for photography is when the sun is shining in front of you — that means behind the object or model. Back lighting or *contre jour* lighting is ideal for dramatic modelling. It accentuates

the figure, and makes it stand out beautifully. The translucency of flower petals in back lighting renders every fibre significantly clear. It looks almost ethereal. Children with fuzzy hair, portraits of people with a good chin and nose, and various other opportunities present themselves — once you decide to shoot

If the sun is behind a cloud on one side, you get excellent direction light which isolates the subject from the dull background. It is also good for portraiture and natural photography.

Nowadays you find a great technical improvement, and almost any good camera can take pictures at night. All you need is a tripod and a good camera. The best time for night photography is when the sun has just set and the horizon is still aglow with that typical golden-orange light of sunset. This will isolate the buildings, monuments, and even people from completely merging with the darkness around. Here are some useful hints to exposures for night photography.

After the Tree Was Pruned

*How cruel man could be
to chop the green leaves off me —
The leaves which I had borne
after the winter had worn?
I long to hear the birds call,
the parrot, mynah and cuckoo
I long their nests to nurse,
and sigh with the gentle breeze.
I have no friends, for no longer
can I give shade, I've lost my leaves
I remember the homecoming of the birds
——— as night came on
What fun it was,
When I was full of life
But now alas!
bare and lonely, I stand alone*

Pallavi Joshi (14)

	f/11	f/16	f/22
Flood lighting	1-5 min	2-10 min	4-20 min
Campfire or fireworks groups	20-60 sec	40 sec-2 min	1-4 min
Street lamps	1-5 sec	2-10 sec	4-20 sec
Neon signs	1/15-1 sec	1/2-2 sec	1/4-4 sec

These are based on a medium-speed film of approximately 125 ASA. You may change to suit the speed of film you are using.

You must try to go as near the object as you safely can and fill the frame with the object. Do not include unnecessary black background. You can manage some experi-

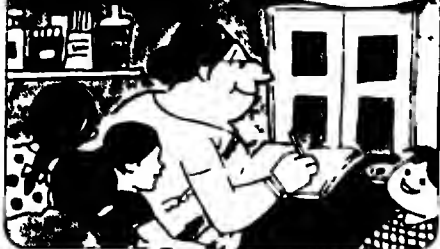
ments during night photography which require long-exposures.

Above all, don't stay at home if the sun is not at its brightest. Step out and shoot.

Surendra Saha,



THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE... SHE HAD SO MANY CHILDREN AND HOUSE HOLD ACCOUNTS TOO!



SHE WROTE HER ACCOUNTS CAREFULLY



BUT HER NOVELTY PENCILS KEPT DISAPPEARING MYSTERIOUSLY



SHE SEARCHED HIGH & LOW, AND WONDERED WHERE HER NOVELTY PENCILS COULD GO



THEN SHE CAUGHT HER DAUGHTER WRITING WITH HER NOVELTY PENCIL JUST SO



"SO YOU ARE THE THIEF OH .HO!"



A CHORUS OF VOICES ANSWERED AND I AND I AND I



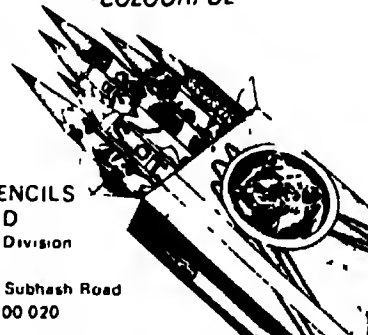
SHE WAS SO SURPRISED SHE COULD ONLY ASK WHY MY NOVELTY PENCILS?

"I GIVE YOU DIFFERENT PENCILS, EACH ONE A NEW ONE WHY STEAL MY NOVELTY PENCILS AND UPSET MY MOOD?"



BECAUSE NOVELTY PENCILS ARE BETTER THAN OURS!

LION NOVELTY" PENCILS
*SMOOTHER WRITING *BONDED LEAD
FOR UNBREAKABLE POINTS
*COLOURFUL



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PVT LTD
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Bombay 400 020

CHUGGING INTO

A CHUBBY 13-year-old boy peeped out of the driver's cabin—he was the engine driver. Another about the same age issued brisk instructions—he was the station master. A 15-year-old girl flagged off the train! The train slowly chugged out of the station and the passengers—all children with beaming faces—looked out of the windows.

Sounds like a 10-year-old boy's favourite dream, doesn't it? Well, it isn't

This is quite the usual scene at Malaya Moskouskaya (small Moscow) Railway in the Moscow Region, the oldest of the 40 children's railways in the USSR. Malaya Moskouskaya is equipped with the latest engines and technical know-how.

It has a passenger carriage fleet with radios installed in the carriages, a locomotive roundhouse, with a machine and fitters workshop, two stations, a tram-



THE FUTURE

ing centre, a controlling room, a room for the automatic control of semaphores and block relay interlocking devices, etc. Apart from Moscow, Kiev, Kharkov, Donetsk, Leningrad, and Tbilisi, many other Soviet cities have such railways.

So children in these cities not only enjoy riding in these trains, but get a chance to run them also. Station masters, engine-drivers, guards, linesmen,

ticket-collectors, booking clerks, signalers, and others manning the lines are all children, who are interested in serving the railways in the future. They undergo a 3-year training course under expert instructors. After this initial training, many children join secondary and higher railway educational institutions.

P. Bhattacharya



Juneli at St. Avila's

THE STORY SO FAR

Juneli is quiet during the long drive back to boarding school. Her father's attempts at cheering her up are in vain. But once their parents have left, the girls cheer up as they exchange all the news.

The great excitement of the term is election-by-vote of a new head-girl. There isn't much to choose from, but Sheila Talwar's election seems hardly fair, when the others get to know of the Swiss chocolates she has been distributing to special friends. Mustachio—the Bengali teacher, well-known for his weird dress-sense—had been an object of mirth but proves to Class VIII that he has a nasty temper to match!

But that is not all, there is fat little Urvashi Dastidar who is determined to hate St. Avila's and all the girls. Yet she's the one who not only boasts of being a good singer but goes on to prove it is so, completely winning the approval of Baldwin (the bald music teacher whose real name is Mr. Chauhan) as also the admiration of her classmates.

Miss Hatha, with proportions to match, is the new geography teacher, this term.

Juneli has been looking forward to re-joining her Carefree Club for the newcomers, but two vacancies in the Girl Guide Company means she and Rita can join it. They do so and are lucky enough to attend a meeting addressed by Miss Wylie, a top-class Girl Guide from Canada, who has come to India for a year.

But alongside exciting things like Guide meetings are the horrors of letting

loose Class VIII in the Domestic Science kitchen! The previous term they had substituted bleaching powder for corn flower in a dish. But they are confident when they make the halwa this term that nothing can go wrong. For haven't they followed instructions and used G. oil (Groundnut oil, isn't it?) when the ghee is finished by another batch? But why does the G. oil smell so funny?

They get to know soon enough! The beautifully decorated plates of 'halwa' are attacked by the senior classes with gusto. The girls of Class VI have just given their approval, when sounds of groaning and choking come from the Class X table. "Filthy!" "Tastes like rotten fish," rise the cries. Sister Evelina too tastes the halwa. When she sees the 'bottle' they have used instead of the jar, she says, "I thought so!"

The girls have used Cod-liver oil—C-oil, not G-oil! No wonder the halwa tastes so bad. Anyway there are two lots of good halwa which the whole school shares. At least the incident provides the school with a good laugh. After tea, there is a Guide meeting and naturally everybody there is told about the halwa with the result even Miss Wylie laughs uproariously. She tells them, they have to work hard to pass the cooking test before they become full-fledged Guides. But that is a long way off, so they start learning signalling and then sing songs. The meeting ends on the promising note that they will finalise plans for the superhike at the next meeting.

Now read on.

Chapter 10: Coping with Juniors—and the Head-girl

JUNELI had been weeding the school garden along with her friends, when Ina peered over the hedge and gave a startled cry

"What's up, Ina?" said Juneli, jumping up "Anything wrong there?"

"I should think so!" said Ina "Come and see! Latha, Rosita, Rita! Come here, all of you!" They needed no second bidding and were soon beside Ina

"Good gracious! What ARE these kids doing there?" cried Latha "Surely they know, that the orchard is strictly out of bounds!"

"They'll get into a soup if Sister Evelina catches them there," said Rosita

"And what are they eating? Mulberries? Little horrors!" said Rita

"It's not so much eating the mulberries, but some of them are peering down the old well in the corner!" said Ina "It has a broken wall, and is positively dangerous!"

"We've got to drive them out of the place before they come to any harm," said Juneli in a determined voice

"Stop!" cried Latha, grabbing her by the arm "You can't go there, Juneli! It is out of bounds for all of us!"

"Let's try calling them," said Rita "Hey you, kids! Get away from the orchard!"

But the naughty juniors had no intention of obeying Rita and pretended not to hear Some were up the mulberry tree, stuffing themselves with the ripe, juicy fruits and paying no heed to the crimson stains all over their white blouses The others continued to peer down the well with squeals of excitement "Gosh! Look at the water down there!" "It's so black!" "I can see my reflection down there!" "Let's get a rope and draw up some water!"

Latha, Rosita, Ina, and Rita looked at each other in despair as they heard them

"I'm going there, rules or no rules," said Juneli, "even if I've to drag them by force!" She jumped over the hedge and was beside

them in a trice "Here you!" she said in a tone of authority "You know you're not supposed to be here. Come along with me and I'll take you to the playground."

"Pooh!" said a cheeky junior. "You're only a middle-school girl! Why, you are not even a prefect!"

"No, I'm not, but you shall come with me, all the same!" said Juneli

"Shan't!" said the youngster rudely. "And you can't make us, either!"

"We'll stay right here for hours and hours!" said another

Juneli looked about her She certainly could not drag so many children by force. If anyone caught them there, all of them would get into serious trouble, Juneli knew. She racked her brain for a way out

"How on earth did you get in here?" asked Juneli looking about her "Sister Evelina always keeps this gate locked"

"She didn't today," piped little Munni "She asked Sheila to fetch some mulberries and Sheila left the door open!"

"And we trooped in when she wasn't looking!" said Nisha triumphantly

Juneli frowned Sheila was the head-girl and had no right to be so careless! But it wouldn't do to criticise her before the juniors, either Juneli spoke in a persuasive voice "Well, I'm sure Sheila had no idea that you could cheat her like this!"

"Cheat her!" cried a cheeky junior indignantly "People only cheat in the exam hall! This is a garden!"

"There are many ways of cheating," said Juneli "One is to do a wrong thing when no one is looking It isn't done, you know!"

Just then the bell rang "Come along," said Juneli again, "there are stains on your blouses and on your hands, too! You won't like Sister Evelina or even Esther to see you like this, would you?"

The juniors looked conscience-stricken at the mention of Esther, who had been very

stern with them in the past. They hastily climbed down and followed Juneli meekly. Juneli saw them to the door and ran back towards her own classroom when she came face to face with the head-girl and her friend Radha.

Sheila looked her up and down. "The bell rang quite a while ago," she said in a curt voice. "Why on earth are you loitering about the corridor?"

For once, Juneli was at a loss for words!

"Well?" said Sheila impatiently. "Haven't you got a voice? Where were you all this time?"

"I was taking some juniors to their classroom," said Juneli after a pause.

"Why?" asked Sheila. "You're not in charge of juniors! You're not even a prefect or anything!"

"Some of them were in Sister Evelina's orchard eating mulberries. I was taking them back," said Juneli.

"Rubbish!" said Radha tossing her head. "The orchard is out of bounds, as everyone knows! The kids would never dare go in there!"

"Are you sure you're not making it up?" asked Sheila casually.

Juneli turned a bright scarlet. She had never been accused of lying before! "I don't make up things," she said briefly.

Sheila shrugged her shoulders. "In any case, it was none of your business!" she said. "We don't like Paul Prys in this school!"

"I wasn't prying," said Juneli indignantly. "I saw them peeping down the broken well and thought it was dangerous. That's why I went to call them out."

"Please mind your own business in future and don't make excuses," said Sheila in a lofty voice. "And also take an order mark for being late."

Juneli went back to the classroom with burning cheeks. "Goodness, Juneli! How late you are!" said Rita. "What on earth have you been doing?"

But before Juneli could reply, Mr Rakesh,

the maths teacher, came in. He was carrying a geometry book. "We're going to learn the Pythagoras theorem today," he said smiling at them.

"But, sir, it's our day for algebra," said Latha standing up. "We haven't brought our geometry books today."

"Dear me! Is that so?" said Mr Rakesh fishing inside his bag. "Well, I haven't got my algebra book here. Please, one of you lend your's."

Balbinder, who had been sitting right in front, had been poring over a book. Mr Rakesh took it from her. "Thank you," he said. "Please share your friend's book this morning. Now, where were we?"

"Page seventy-one, sir," chanted the whole class together.

Mr Rakesh turned the pages and stood staring at the book as though he couldn't believe his eyes! Balbinder sat fidgeting. "How to become beautiful," read Mr Rakesh aloud. "How to achieve a flawless complexion!" Then he glared at Balbinder. "How dare you give this to me!"

"I didn't," said Balbinder, "you just took it from me, sir!"

"Is this the sort of book to read in class? Where did you get it from?" raged Mr Rakesh. "Flawless complexion, indeed! Huh!"

"Well, I want to become 'Miss India' when I grow up," said Balbinder nonchalantly, "so I'll have to have a good complexion."

"Here's the algebra book, sir!" said Latha hastily. "Here's page seventy-one."

"Where are my specs?" boomed Mr Rakesh.

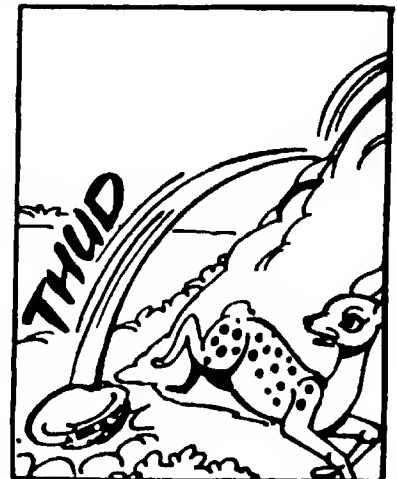
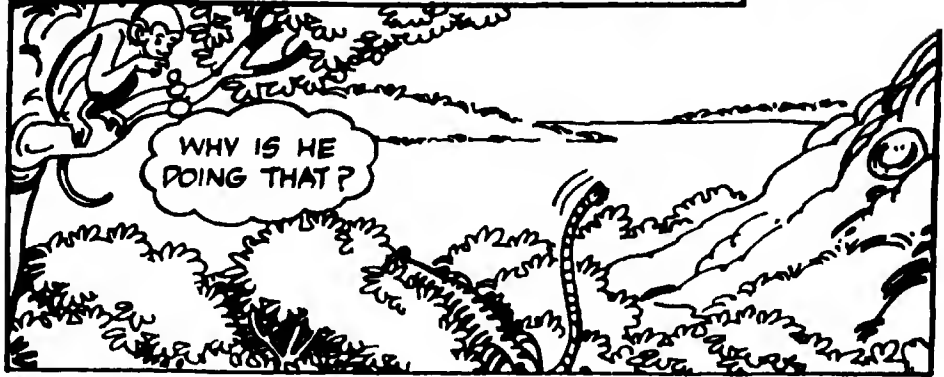
"On your head, sir," said Latha trying not to laugh.

"So they are! When did I put them up, I wonder," said Mr Rakesh patting his head. Luckily for everyone, he started the lesson at once and everything went smoothly till the bell rang.

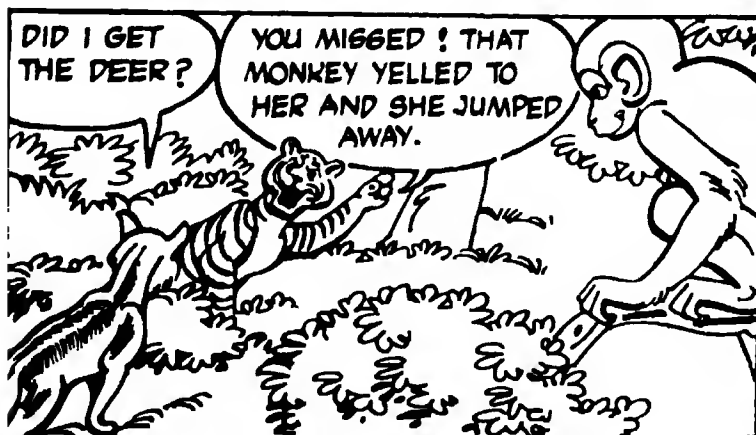
Swapna Dutta

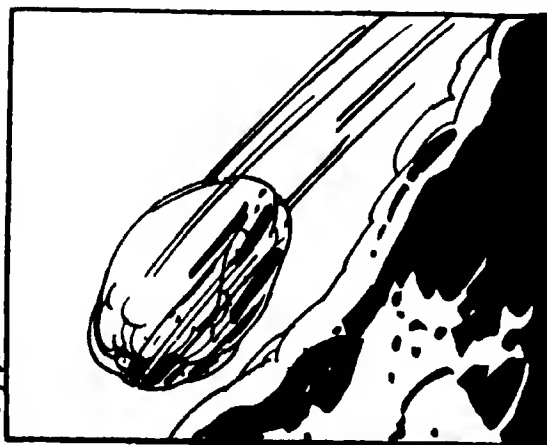
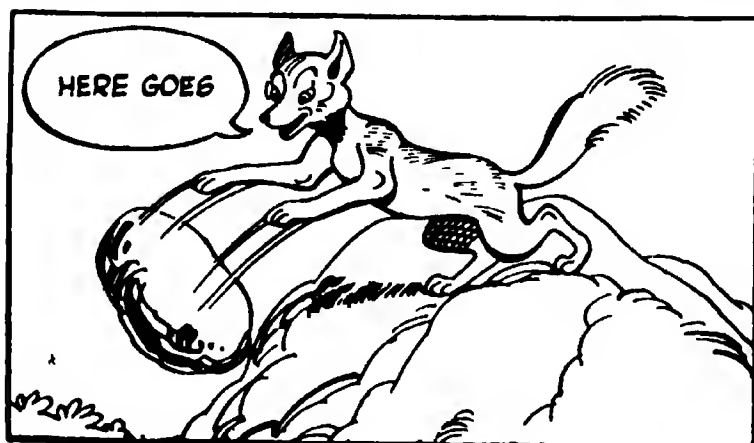
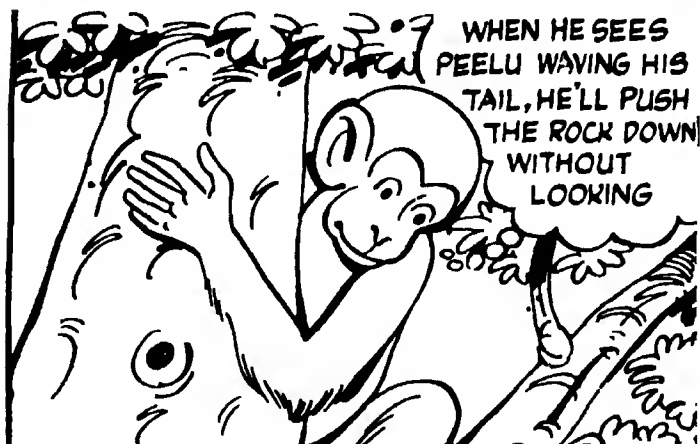


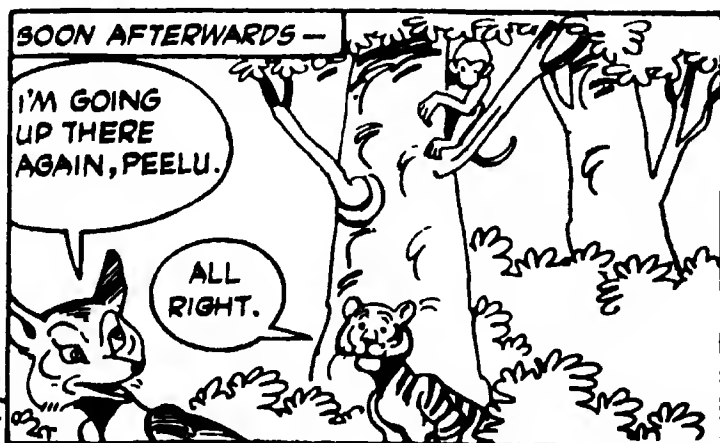
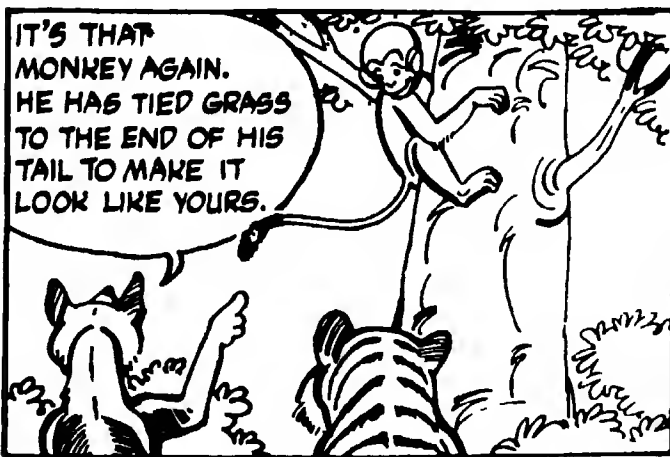
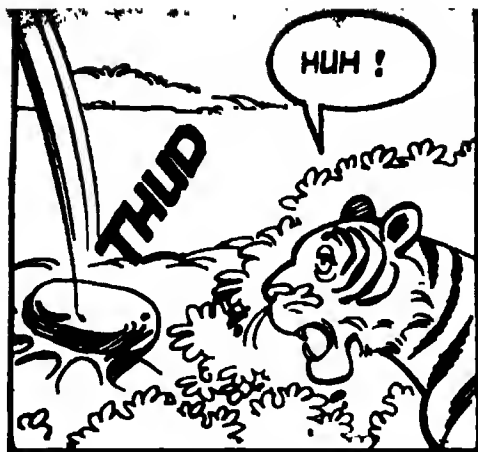
ONE DAY AS KAPI/SH WAS PASSING BY A STREAM, HE SAW PEELU WAVING HIS TAIL FROM BEHIND A BUSH.



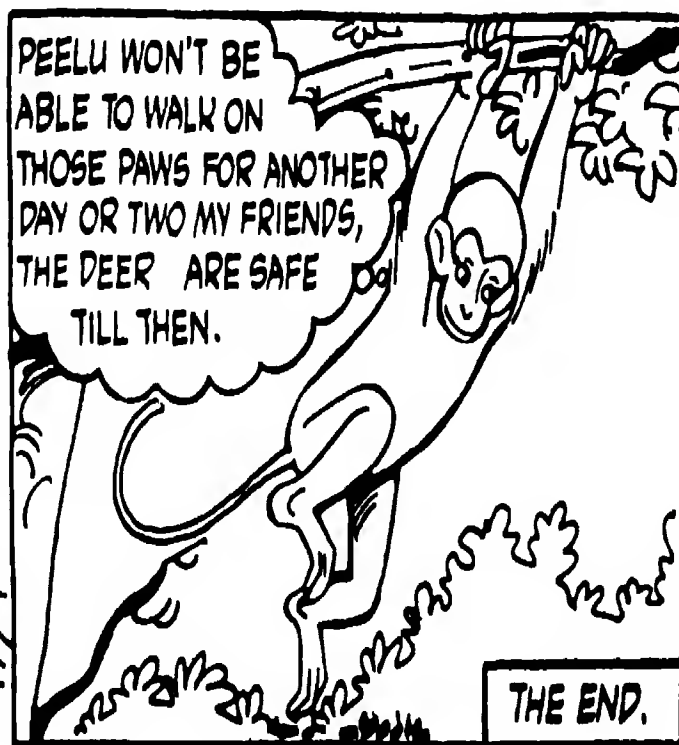
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grrr
grrr...



The Marauding Magpie



THE Magpie has a striking black and white plumage, which is set off with a blue wing patch and a long wedge-shaped tail streaked with green. He makes himself conspicuous by his noisy chattering. Gregarious birds, rarely travelling alone, magpies are generally seen in flocks, walking along in the open country searching for grasshoppers or beetles, and jabbering away like a group of lighthearted children just let out of school.

If fine feathers invariably make fine birds, the metallic splendour of the magpie's dress would serve to place him very high on the list. Unfortunately, however, his gaudy attire camouflages a predatory propensity, so that every man's hand is against him. Some people regard magpies with a certain amount of superstition while the old saying

One for sorrow, two for mirth,

Three for a wedding, and four for a birth still disturbs the unal mind. Jerrold, in his "Stories of the Kaiser", tells us that the exiled monarch was a believer in signs and omens. On one occasion, when hunting with the Duke of Cambridge, a magpie appeared on the scene. Turning to the Duke, the Emperor remarked that he hated "these detestable birds". The Duke then recited the old rhyme quoted above.

"Really," said the Kaiser "Four signify a birth, but suppose you see five?"

"Five," gravely answered the Duke, "five means twins."

It is said that whenever Wilhelm was on the eve of becoming a father, his thoughts somewhat anxiously reverted to the magpies!

The magpie is generally regarded as a bird

of ill-omen. According to ancient tradition, he was the only kind that refused to enter Noah's ark. Instead, he sat chattering upon the roof, while people were drowning in the flood.

In olden days if a person saw a magpie, it was considered to be a forerunner of evil, though a man could counteract the spell cast upon him by taking off his hat to the bird. It is evident, however, that not everybody regarded the magpie as a bird of ill repute for we read in the following old verses that

*The magpie is a sacred bird,
The spots of black and white
Denote the power of Him who made
The darkness and the light
From mischief and from roguery,
The magpie cannot cease,
But yet the man who takes his life
Will forfeit health and peace.*

"Pica pica" is the scientific name of the magpie, common to both hemispheres which ranges across Eurasia and into western North America. The magpie is more like the crow in certain aspects, particularly in its nesting behaviour, some naturalists consider this bird an intermediate between the two sub-families.

The magpie is a woodland bird, generally found in fields and open country with scattered trees and bushes. Often seen in parks and gardens in towns, it feeds upon mice, eggs, and the young of both song-birds and game-birds, insects, carrion, beetles, and grain. Because of the damage the magpie inflicts in various ways, he is now almost exterminated in several areas where he once flourished.

Magpies usually go about in twos or threes, are as noisy and mischievous as any member of the family, and are one of the most notorious thieves prone to pick up all sorts of bright objects and carry them away. Magpies are not popular with the farmer, the gamekeeper, or the gardener, but despite his bad reputation, this cheeky, cunning bird has his good side, too.

Farmers, gardeners and gamekeepers, however, should not be hasty in condemning these birds too severely or exterminating them. To offset their bad deeds, they take a big toll of young rats in spring, eat destructive slugs and snails and thus save our food crops. On occasion, magpies are useful, inasmuch as they give warning of intruders by their loud chattering. Still, the damage they do swamps their value in this respect.

Magpies have a characteristic pattern of flight in which they intermittently glide and then rapidly flap their wings. On tiptoe, they hold the wings slightly raised so that, almost airborne, they are ready for any emergency and a leap either way.

Magpies make a large bulky stick nest from one to three feet in diameter, usually in the fork of a tall tree. The nest is lined with fine roots, and is covered by a dome, into two holes left for ingress and egress. Nest-building is part of the magpie's courtship, the male bringing the material, and the female arranging it. The nests are often used and added to year after year.

The talkative magpies often keep to one mate and pair for life, and are great lovers of their haunts. Rarely does the cock let the hen out of his sight. Everything that glitters in the sunlight catches the watchful eye of the magpies. The largest of the perching birds, magpies are always on the lookout for the ground-beetle, vine-grub, and the golden rose-chaffer. But it is the stomach and not the eye which is involved here. No wonder, then, that the magpie will sometimes make off with a treasured possession, such as a spoon or a ring, which he will find himself unable to eat and then use to decorate his nest. Always curious, the magpie loves to know what makes things tick, and if they are portable, so much the better—they can be examined at leisure in the nest!

The usual clutch of eggs is five or six. The incubation is done by the female alone, and

the eggs hatch in about eighteen days. During the breeding season, magpies are most destructive birds, for they are practically omnivorous as regards food. Although they usually eat insects and seeds, while brooding the nestlings the parents are forced by their greedy young to pillage other nests in search of tasty morsels like eggs and fledglings. Fledging of the young, which the male helps feed, lasts another 22 to 27 days.

Some years ago, Magpies were much more commonly kept as pets than they are at present. They make very attractive and amusing pets and, if taken young, are easily tamed. Their mischievous nature, both in the wild and in captivity, has over the years made them the subject of numerous stories both for adults and children.

U.C. Chopra

MORNING GLORY

After the dark night,

*A golden colour covers the eastern sky
And it gets deeper,*

*It looks like a sheet of golden dye
Then, like a bright golden ball*

*Appears the golden sun
The world is full of colour*

*And the night is almost done
Cock-a-doodle-doo*

Says the cock loudly,

Coo Hoo-Coo-hoo-Coo-hoo

Sings the cuckoo proudly

Some people wake up,

And go to do their duty

But others who are free,

Wake up to watch the morning's beauty

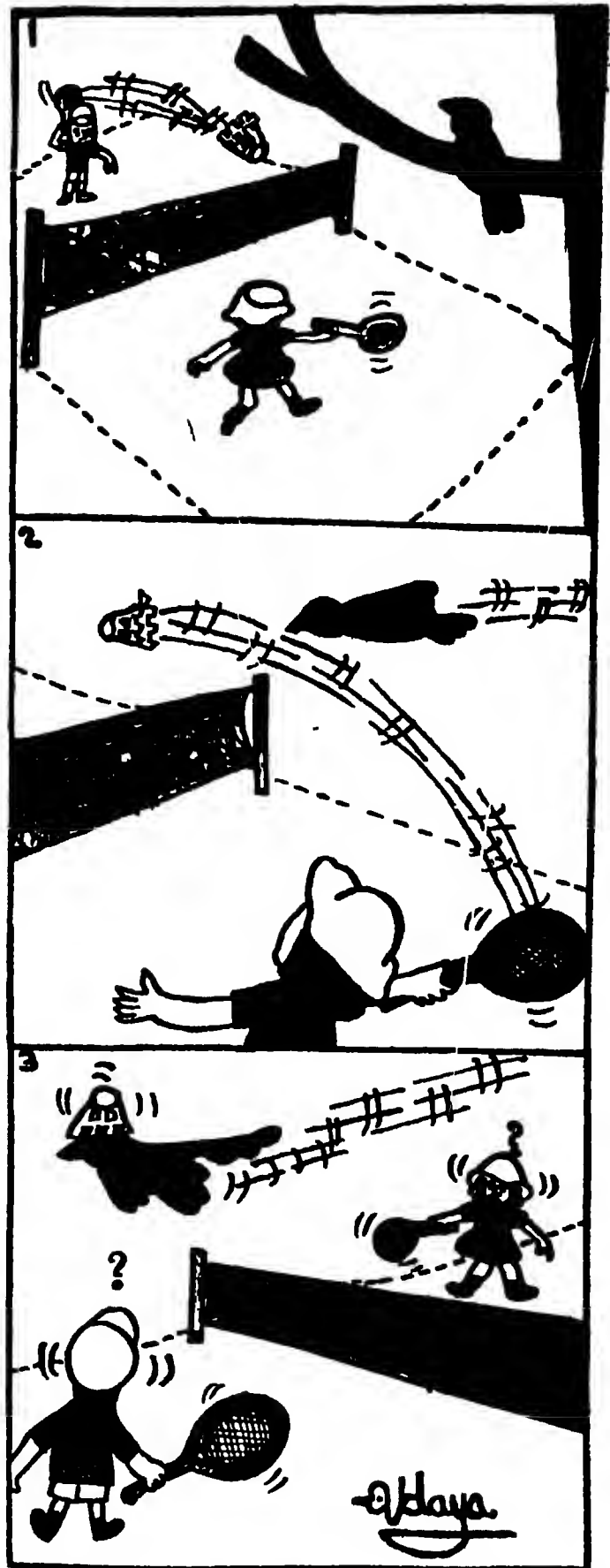
The world is full of colour,

Oh, what a wonderful sight,

This is the morning's glory,

After the dark, dreamy night

Samir Rawley (13)



THE DUEL

A LITTLE more than a year ago — on April 25, 1980 to be exact, 11-year-old Shripad Ira Naik and his elder brother Raghav, carrying axes on their shoulders and a length of rope set out in the evening, for the jungle near their village to collect firewood.

The boys never found it one bit odd, nor did they feel afraid — going alone, deep into the forest for, ever since they were capable of walking, their mother used to take them along whenever she went to fell trees for firewood. Besides, adventurous lads that they were, very often they had ventured into the heart of the forest on their own, and knew it like the back of their hand.

No tree anywhere along their route seemed to suit their purpose. The boys had been walking for an hour when they chanced upon a dead tree blocking their path. 'Obviously, that storm two days ago must have uprooted it,' thought Raghav, resting his axe-head on the hollow trunk and leaning on the handle. 'Where, oh where should we start?' Ever since they had left home, this trunk seemed to be the only one suitable for firewood. But, then, no one could possibly drag so huge a trunk all the way back. Should they go back without any firewood, and let everyone go hungry or forage further?

Seeing his elder brother's brow knitted with worry, Shripad hesitantly said, "Why don't you cut the top branches — see there they are — meanwhile I'll cut up the roots and try to chip away blocks from the base here."

Raghav, turning to look in the direction where his brother was pointing, smiled. "Smart chap, eh! Just what we need!"



Shripad Ira Naik of Karnataka, one of the children who were recipients of the Bravery Awards in 1980

thought he, moving into the shoulder high tiger grass, edging closer to the chopping site. Before starting, he yelled "Shripad! Just cut the roots, and don't you dare go out far or slacken!" A wave of the hand was all he got in reply.

The evenings' silence was shattered by the dull thuds of metal striking against wood. "Dhak! Dhak! Snap! Crash!" it went as branches fell a victim to the sharp axes. They were systematically stacked in neat piles to be tied up later. The boys were now competing to see who cut the most wood.

Realizing he was losing, Shripad put down his axe and stealthily crept up behind Raghav, wanting to shift part of *his* stock. But, in the process, the wood thief made so much noise that his brother, spinning round, nabbed him. Managing to free himself somehow, the eleven-year old ran to his end adding the wood to his collection with Raghav in hot pursuit. Then started a friendly tussle, with both of them giggling and threatening alternately.

At this juncture, a thunderous roar numbed them. What was it? Raghav tried to dash back for his axe, but was restrained by Shripad, who felt the sound was coming from the exact spot where his brother had worked a few moments ago. "But armed we must be!" exclaimed Raghav, looking all round for an effective weapon. His eyes presently alighted on the second axe, seizing which he stood ready to encounter the intruder.

Meanwhile, the roar was heard again and again. Presently, it reduced itself to a deep-throated growl accompanied by a faint rustling of some bushes. Presuming it to be an enraged boar, both the brothers began shouting and throwing into the undergrowth the nearest missile-blocks of wood.

But imagine their utter surprise when out of the bush bang in front of them a five-foot-long tiger pounced right onto Raghav, throwing him to the ground and knocking the axe out of his hands into the shrubbery nearby. Shripad was dumbstruck! Horrified with terror-stricken eyes, he watched the entire gory drama.

The tiger, standing astride the lad, scratched and nipped at his body. Raghav began

shaking himself violently from side to side, bucking, kicking, and shrieking all the while to Shripad for help. But the youngster was too shocked to react. The victim, managing to extricate himself from the predator's grip, attempted to rise, but was viciously knocked down. Once again they were interlocked, sprawling in a spitting, clawing fight. In a moment of advantage, Raghav seized the tiger's massive jaws, and began forcing them apart with invincible strength. His groans and gasps, accompanied by the harsh, guttural, choking sounds of the marauder, all made the fight terrible in sound and fury.

Blood was streaming in rivulets down Raghav's body, blotted with bloody tatters of clothing. The vision in one eye was impaired due to injury and the deluge of sweat mingled with blood. Just as he was about to give in and submit to God's will, Shripad, shaken out of his unusual lethargy, swung into action. Using a log like a club, he charged at the tiger, emitting a blood-curdling wail.

The boy brought down the club with a sickening thud on the beast's rump. Then another and yet another, each one harder than its preceding blow. Seeing that these whacks did not have the desired effects, the lad jumped right onto the big cat's back, and there began delivering his blows all over again.

The tiger must have received the shock of its life. It was strong all right, but not hunt-proof. The knocks with the wooden block pained him, but still he doggedly kept savaging Raghav. Finally, not being able to bear the spanking any longer, it swung around — dislodging Shripad. Seeing that a mere morsel-sized boy had been inflicting all these tortures, the beast's temper rose. Snarling, it crouched, making ready to spring.

By now Shripad's blood, too, was boiling. Rising and swinging his log around, the lad



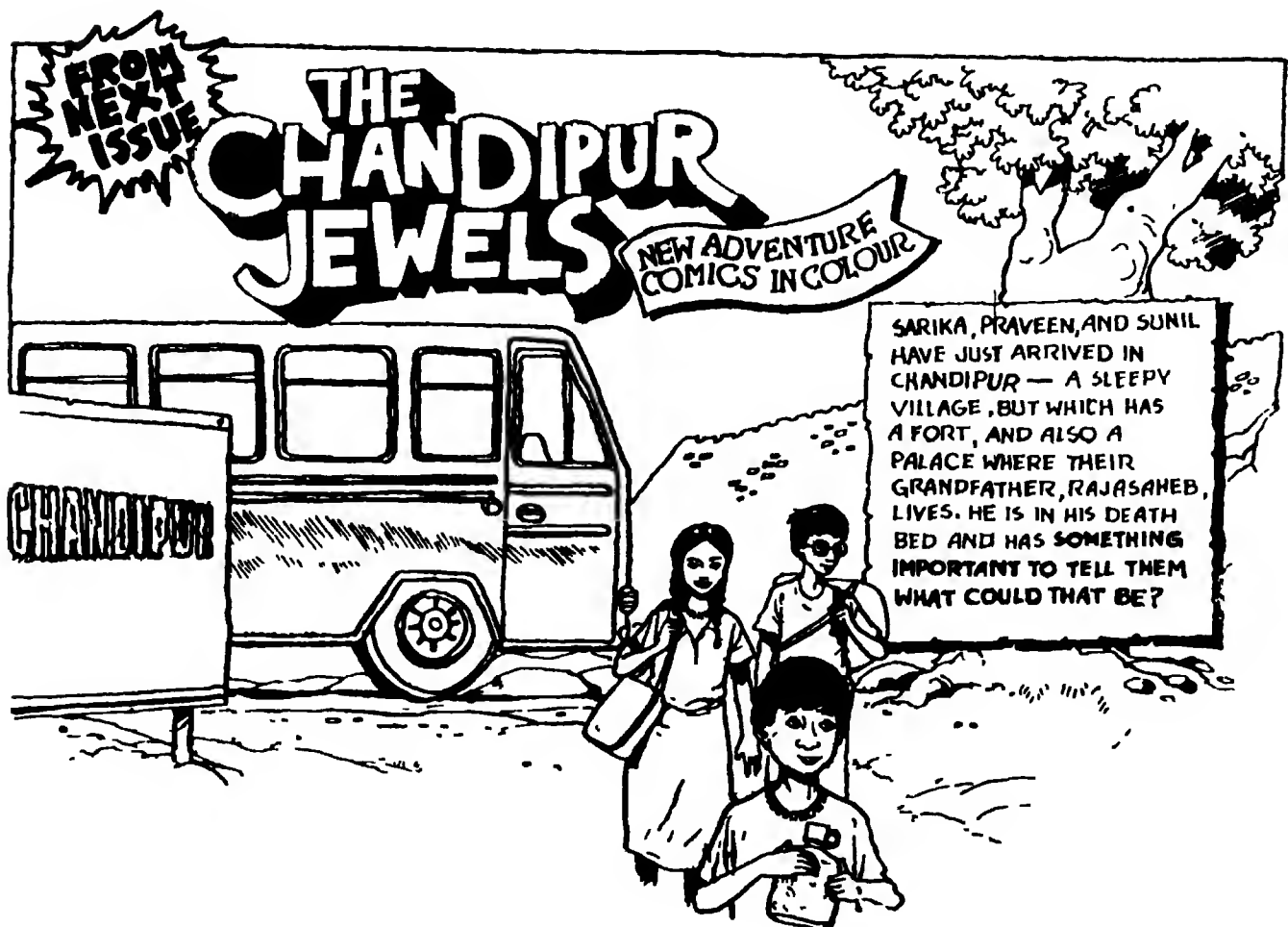
let go. Spinning through the air, it struck the startled tiger straight in the face! Letting out a painful howl, the beast leapt right over Shripad's head into the dense undergrowth from where it had come, and could be heard crashing down somewhere in the bushes.

Raghav, though badly mauled, was still in a condition to walk and with younger brother Shripad as his crutch managed to stagger home, groaning all the way. The villagers

later moved him over to Sirsi, where he was hospitalised for a long time.

The news of little Shripad's bravery could not remain hidden for long. The Government decided to confer on him a special award for bravery for showing his presence of mind and, above all, total fearlessness when tackling the striped menace.

Shiv Dhawan



The Melons I Miss

THEY were unripe melons. In size they were small, smaller than cucumbers. But they were a deeper green, with bold, yellow stripes.

As yet they had no musky smell. Nor did they have the sweetness of the ripe fruit. They were tender and tasty in their own way.

We called them 'kachri'. This was obviously because they were *kutchra* — not ripe. But the name suited them for another reason, too. We did not just eat them. We crunched them.

They came at the beginning of summer. At first, father brought home cucumbers for salad. Long, snaky cucumbers. And then cucumbers and *kachris*.

Each tickled our childish fancy. Before they were sliced, the cucumbers were cut at the top and treated with salt. This took the bitterness out of them, we were told. Whether it did or not, we liked to watch the cutting and salting.

Easier to serve were the other cucumbers. They needed no rubbing with salt. They needed no removing of the skin. They were simply to be cut into pieces. But their size aroused our curiosity. Some were as long as our arms, even longer.

As for the *kachris*, we at once went

for them. They were something of a rarity. Not that they were in short supply. But during the long summer, you saw them for a short while. As they grew bigger, they became tough and tasteless. Nobody bought them, then.

The elders always sliced them. If necessary, they cut off the striped skin, too. We children did not bother to cut them. We gobbled them, skin and all.

"Goats!" said the elders. We grinned and gobbled on.

Once we began crunching, we did not stop until the *kachri* was finished. If we stopped after the first bite, our wry faces revealed before we spoke what the matter was. The *kachri* was bitter!

People ate heaps of these small melons. Also, they pickled a lot of them. The green things were sliced halfway twice to put the spices in. A spoonful of turmeric gave their green a touch of yellow. They were preserved in oil. The pickle had a nice, appetising smell.

Were any melons left to ripen after this? Plenty of them. And they came to the bazaars in a flood. There were melons, melons everywhere.

No *kachris* were to be seen now. But the *kachri* pickle was there yet. You could buy potsful of it.

O. P. Bhagat

DENIS COMPTON

An Artist with the Bat

DENIS CHARLES SCOTT COMPTON'S cricket career was almost as fascinating as the man himself. Born only a mile or two away from Lord's on May 23, 1918, the boy showed early signs of developing into a prodigy, and at the age of 14 was invited to join the M.C.C. Ground Staff after a superb not out century in a friendly fixture. There, while selling score-cards and rolling pitches, he caught glimpses of his idols, and was indeed so cricket-mad that he used to get out of bed in the middle of the night to imitate the strokes of Hobbs and Hendren, his two idols!

When only 18, Compton was asked to turn out for Middlesex, but he blotted his copybook by forgetting to bring along his kit, and also, which was much worse, being dismissed for a 'duck'. His undoubted genius could not be kept in suspense for very long, and when the 1937 New Zealanders came to England, he became that country's youngest-ever Test player. At 19 years 83 days, his fluent strokeplay in compiling 65 stylish runs in his Test debut marked him out as a rising star of the first magnitude.

The 1938 Australians provided much stronger and sterner opposition. In his very first Test against the arch enemy, he became the youngest English cricketer ever to score a century when he scored a handsome 102, adding a record 206 for the fifth wicket with veteran

Eddie Paynter. "Compton," Sir Neville Cardus noted, "was the picture of confident and graceful youth. The flavour and blossoming skill of his innings were delightful. Here is a cricketer who will for years bring into Test cricket a flavour, a bloom."

Cricket's last season before the



Second World War, 1939, saw the West Indians in England. The first Test provided a sight which warmed the cockles of many an English heart, for here, almost for the first time, two of its most promising young batsmen, who were later to make such an impact on the world scene, joined together in putting the West Indian attack to the sword. Len Hutton (196) and Denis Compton (120), with their vastly contrasting styles, nevertheless put on 248 runs in a stand that regaled the crowd for 140 minutes.

What might well have been Compton's fruitiest seasons were taken up by the War, but when the dark clouds cleared, Denis had gained in experience and was at his fascinating best. The year 1947 marked the zenith of his career. In this glorious season he could not put a foot wrong. Against the visiting South Africans he was particularly severe, hitting 65 and 163 in the first Test, 208 in the second at Lord's, 115 in the third, ending with a final interdict 113 in just 105 minutes out of 178 in the last. Thus, in Tests alone, he hit up 753 in 8 innings, the highest aggregate ever achieved by an Englishman in England. Records fell like over-ripe plums in a gale: not only did he achieve the world record for a season's aggregate (3,816 runs at 90.85) but also scored the record tally of centuries (18), bettering Sir Jack Hobbs's previous record by two.

Came 1948 and the formidable Australians under the imperious captaincy of Don Bradman. Compton, in a disastrous series for England, emerged as by far its most successful batsman. In the first Test, he hit a classic 184, his highest Test innings against Australia and his best. His second great effort

came at Old Trafford after a severe injury. He had been batting only a few minutes when a vicious bouncer from Lindwall took the edge of the bat and hit him smack on the forehead, just above the eye. Compton retired to have stitches put and, when he finally reappeared with a bandaged head, England were tottering precariously at 119 for 5. No quarter was asked and none given, but Compton batted in his best vein. When the last English wicket fell, he returned to the pavilion amidst thunderous cheers with a gallant, unbeaten 145 scored in 5½ hours—an innings that took his country from a dismal 5 for 119 to a respectable total of 363 all out.

For Compton's next memorable innings we shall have to turn to the 1948-49 visit to South Africa. The occasion was a match against Transvaal. His first hundred came in 66 minutes, and the second took him 78 more. The third was plundered incredibly, in just 37 minutes. His combined effort of 300 not out thus took him only 180 minutes—by far the fastest triple-hundred in first-class cricket annals. He set another record on that tour by becoming the most prolific batsman in a South African season with 1,781 runs at 84.80. Compton (by then Bradman had retired) was hailed in many quarters as the world's foremost batsman.

Henceforth, however, Compton's cricket was marked by a falling off in the very high standards he had set himself, so much so that in the 1950-51 series against the Aussies he could average only 7.57 in 8 innings. He never quite descended to such depths again, but the old magic had unmistakably gone. Occasionally, when his troublesome knee permitted him, he was his own scintilla-

ting self, but in form or out, he was beyond doubt the most popular and charismatic of English Test cricketers.

In his farewell Test appearance against Australia in 1957 at the age of 38, he covered himself with glory by making runs when most needed in both innings. His knocks of 94 and 35 not out in that Oval Test were in the best Compton tradition, and E W Swanton wrote that Denis batted "with a facility that took one back almost to 1948. One scarcely knew which to admire more, the fortitude that had impelled him to return despite so grievous a handicap (he had just undergone a delicate operation on his knee) or the touch of genius that enabled him to make light of it."

In a memorable career, Compton made 38,942 runs in first class cricket with 123 centuries at an average of 51.85, while in 131 Test innings he totted up 5,807 run with 17 centuries at 50.06. His highest Test score was a knock of 278 against Pakistan, achieved in 1954 and in just 290 minutes. In addition to this, he was a most competent left-arm leg-break bowler (with an occasional 'chinaman' thrown in). As a fielder he could be brilliant or indifferent according to the dictates of his temperament, now holding an absolute blinder with deceptive nonchalance, now flooring a simple 'sitter'.

Denis Compton's was a personality of compelling charm. His natural modesty and inevitably romantic and adventurous temperament allied to his pleasing sunburnt features and handsome bearing made him cricket's drawing card No. 1. Numerous are the stories that are told of his legendary prowess of losing himself and his baggage, and at least one baggage master of world renown

(Bill Ferguson) has gone on record as saying that he would rather look after 15 different people than one Denis Compton. Richie Benaud, his great contemporary, guesses that a watch and a calendar are two of the last things that Denis looks at in life. His running between the wickets was a constant source of alarm to team-mates, and John Warr has said that he was the only player to call his partner for a single and wish him good luck at the same time.

Happy days in the sun — days when Denis Compton wielded the willow. He was cricket's ornament and delight.

Mahiyar D. Morawalla



(Turn to page 47)

CHILDREN'S WORLD

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and comfort the whole
day through for young
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Bata



MR. BROWN'S CHERRIES

THE April sun had just gone to bed, and night had begun to fall. The world below darkened slowly, while Fairyland in the heavens above slowly came to life

Tiny was a naughty fairy. She was always playing tricks on everyone, and she seldom did as she was told, and so she was always being scolded or punished by the Fairy Queen.

The fairies painted the leaves on the trees—green in Spring and a reddish brown in Autumn. The tailor fairies stitched flowers, and the worker fairies hung them on the trees when the time came. Then the flowers turned into fruits, green in colour. This they had done a few nights ago, and now it was time to paint the green fruits on the cherry trees red.

It was not that Tiny did not know her work. She did, but tonight she was in a mischievous mood. She had planned to do something very naughty, something she had not mentioned to even her best friend, Twinkle, her partner in many tricks. No, this she was going to manage all by herself.

The fairies tucked into a sumptuous meal and then, picking up their cans of red paint, brushes and whatnot, they set off towards the grove of cherry trees. Each fairy picked a tree of her choice and set to work painting the cherries red. Not one of them had noticed that Tiny had exchanged her

can of red paint for two smaller ones of black and white paint.

She chose a tree quite away from the others and set to work. She began to paint the cherries in black and white checks, giggling to herself all the time. What a shock everyone would get when they saw this queer fruit!

Two hours before dawn, the fairies finished their task and returned to Fairyland. They gathered round a bonfire and had a hearty feast, singing fairyditties till daybreak. Then they all went to bed. No one even dreamt of Tiny's mischief!

The morning sun peeped at the Earth from behind small clouds. He smiled with pleasure and delight when he saw the red cherries, they had been green when he went to bed last night. Then his smile faded a little, and vanished. He had just seen the checked cherries. There was some mistake, he thought, there HAD to be! He was very old, but never in all his life had he seen such peculiar fruits before. He decided to tell the Fairy Queen.

But before the Sun could even move a little bit, Mr. Brown saw the fruits. The tree with checked fruits stood in his orchard, and he had seen the funny-looking fruits from his bedroom window while he dressed. The Sun saw him come out of his house in a hurry, not bothering to tie the sash of his dressing gown. He looked at the cher-

ries from all angles and scratched his bald head in a daze. Surely, these peculiar-looking fruits weren't cherries? Cherries were red. He plucked a cherry and smelt it. Then very, very cautiously he bit into one. Funny! The fruit tasted like any other cherry. The poor old man could not understand why his tree had produced such queer fruits.

Mr. Brown hurried over to his neighbour's house to tell him the news. Mr. Kent came back with him and studied the cherries just like Mr. Brown had done. Other people heard about the checked cherries in Mr. Brown's orchard, and flocked around to see them. Soon, there was quite a crowd in the old man's house. Everyone was puzzled about the cherries.

Just when Mr. Brown first saw the cherries from his window, Tiny had quietly crept out of bed to watch the fun. She really enjoyed the way everybody gaped at the fruit. Ha-ha! Wasn't it funny? She rubbed her hands in glee. Why, her trick had worked out just as she wanted! But Tiny had worked hard all night, and she was tired. So she crept back into her bed.

Meanwhile, there was a lot of excitement in the World below. People had heard about 'Brown's cherries', and thought that a new kind of fruit had been discovered. It was decided that this new fruit would be called 'Jerries' after Mr. Brown, whose full name was

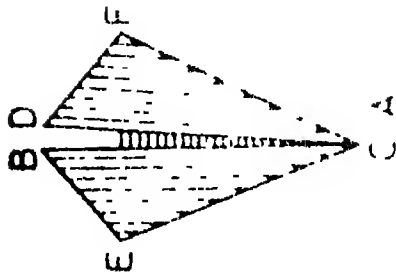
Jerry Brown. People liked the new name, because it sounded like 'cherries' and jerries DID taste like cherries.

Months went by. There were no more "jerries" on Mr. Brown's trees. Next April he waited for new jerries to appear. Mr. Brown had begun to feel very proud that he owned the only tree in the world that produced 'jerries'. But to his great surprise, the tree this time bore red cherries. He just could not understand. The jerries had vanished forever, because Tiny had been severely punished for her trick and she did not dare try it again. So now, every year, Mr. Brown waits for his 'jerries' and every time he is disappointed. He cannot understand what has happened to his tree.

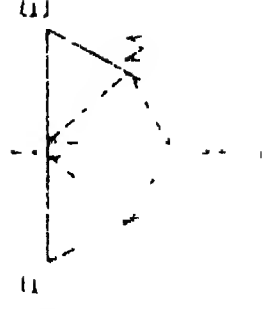
But we know, don't we?

Ariba Ali Shah

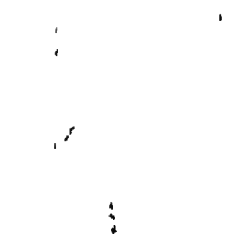
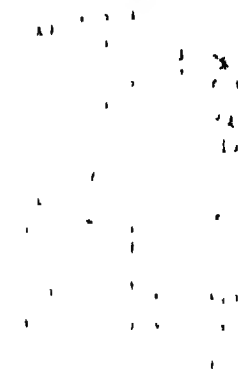
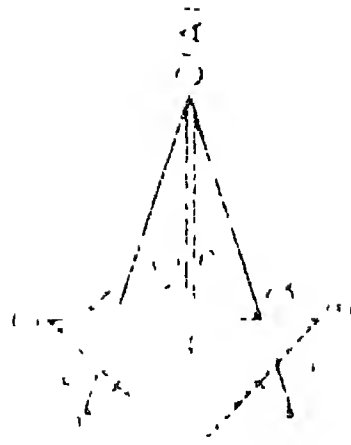




FOLD B AND D
ALONG EA



FOLD C AND A
ALONG BD



1 FOLD B AND D
ALONG EA
E AND D WILL COME
OUT AS E

2 BRING FLAP C
AND D TOGETHER

2 SWAP FLAP C
AND D TOGETHER

3 FOLD C AND D
ALONG EA

4 FOLD C AND D
ALONG EA

5 FOLD C AND D
ALONG EA

ORIGAMI THROUGH GEOMETRY-9

GOLD FISH

by S. Ranganathan

The "Boneless" Wonders

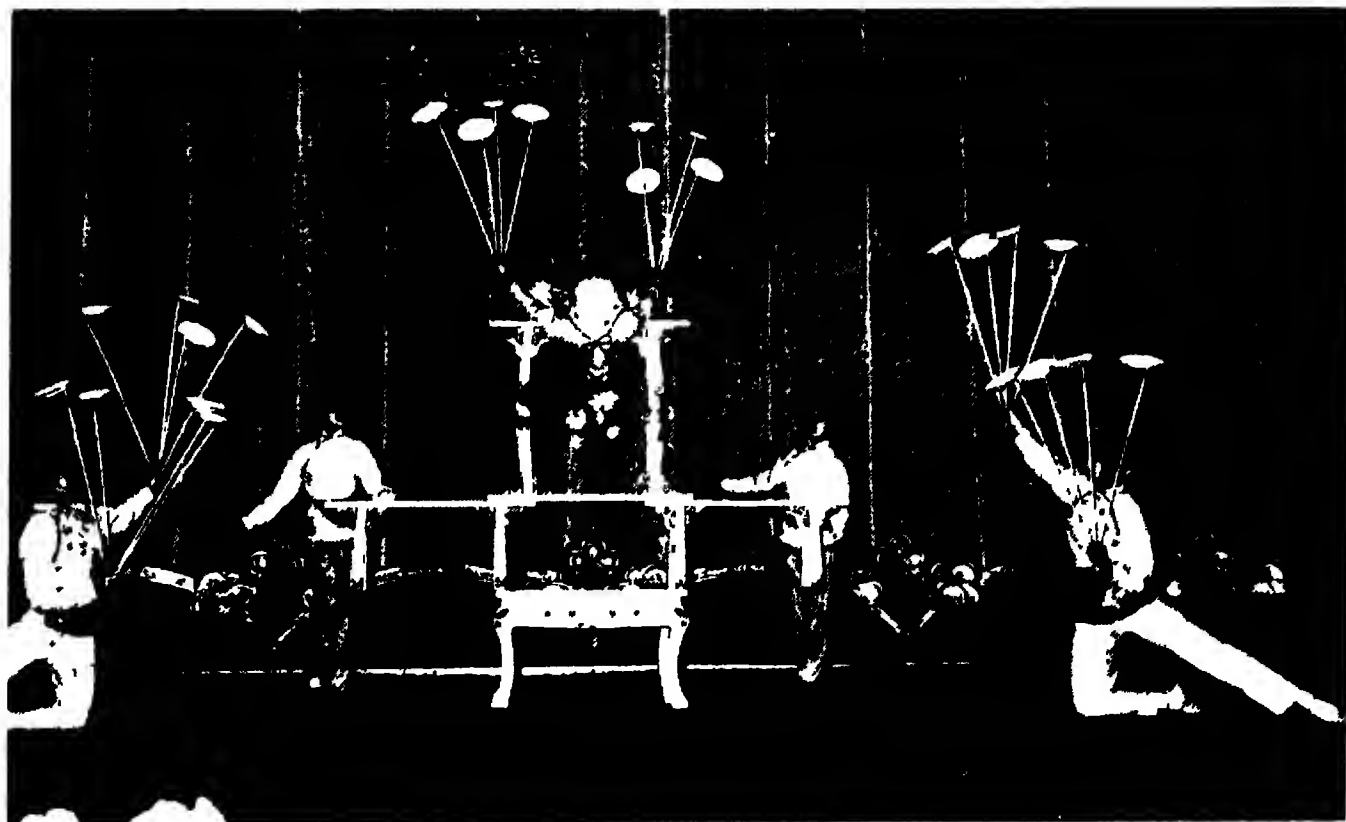
A FEW days ago, I had got up late, and missed my school bus. I jumped into the first bus that came my way and hung out perilously from the door. The men between whom I was squeezed were whispering a shade too audibly to each other. "My God," said one of them. "Those Chinese acrobats, none of them seems to have any bones on their bodies!" Before I could give much thought to anything other than my own acrobatics in the bus, it reached my school. I remembered the conversation only when the Editor rang me up at home that afternoon, asking me whether I could "cover" the Chinese

Acrobatic show for "Children's World".

I arrived at Talkatora Stadium. As usual, there was a scramble for seats and vantage points. The show was under the auspices of the Indian Council for Cultural Relations.

Let me first tell you something about the art of acrobatics. The acrobatic art is (hold your breath) 2,000 years old. And believe it or not, at that time this much clamoured for art was **not** popular. However, in 1948 when New China was 'born', this art was given a shot in the arm. The government boosted various arts including acrobatics. In 1963 this troupe named "Wuhan" was

"Spinning Saucers"





"Balancing Bicycles"

formed. It is now one of the biggest troupes in China, with 200 members. The group that came to India had 51 members, including 30 acrobats and 10 musicians. Their youngest performers were Hu Libo (an 11-year-old girl) and Wan Ji (a 12-year-old boy).

The first item portrayed the various moods of a lion. Both Hu Libo and Wan Ji played a prominent part in this act, by subduing the lion with fantastic acrobatic feats. The "lion" (actually two men on either side of a cloth skin) also did fabulous acrobatic feats, such as standing on its hind legs.

The next item was Spinning Saucers. In this, the artistes spun several saucers at the tips of medium-sized sticks. A woman performer even rotated (lying down on her stomach on a small stool) with teacups on the saucers!

After this, there was a magnificent show of acrobatic skills. Hu Libo jumped a rope. It was a skipping rope with a difference. It was Wan Ji! Then a tall pole with a swing attached to the top was brought on. A woman sat down on the swing that had a chain on it and did fantastic tricks, such as letting the chain fall but staying on the swing!

Following this was by far the best item of the show, named aptly 'Dexterous Feet'. Two women lay down on backless chairs, and spun around pots on their pots by throwing them up. The same was done with TABLES!! This item has to be seen to be believed!

"Balancing on Chairs"



The next item, "Balancing bicycles on a raised platform", may not sound as exciting as it was. An upraised platform in this shape was brought on to stage. Then a woman took a bike and balanced it on the platform. Then another platform was brought on, and another bike was put on top of it. Then Hu Libo and a few women artistes climbed on to the bike.

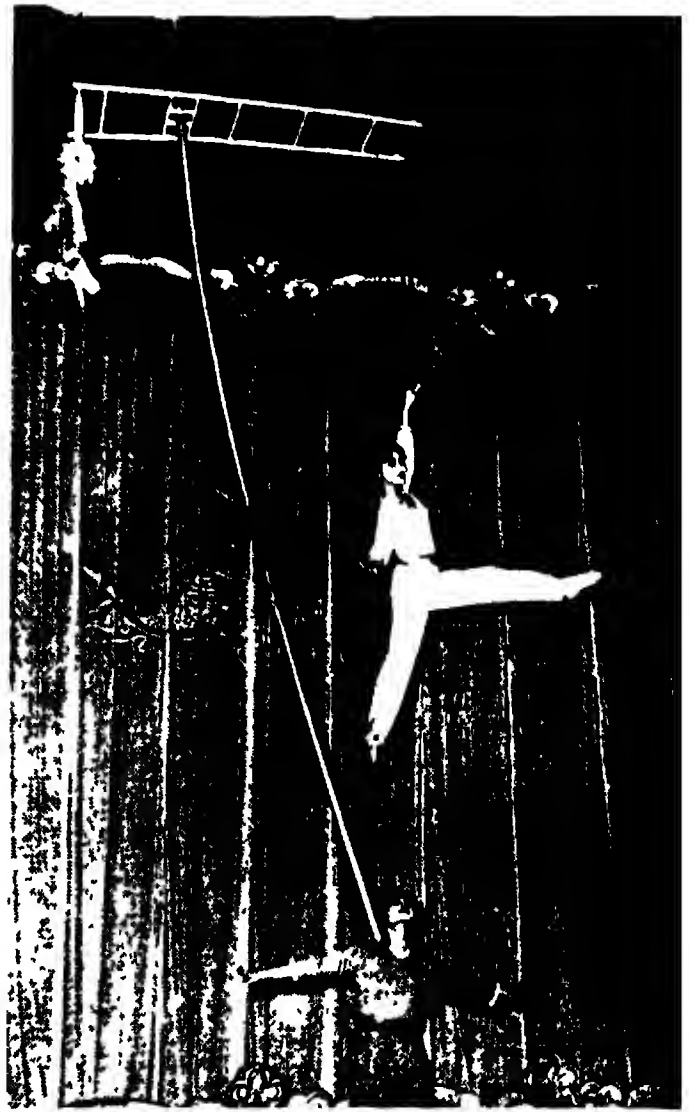
There were other bike items such as forming a high flower-shaped pyramid on a moving bike and riding a bike on only its back wheel. (Don't try that, I tried it and nearly broke my back and my bike, when the front wheel didn't lift, and I even slap-bang into a tree.)

The next item was a see-saw. A man jumped up from another man's shoulders. And jumped on to one side of the see-saw. The man at the other end shot up into the deep blue skies (actually I'm being poetic without much success. The 'deep blue skies' were actually just halfway to the black Talkatora Stadium) and descended onto a mattress. They did this twice. The man shot up——— and landed on the other man's shoulders!! And after that, both of them jumped simultaneously from one side to the other!!!

Following this, there were "Long pole tricks". In this the acrobats climbed up long poles (in the manner of monkeys).

Then a table was brought on. A chan was put on it (the chan was balanced on wine bottles) and men and women climbed onto the chan, each with one chan in hand, and formed a ladder (see photograph).

There was a show of jumping through rings. I find it very hard to describe and it has to be seen to be understood. In this, rings were placed on a table and men jumped through them. After this



"Trapeze Turns"

came "Whirling the Trident". A Chinese trident was thrown in the air, but it always came back to the thrower in the boomerang style.

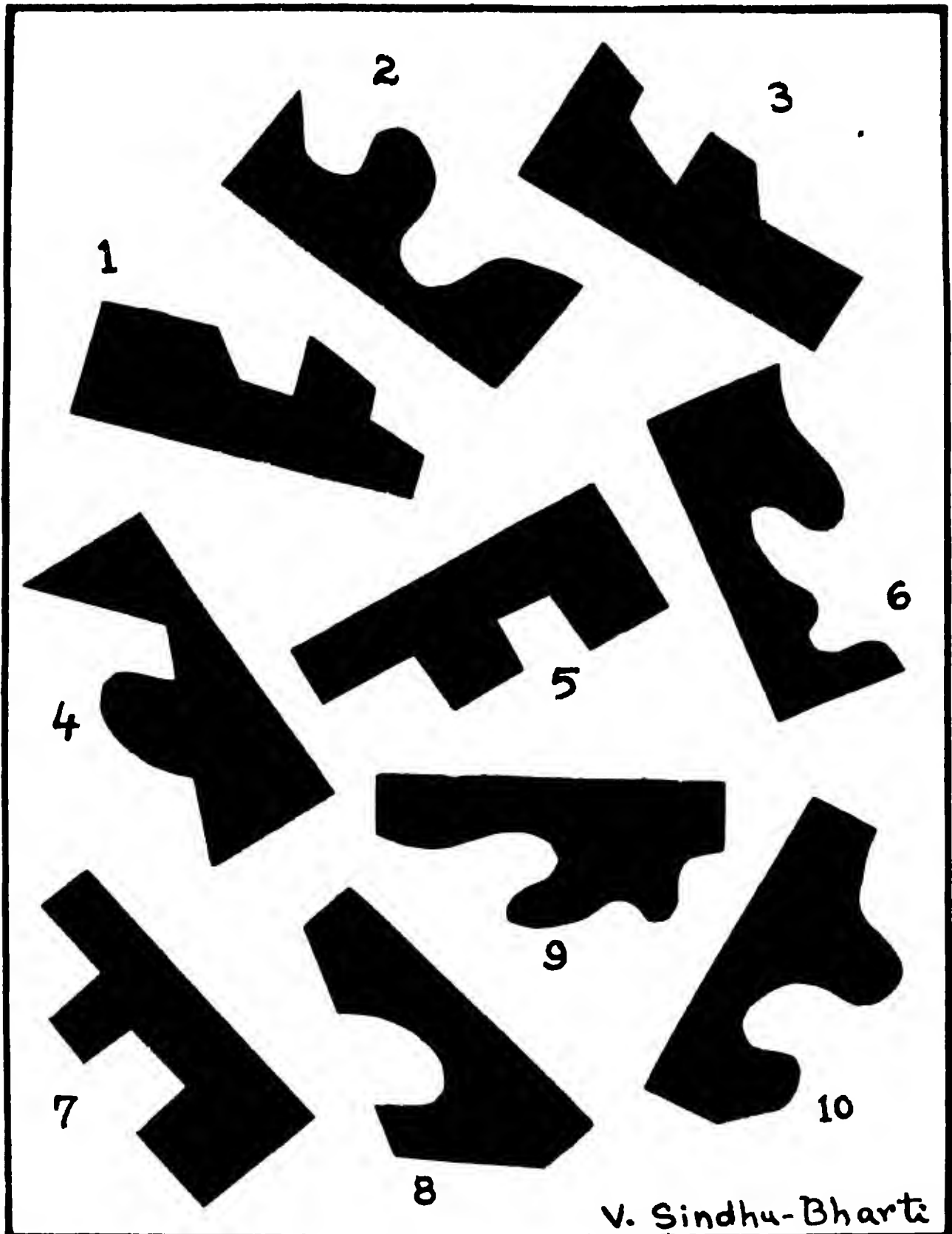
After this was the awesome "Dragon lantern dance" in which two dragons with red lights glowing inside them swirled about, dive, dart, shoot up, and retreat in complete darkness except for some green lamps moving about. It was magnificent.

On my way home, I understood what my two friends in the bus that morning meant by saying "boneless".

Praveen K. Swami (11)

FIND OUT THE PAIRS

Does this look like a jig-saw puzzle? No, but you can make them into pairs. Can you try, without tracing them or cutting them out? The "pairing numbers" are given elsewhere in this issue



Van Allen and the Radiation Belts

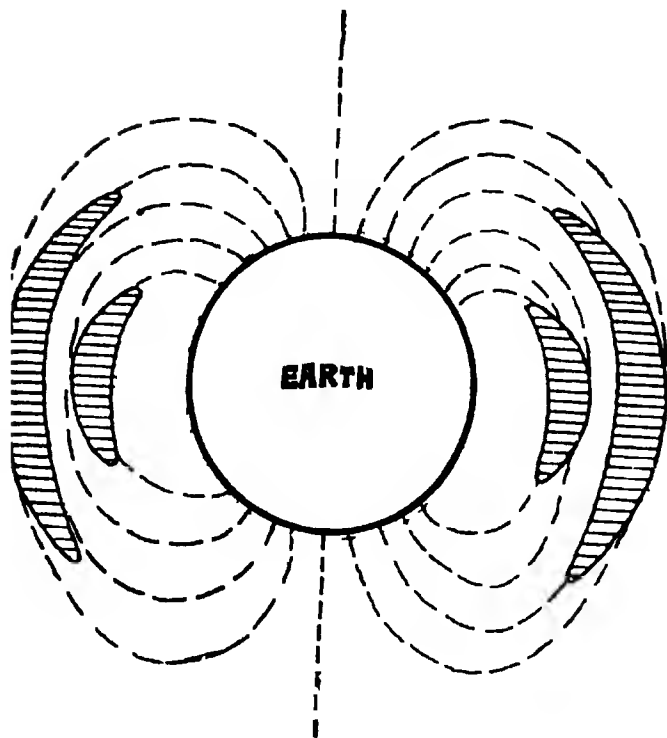
ON January 31, 1958, the USA launched her first satellite, **Explorer I**, into space. It carried besides test instruments a small radiation measuring counter. As the satellite began to circle the earth, the counter showed a puzzling phenomenon. For some time it showed high radiation in the upper space and then just zero radiation! It was quite perplexing to the investigating scientists, because it was believed that as one goes up, the intensity of Cosmic rays—charged particles coming from outer space—would increase. The subsequent space missions also gave puzzling results.

The puzzle was, however, solved when one of the investigating scientists

claimed that the radiation-measuring counter read zero not because there was no radiation in upper space, but the radiation was too high to be recorded by the counter. So in **Explorer IV**, the counter was modified. A thick lead shield, which does not allow weak radiations to pass through, covered the counter. When the satellite began to orbit the earth, the shielded counter recorded the radiation, which was, however, a thousand times or more than what the scientists had expected at that altitude in upper space. Later space missions showed that high radiation is spread all around the earth at an altitude of 2,400 to 5,600 kilometres except at the polar regions, and that above



this region of high radiation there is still another similar region at an altitude of 12,800 to 19,200 kilometres. These regions of immensely high radiation, which can easily kill a human being, are therefore like two giant moats around the earth with two drawbridges at the poles (see diagram)



The credit for the discovery of these so-called "radiation belts" goes to Dr James Van Allen and his team of scientists. At an international scientific meet at Geneva, it was unanimously decided to name the belts after their discoverer, so they have today assumed the name "Van Allen radiation belts". In due course, Dr Van Allen and his team also explained the presence of the belts. The charged particles coming from the sun and cosmos (solar wind and cosmic rays respectively) get trapped temporarily in the magnetic field of the earth producing the belts. No charged particles are present over the polar region because the magnetic lines of force are not pre-

sent there, as can be seen from the diagram. Today, the presence of these dangerous belts is always taken into consideration while planning the trajectory of any spacecraft sent into space, to the moon or other planets.

James Van Allen was born on September 7, 1914, at Mount Pleasant, Iowa, U.S.A. His father was a lawyer. From childhood, his father impressed upon him the value of good reading and told him how to utilise time at its fullest. So, at an early age, James was keen to know more about a scientific principle than a story. He always carried out experiments and invented things at home. Even during his college days, he was considered a better scientist than many of his college professors! His interest in Cosmic rays, which later initiated him to explore the upper space, was sparked off when he joined a scientific expedition to the Antarctic in 1933-35. Came the second World War, and Van Allen joined the war research department. Here he designed a "proximity fuze"—a device which explodes an anti-aircraft shell as soon as it (the shell) is about to hit a flying aircraft. The experience he gained in inventing this device later helped him in building miniaturised radiation counters to be incorporated into experimental rockets and satellites.

After World War II, the V-2 rockets built by Hitler's Germany to destroy England were transferred to the U.S.A. They replaced the balloons, which were then being used for conducting research on outer space. Van Allen also joined the research team which was conducting research on outer space by means of V-2 rockets. Those were the early days of rocket research and provided ample opportunities for Van Allen to make use of his inventive abilities. He was res-

possible for designing a tiltable tower for launching rockets so that winds did not affect the launch. He incorporated a device in the rocket which, on a radio command, cut off the fuel supply of the rocket if it deviated from its planned trajectory. He is also renowned for designing and developing Rockoons—the rockets that are launched from balloons when the latter are at considerable altitudes above the earth. He reached the peak of his inventive capability when he made the overall design of Aerobees—the first US research rockets. No doubt, he is today one of the greatest living pioneers of space.

In 1953, when one of the Aerobee rockets recorded more Cosmic rays than was expected at an altitude of about 48 kilometres, Van Allen realised that more extensive research of the upper space was called for. He was, therefore, one of the first few scientists to urge the US Government to place an instrument-borne satellite in an orbit of the earth. Since his discovery of the radiation belts by means of satellites, he has not looked back. Even today he is actively engaged in research on various aspects of atmosphere and outer space by means of satellites.

Once a reporter asked him what was the use of his greatest discovery of the radiation belts, and he replied, modestly, "Yes, I've made a pretty good living off them!"

Dilip M. Salvi

Our Favourite Haunt

*What do you call a place
which beholds many a solemn face,
coming in and going out,
always a whisper, never a shout?
Dim faces, dull lives,
never a sparkle in the eyes
In come people, bent double,
not with age
but by seeing
coiled cobras forlorn fish
frogs heart beating in a dish
creaky cockroaches reticent rats
pinned on a board the wings of bats
coloured liquid and intellectual talk
cross sectional slides of onion stalk
horrors magnified by strange machines—
all this is shown to us in our teens!
Isn't it strange?
Must be awfully bad
to stand in such a graveyard!
Our parents forbid us
to enter such a place again
Oh! but won't they be shocked
that we think it's fab,
and that's because it's our BIO LAB?*

Arti Lall (14)

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IPRA MEKOLA— THE CHILD COMPOSER



“O BHARAT MACI” The echoes of a sweet song traveled across the school ground and reached my ears. I stopped fascinated, and looked back. A short, handsome lad, about 12, was sitting on a pile of wooden planks outside the ground. As I walked upto him, he gave me a warm smile. ‘Hello Ipra!’ I said. Yes, he was Ipra Mekola, a budding composer and child prodigy from Romig, a tiny town in eastern Arunachal. He is a student of Class IV in the Vivekananda Kendra Vidyalaya, Romig.

But Ipra is better known for something else. It was he who last year led the brilliant march past at the “Romig Rally”, the first Inter-School Sports and Cultural Meet of the Vivekananda Kendra Vidyalayas in Arunachal Pradesh. To the visitors, some of whom had come from as far as Kanyakumari, Bombay, and Delhi, it was a memorable occasion, and the boys won praise even at the hands of Mr. R.N. Haldipur, the Lt. Governor of Arunachal Pradesh, who took the salute. All those who saw Ipra that day were thrilled. ‘He’ll become an

army commander when he grows up!’ they must have thought.

Ipra, who was then only in Class III, has come a long way since. Now more people know him as a budding composer not only in his mother-tongue Idu, but also in Adi, a widely spoken language of Arunachal. He has already broadcast over the radio twice.

We chatted about his songs. “How did you first think of composing?” I asked.

“Even as a child, I had been hearing people singing their own songs. So, it set me wondering: can’t I also compose songs? And soon, to my surprise, ideas started coming. I thought of ‘Bharat Mata’—and then it became so easy. In just one day, I had composed this song **O Bharat maci**,” Ipra answered smilingly, his eyes twinkling—it was the twinkle of intense patriotism.

“When was that?”

“It was some two years ago, but I did not set it to music.”

“But we heard your song first at last year’s Romig Rally, didn’t we?”

“Yes,” Ipra nodded. “By then, I had

learnt to play the harmonium. I set it to music just a few days before the Rally."

Little wonder, I thought. Music is in the very breath of these people from the hills and valleys of the Brahmaputra. Composing songs and ballads is child's play for the simple rural folk; only not much of it has been collected and published as literature.

"How many songs have you composed so far?" I asked.

"About ten."

"And all of them set to tunes?"

"O, not yet, Uncle. Only half of them have been set to music."

"How do you do it, Ipra?" I asked again.

He smiled at me and said, "I sit with the harmonium; suddenly I hit upon a tune. I play it and try it. If I find it okay, I play it to some of my friends and ask whether they like it. It's rather

easy, Uncle," the young composer's eyes twinkled once again.

"How do you get your ideas? On what subjects have you written your poems?"

"What a beautiful country our Arunachal is! You have the blue hills, the sparkling rivers, the snowy peaks, and Goddess Donyi (Sun goddess) to cheer us! Besides, Swami Vivekananda inspires me very much!" he answered, his face glowing.

I sat spellbound by his words—his is, indeed, a poet's heart!

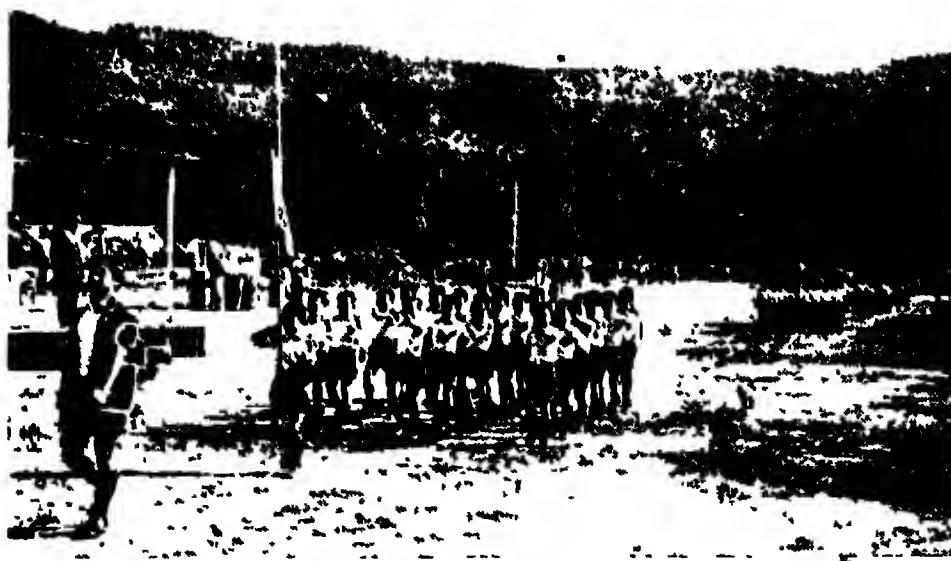
"Which of your songs do you consider the best?" was my next query.

"All are good, Uncle," pat came the answer!

"Well done, Ipra! Do you encourage your friends also to compose poems?"

"Yes, Uncle," came an eager voice from my side. It was Ipra's friend Jepel Saring "I've also composed a song"

Ipra Mekola leading the march past at the Roing Rally, with the Lt. Governor of Arunachal Pradesh taking the salute.



Ipri has been a good 'music teacher' in his home village too, I learn. He hails from a farmer's family in Kionli, a small village five days march from Romg (To my brothers and sisters from the south, west and north India, let me say this is nothing uncommon in hilly regions, like Arunachal or Nagaland. In the absence of motorable roads, one has to 'march', and the distance is measured by the number of days one has to march.)

"Ipri, promise us a real treat at the next Rally," I remarked as I bade him good-bye.

Ipri didn't disappoint us at all. A few days later, when the 2nd Inter-School Sports and Cultural Meet of the Vivekananda Kendra Vidyalayas began at Janampur, in Tnap District, he won laurels once again. For the second time, he commanded a superb march past before the Lt Governor and we all stood visibly moved.

In the evenings that followed, the Romg Vidyalaya boys rendered three of his compositions, while Ipri sang and played the harmonium with them. The whole audience was in ecstasies as Lote Linggi sang out his heart, "VKV, VK Vidyalaya lo!" It won him the prize for the best solo song! It wasn't long before every other boy in the Meet was humming this fine piece composed by one of their brothers from Romg.

Ipri Mckola has set a fine example to children all over India by concentrating on all round development of his talents. This was definitely what Swami Vivekananda meant by 'man-making education'. For, apart from his talents in music, Ipri is a gifted painter and a good footballer. And his teachers are glad that he is as good in studies, too!

S. Mundayoor



A PROUD MOMENT

I STUDY in the DTEA Higher Secondary School, Laxmibai Nagar, New Delhi, in the VII class. One day, our class teacher asked us to give our names if we were interested in taking part in the English Recitation competition organised by the Ramakrishna Mission. She gave us an English passage for rehearsing. I, along with another boy, was chosen by our teacher for the final.

I practised the passage daily at my home and in school during leisure-time. The recitation competition was held on February 20 last at the Ramakrishna Mission. To my surprise, I was adjudged the best candidate and selected for the first prize. About 1,800 students from various schools in Delhi had taken part in the recitation competition.

Two days later, I received my prize from the Lt Governor of Delhi, Mr. Jagmohan. My joy knew no bounds.

S. Mohan



...AND NOW A GIRL MAGICIAN!

H EARD of Nisha the girl magician? Nisha Engineer is in the VIIIth standard in the Tata Girls High School in Navsari, Gujarat. Eleven-year-old Nisha won the First Prize in the All India Magic Competition held by the Magicians Association of Rajasthan, on February 22 last. The competition was held at Sikar in memory of the late P.C. Sorkar. Over 150 magicians, between 11 and 70 years, took part and 38 of them were selected for awards. Nisha won the top two shields.

In the first Magic Competition for children on July 30, 1980 held in Jabalpur, Madhya Pradesh, Nisha won a silver medal. A special award was given to her for Best performance and Showmanship. She held a show in

Delhi on July 26 and won many prizes. The same day she gave a special performance in the presence of Prime Minister Indira Gandhi.

Nisha can perform for 3 hours at a stretch and independently, too. So far, she has given 94 shows in Delhi, Bombay, Navsari, Surat, Chikhli, and other places. Nisha presents about 65 items in 3 hours time.

Her 'Kala-Guru' is K. Lal, known as the world's fastest magician. Looking at her grand success, time is not far when her ambition to participate in an international magic competition will be fulfilled.

Dharamvir Jayner

(Continued from page 10)

mark on the tallest pillar

"Now I can prove that I have been to the end of the earth," he said to himself, rushing back

The Buddha was waiting for him patiently.

"I've come back from the end of the world," cried Monkey

"Can you prove it?" asked Lord Buddha

"Oh, yes, I've put a mark on the tallest column at the end of the world," replied Monkey in a proud voice

The Buddha stretched out his beauti-

ful hand. "Look," he said.

Then Monkey saw the mark made by him on the Lord's middle finger. The five pink pillars were the five fingers of the Buddha!

Monkey then realised that he had been turning somersaults on Lord Buddha's hand!

Realising his defeat, Monkey tried to run away. But before he could do so, the Buddha covered him with his palm and imprisoned him in a mountain of water, fire, wood and earth—a prison from which no one can escape

All creation then heaved a sigh of relief

(Chinese mythology retold by Sujaya Sen)



PEN-FRIENDS CORNER

Dear Reader,

Membership to Children's World Pen-friends Club is open once again. If you are not already a member, you may enrol yourself by filling in the accompanying enrolment form. After filling it up, cut out the form, paste it carefully on a postcard, and mail it to us. The form facilitates indexing and preservation of records. Those who have already sent in their particulars before June 15 need not send them again in the form. Limit your hobbies and choice of countries from where you wish to have pen-friends to TWO. Whenever you write to your pen-friend, it will be advisable to mention your Member Number. Good Luck!

3015

R. Suguna (girl, 11)
C/o Mr. N. Ramachandran
Stores Officer
Dalmia Cement Bharat Ltd
Dalmiapuram 621651
Tiruchy District
Tamilnadu, India
Stamps, indoor games
Any country

3016

Bandita Rucha (g, 14)
H/1177 Chittaranjan Park
New Delhi 110019
Music, nature study
USA, Japan

3017

Paula Sulanto (g, 16)
Lammasslammeutie 17 A 1
01710 Vantaa 71
Finland
Postcards, dancing
India

3048

Sandeep Bahl (boy, 12)
4/12 Saivpriya Vihar
New Delhi 110016
Com-collecting
Canada, England

3049

Trilok Narain (b, 15)
Sector 9/627
R. K. Puram
New Delhi 110022
Posters, music, cooking
Finland, Australia

3050

Tam Shinghal (g, 15)
5B/48, Sector 10
Bhilai
Madhya Pradesh, India
Swimming, music
Australia, France

3051

Samina Sultana (g, 14)
Plot 29, Sector 1
Opposite OSIO
Gandhinagar 370 201
Kutch, Gujarat, India
Painting, pop music
USSR, Germany

3052

Minna Laevonen (g, 16)
Kaukatu 16 A5
04830 Kemi 83
Finland
Music, folk dances
India

3053

Angela Mondello (g, 11)
1510 Pel PKway S
Bx N Y 10461
Collecting rocks
India

3054
Frank Trippi (b, 10)
1819 Williamsbridge Road
Bx. N Y. 10461
Models
India

3055
Anuradha Bothra (g, 11)
45 Syed Amir Ali Ave.
Calcutta 700019
Travelling, movies
Any country

3056
Nilesh Bothra (b, 9)
45 Syed Amir Ali Ave
Calcutta 700019
Stickers, coins
U S A , Germany

3057
Anita Vasudevan (g, 12)
1/549-C "Supriya"
11th Road, Chembur
Bombay 400071
Western music, disco dancing
Germany

3058
George Thomas (b, 12)
16 B, Dilkusha Street
Park Circus
Calcutta 700017
Movies, comics
USA, Canada

3059
Jyoti Thomas (g, 11)
16 B Dilkusha St
Park Circus
Calcutta 700017
Reading, correspondence
Japan, Canada

3060
Peter Thomas (b, 8)
Thommachan's House
26/1982 Tutors Lane
Statue Road,
Trivandrum 695001
Kerala, India
Astronomy, viewcards
UK, Norway

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DID YOU KNOW ?

A 'lead' pencil is a misnomer. This so-called lead is actually Graphite — and fine clay with some chemicals. The term came in use because commercial graphite was originally known as black lead.

The Sargasso Sea has no land boundaries to mark it off from the rest of the North Atlantic Ocean. It is set apart only by sea-weeds that float on its surface.

The first successful parachute descent was made in 1797 by Andre Garnerin, who descended from a balloon over Paris.

The last three pairs of ribs in your rib cage are known as 'floating ribs' as they are not attached to the breastbone in the front. They are, however (like the other pairs of ribs) attached to the backbone.

The famous writer George Eliot was the pen name of Marian Evans, who wrote some of the most memorable novels like *Silas Marner* and *Mill on the Floss*.

A Free Port is a port where goods (imported and exported) can be loaded or unloaded without the payment of customs duties.

Tides are caused by the gravitational pull of the sun and the moon. When the sun and moon are acting together, they cause high tides and when they act in opposition, they cause small tides called Neap tides.

Ambika



NEWS

CHILDREN'S BOOK TRUST had the unique distinction of being the only participant from India at the Bologna (Italy) Book Fair early in April. There were in all 385 publishers from 56 countries taking part in this 'expo' exclusively of children's books. Though not open to the general public like other fairs, Bologna was a popular meeting place of professionals and trade representatives wanting to know more and more about, as one publisher described, the "fantastic" world of children's books. CBT's neat, little stall (see photograph on facing page) attracted quite a good crowd on all the four days of the Fair. Sales Manager Ravi Shankar reports that major enquiries for distribution and translation of CBT publications had come from the Arab Republic of Egypt, Austria, Canada, Denmark, Germany, Japan, Lagos, Mexico, and the USA.

Meanwhile, CBT has been going ahead with its publication of new titles. *The Singing Donkey*, *The Woman and the Crow*, *Wave of Fury*, *Chug Chug Chuggy*, *The Man from Sunderbans*, and *The Lion and the Rabbit*, *The Stork and the Crab*, and *The Tortoise and the Swan* have already come out. The last three are picture-books based on the *Panchatantra*. *The Man from Sunderbans* is an adventure story, while *Wave of Fury* has as its backdrop the cyclone that hit Andhra Pradesh in 1977.

Solution to "Find out the Pairs"

Numbers 1 and 3, 2 and 10, 4 and 8, 5 and 7 and 6 and 9 make up the five pairs.

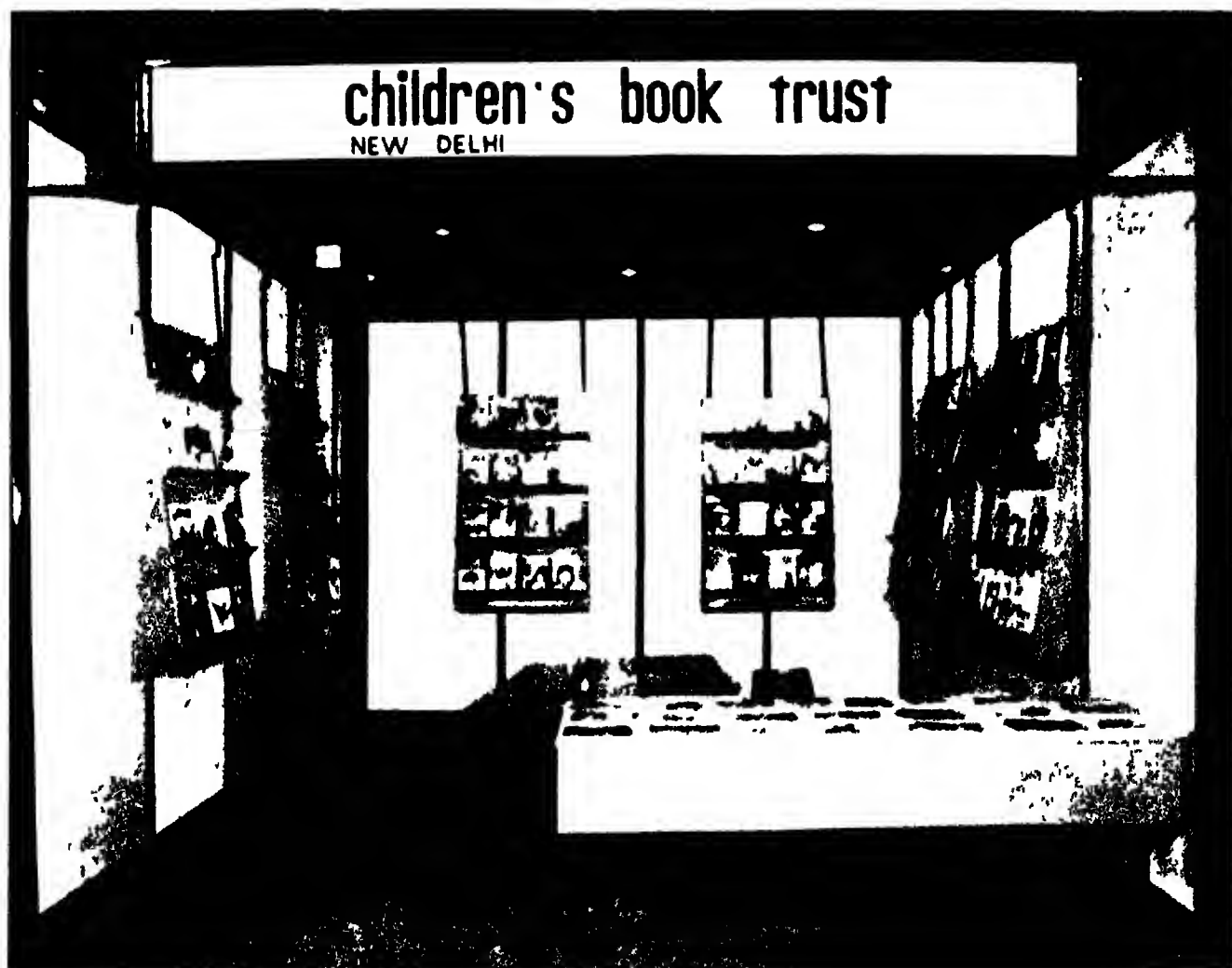
**THE
WOMAN
AND THE
CROW**



CHUG CHUG CHUGGY



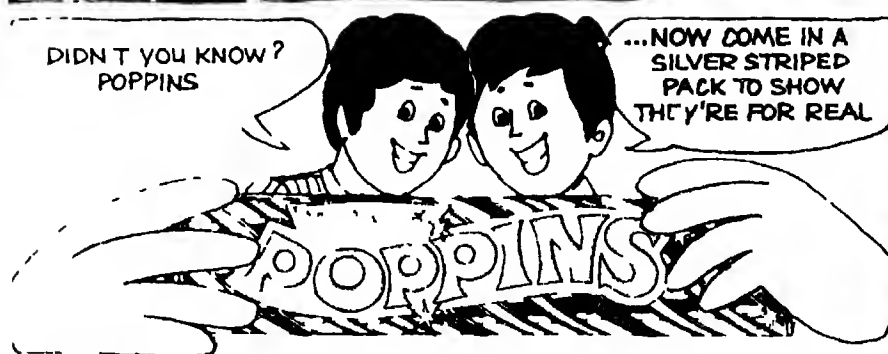
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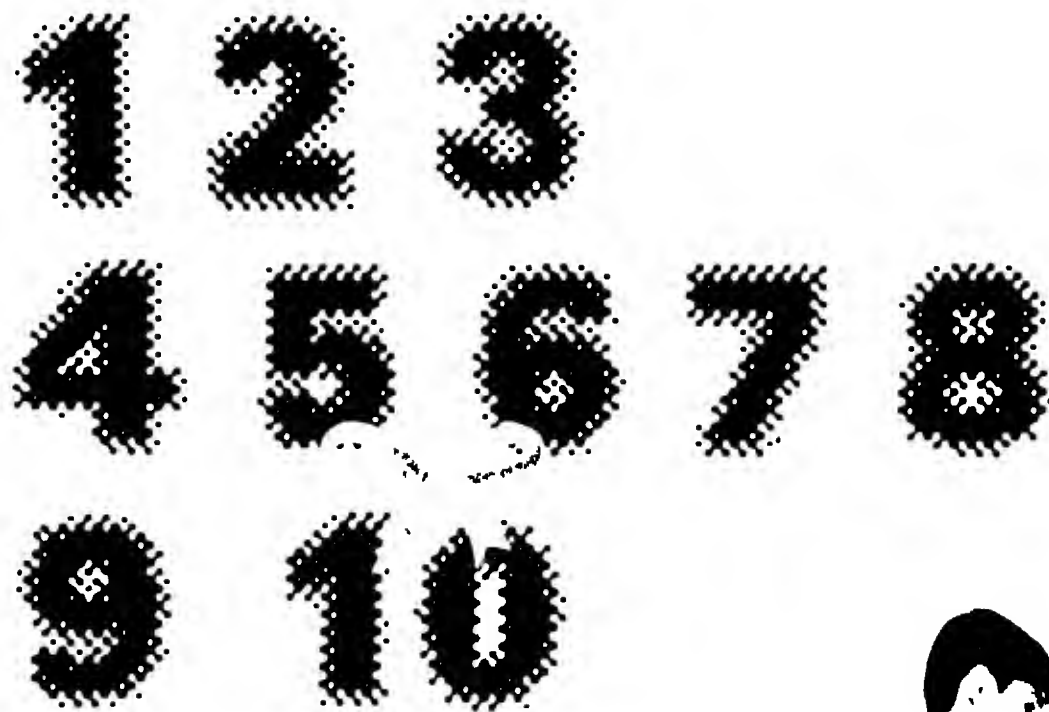
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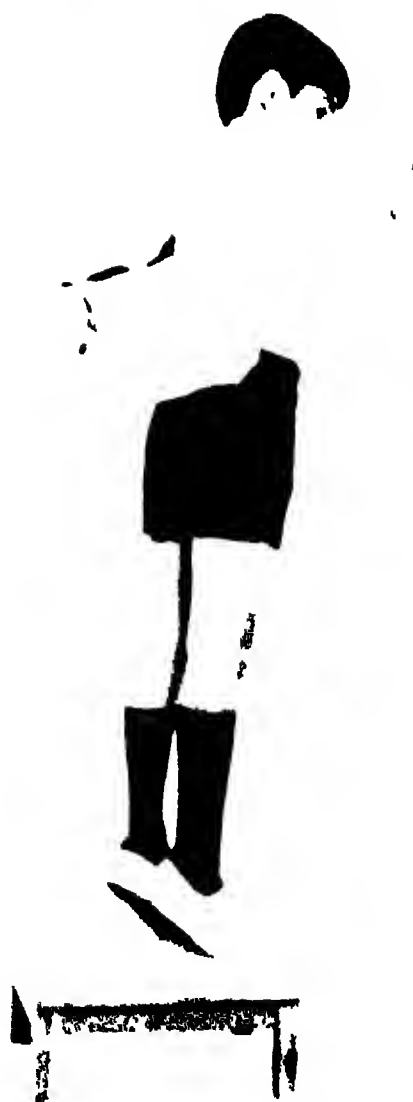




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Cover Transparency by P. Dasgupta

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Two-way Talk

Dear Editor,

When I came back from the U K to India with my parents, they subscribed for me an international magazine — CHILDREN'S WORLD. I was very fond of the magazine and I grew up with it, for seven years. I loved it as a kid, and I still love it now. What I like most about it is its just superb presentation. I think no other children's magazine has got that sort of layout. Reading CHILDREN'S WORLD was fun. It was CHILDREN'S WORLD that taught one how to make the best (of everything).

Sanjay Maheshwari, New Delhi

I am now a college student. My friends in the college laugh at me when I tell them that I read CHILDREN'S WORLD. But then laughter soon stops when I show them the magazine. The next moment I see them all pouring over my copy, reading the stories along with me with great interest. The feature 'Great Living Scientists' is very educative. While reading 'Junch at St. Aida's', I often remember my own school days. I find it the most amusing story. 'Learning Photography' is yet another of my favourite. Why don't you give some more mystery stories and science-fiction? Unlike many other readers, I suggest that you must not make it a fortnightly, because I feel that the longer you wait for something, the more you want to have it.

Rupande M. Patel, Bombay

CHILDREN'S WORLD is rendering a very useful service to society by way of acquainting children especially with the lives of imitable personalities of the world.

R K Mishra, Bhilai

I read CHILDREN'S WORLD in our school library. I like 'Kapish' too much. I like the poems, too. They are beautiful. I get hints for writing poetry after I read the poems in CHILDREN'S WORLD. Please

put some more cartoon-features like 'Kapish' *Gautam Mohanty, Paradip*

All your issues are very interesting. The poems in them are excellent.

P S Krishna, Hyderabad

CHILDREN'S WORLD is just great. 'Junch' is super. How about starting "Our Page"?

Suati Chaturvedi, New Delhi

I have found the magazine of great value. Each and every section is of a high standard. I like the magazine because it appreciates one's progress in any field, especially that of the budding artists.

Neeraj Mahk, Ambala Cantt

Dear Readers,

For once, we have met a reader who prefers CHILDREN'S WORLD as a monthly for a reason other than those that compel us to remain a monthly publication! We hope there are many others who feel the same way like Miss Patel. We are especially grateful to her for getting her classmates interested in the magazine. There is Sanjay Maheshwari too, who still continues his association with the magazine though he has grown out of its covers so to say! He has also singled out its lay-out and get-up for some appreciative remarks. Though a sober lay-out we had always tried to make it eye-catching. Our present attempts are to introduce *more colour* into its pages. You will find a sample in this issue. We expect to go about this in a big way from the November issue, which will be our next special number to synchronise with Diwali. What we attempt in most of our biographical features is to tell our young readers that these great men and women were also once children like them! It is the way you conduct yourself now that leads you to the path of greatness later. Simple as that? Just try.

EDITOR

...Betwixt My Brother and My Best Friend ...

“TAKE me to play with you, Didi, please,” pleaded Neeraj

“Oh, run away and play with your own friends,” snapped Malini “Anyway you can’t play a decent game of badminton”

I watched helplessly — what could I do, anyway? Say ‘No’ to Neeraj and watch that now-so-familiar shadow of sorrow cross my loving kid brother’s face, or say ‘Yes’ and risk incurring Malini’s wrath for a couple of days?

Malini shrugged and said, “Well, if you want to play with juveniles

“That clinched it “I’ll play with you later,” I told Neeraj, and immediately regretted it, as the little boy walked home with a crestfallen face

“That’s the way to deal with pests like him,” Malini informed me

It was just too bad that Neeraj and Malini — otherwise two very likeable people — always rubbed each other the wrong way Neeraj, who was unusually polite for an eight-year-old, was rude to Malini with un-failing regularity To give him his due, she offered him every provocation, but she harped on and on about his rudeness and other failings to me Dimly, I was aware that I ought not to let her criticize a member of my family so much, but what the heck! She was more fun than all the girls in the colony put together.

We went to the park and played a couple of games in which Malini muffed up every other shot and blamed the shuttle-cock, her racquet, my placing, the wind, and ended up saying that it was a silly game and she was tired of it anyway We walked around chatting, and she suddenly exclaimed, “Oh I forgot! My cousin Rajat has come over today About Neeraj’s age and a very cute and talented guy,” she continued, and with that dragged me off to her house, causing me to stumble and break the strap of my slipper

The prize exhibit was sprawled over the floor and was engaged in splashing paints on a sheet and all over Auntie’s carpet as well The kid was fat and from the expression on his face, I judged he’d been spoilt since birth



"What are you making, Rajoo?" cooed Mahini

"A cath," hisped the child

I leaned over and looked at the 'cath' and, in doing so, accidentally jogged his arm

He screamed, "Look, what you've done!" and in a fit of anger emptied all the dirty water over my brand new *salwar-kameez*. While I tried to clean it with a hanky, Mahini was fussing over him, making clucking noises of sympathy

"You ought to teach this nuisance some manners," I exploded at her. "He's giving me a fine idea of how he's been brought up. And you say Neeraj is spoilt. Huh!"

"I hate her," bellowed Rajat

"Your feelings are reciprocated to the utmost, you young jackass," I retorted

A lovely sarcastic rejoinder which I had to go and waste on a six-year-old brat who couldn't understand it

Mahini had been listening to all this with an expression like a gathering thundercloud. Like the afore-mentioned, she rained lavish compliments on me. "How dare you criticize one of my family? I'll never talk to you again. You go and learn how to behave in other people's houses," she stormed

I advised her to do the same and walked home with just one objective in mind

"Neeraj," I yelled, running up the stairs two at a time, "Neeraj, where are you?"

There he was sitting in his room with a comic in his hand and his woebegone thoughts obviously elsewhere

I hugged him and said, "I'll never listen



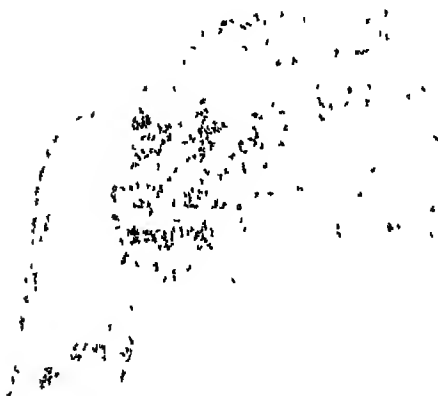
to the nasty things other people say about you. Now, go and get your racquet."

The expression on his face was worth giving up a hundred Mahinis. Watching him race off, I made a mental resolve never to let anyone influence my feelings for him. Nobody would criticize him and get away lightly after this. Mahini had taught me one useful thing: "STICK UP FOR YOUR OWN"

Jayanthi Sethuraman



NAT KING
THE
PC



“WHAT are you doing?” I asked Kakul, looking over his shoulder.

“Nothing,” he grumbled and covered the sheet in front of him with his elbow.

“Of course, you *are* doing something,” I insisted.

Kakul blushed and whispered, “No, no really. Please leave me alone.”

“Kakul,” I began, but was interrupted by Tinkul who whizzed into the room with a cricket bat and shouted, “Are you coming to play with me?”

Seeing me bending over Kakul and intrigued by his brother’s desperate attempt to hide something, he stopped short. “Hey,” he asked and his wicked eyes narrowed suspiciously, “what are you both cooking?”

“Nothing, nothing,” Kakul and I shouted in unison. “Nothing really.”

But it didn’t sound too convincing, in fact it sounded very suspicious, particularly to Tinkul. Slowly, turning from Kakul to me and back, he approached us. “You are trying to hide something from me,” he whispered, “but you can’t.”

And suddenly, with the speed of a leopard he jumped at us, pulled Kakul’s arm aside, and tore away what my younger cousin had treasured so much: a drawing of an old woman.

“Give it back,” shrieked Kakul, “give it back.”

But as fast as he had attacked, Tinkul

retreated, swinging the paper over his head

"Tinkul, Tinkul, Tinkul," cried Kakul, "you will spoil it. Oh, please give it back to me."

But Tinkul didn't listen to him. Whirling around, he shouted, "Look at the world famous painting by Kakul Natiajan! Look at this masterpiece!" Then he stopped to look at it with a face twitching in mock disgust. "Bir, it's a witch! Bir, she's ugly! Ah, it's the worst picture I've ever seen. Tear it, Kakul, tear it!"

"No," shrieked Kakul, "please!!!"

But, then, whether it was accidentally or deliberately, I don't know, while spinning around faster and faster and throwing the picture high into the air and catching it, he tore it into half.

"Tinkul!" Kakul's cry tore the air and tore my heart.

I was at him in a second. "Tinkul!" I flung myself at my cousin and tore at his arms. "Give the paper!" I hissed. "Give it or I'll smash your nose in."

Tinkul growled and gritted his teeth when I tried to twist his arm backwards. Then he kicked me so hard in the stomach that for a moment I saw nothing but stars all over. What followed now was one of the worst fights I had ever had with my cousin. Grabbing him by the shoulder, I pressed my knees on to his chest and pinned him down. But Tinkul reared up and knocked his fist into my eye.

"Ah!" The pain that wrenched my body made me loosen my grip. Tinkul fought like a tiger. He hammered my chest, boxed my ear, and would have bitten my nose off, had I given him a chance. But I gave him none.

We wrestled and grappled and thrashed and fought so hard that we would have ended up as invalids had not my sister Monisha entered the room and shouted for the whole joint family to hear. "They are

fighting again! They are killing each other!" She hit us so hard that, to escape her blows, we had to let go of each other.

Panting, with lolling tongues, we stared at each other, ready to pounce again.

"Rajan, indeed!" I heard my mother from behind me. "I thought you were mature enough not to beat up your younger cousin. No, don't defend yourself, go right up to your room. There will be no dinner for you, and that will teach you."

I was too hurt to explain things. Without a word, I left the room but not without giving Tinkul a perfectly aimed kick on his shin.

"Auweh!" whined Tinkul, and I registered his cry with the deepest satisfaction.

"Indeed, Rajan," cried my mother, "I am deeply disappointed."

So was I. But I felt better when I heard a feeble knock at my door. Slowly the door opened and my grandmother sneaked in. "You must be feeling hungry," she whispered, "this is for you, Rajan." That was my first complete dinner.

I had a second dinner when my sister tiptoed in, comouflaging a plate of sandwiches and biscuits with a scarf. She left the plate on my bed and rushed out of the room to hide her embarrassment.

So I had all the sandwiches and biscuits, too. After I had finished every crumb and thought I wouldn't be able to eat anything else, there was a knock on the door again. "Come in," I called.

The door opened very slowly. A tray entered my room first, with some fruits, *khir*, and a piece of chocolate. And after the tray, a small pair of hands followed. Kakul. "I thought you might be hungry!" whispered my cousin apologetically. "That's all I could find in the kitchen. I hope you will like it."



"Of course, of course," I smiled, "I am completely starved." And even though the very thought of food made me shudder, I gulped it down and didn't leave a single crumb.

And Kakul watched me all the while with his sad little face and his serious dark eyes. We sat like that even after I had eaten everything there was on the plate, except the napkin. And, then, when silence weighed heavily on us, he suddenly burst out "I did it for charity."

"What?"

"The picture."

"The picture?" I asked puzzled. "Why would they want a picture for charity?"

"They will auction it, you see."

Though I didn't, I nodded and told him "Tell me everything."

So my little cousin told me everything he knew about the auction of art objects at the All India Fine Arts and Craft Society in aid of Mother Teresa's Charity Mission.

"Oh you must try again," I cried. "Come, come I'll get you my paper, pencils, and colours. I am sorry I can't help you beyond that for I am very bad at drawing. What are you painting this time?"

"The same as before," answered Kakul. "Mother Teresa's portrait."

"A portrait?" I gasped. "You can draw a portrait?"

"I tried," sighed Kakul, his serious black eyes clouding with sadness, "but Tinkul tore it. I don't think I will get the likeness as I had before. I had worked for nearly a whole week."

As his eyes filled with tears, I put my arms round his shoulder and said "You will, you will. Come to my room, nobody will disturb you there, you must start right from tomorrow."

"Do you think I will make it?"

"Yes, you will," I said very confidently. "Sure, you will."

A ray of hope lit Kakul's eyes. "I'll try it once more," he said almost to himself. Then he sneaked out of the room and closed the door silently behind him.

I went to bed and was about to turn to my favourite book "*White Fangs*" for a bit of excitement and consolation, when the door opened and my mother entered.

"Well Rajan," she said, "how do you feel about today's incident?"

"Sad and glad at the same time."

"How am I to understand that?" she asked and flicked her eyebrows up in surprise.

"Sad about Kakul's picture getting torn, and glad that I showed it to Tinkul."

"Well", said my mother, "don't talk to me in riddles, what was it all about?"

So I told her what it was all about. My mother did not interrupt me except for her frequent exclamations of "Oh, I see" and "Ahs" and "Ughs". When I had ended, she smiled "I think it was Tinkul, who should have been sent to bed without food. Well, I can't change that now for he has already had his dinner and what appeared to me to be your share of dinner, too. But how would you like a delicious Spanish omelette and some warm buttered toast?"

Well, I love Spanish omelettes, even at nine o'clock in the night and even after I have had three full dinners earlier. And while my mother watched me eating, she said "We must help little Kakul. You help him with the picture and I will see what I can do about a nice frame for it."

"Ma," I cried, "you are great."

"I too have my faults," smiled my mother, "like everyone of us, but we must try to realise them and avoid them in future. Believe me, I will," she said and winked at me.

"I too, Ma," I said, and suddenly life wasn't that bad anymore.

The next day Kakul came into my room with what was left of his previous portrait and started to draw. Whenever someone rattled at the locked door and cried "What new habit is this, Nat? Open up!" I replied "Kakul and I have to study, please don't disturb us."

The only one who was allowed to enter was my mother. She provided us with fruits and sweets and lots of encouragement. "I just found an empty frame, Kakul," she cried two days before the day of the auction. "Look, don't you think your picture will fit beautifully into it? All we need is a mount and a new glass. I will get it done tomorrow

on my way to the tailor."

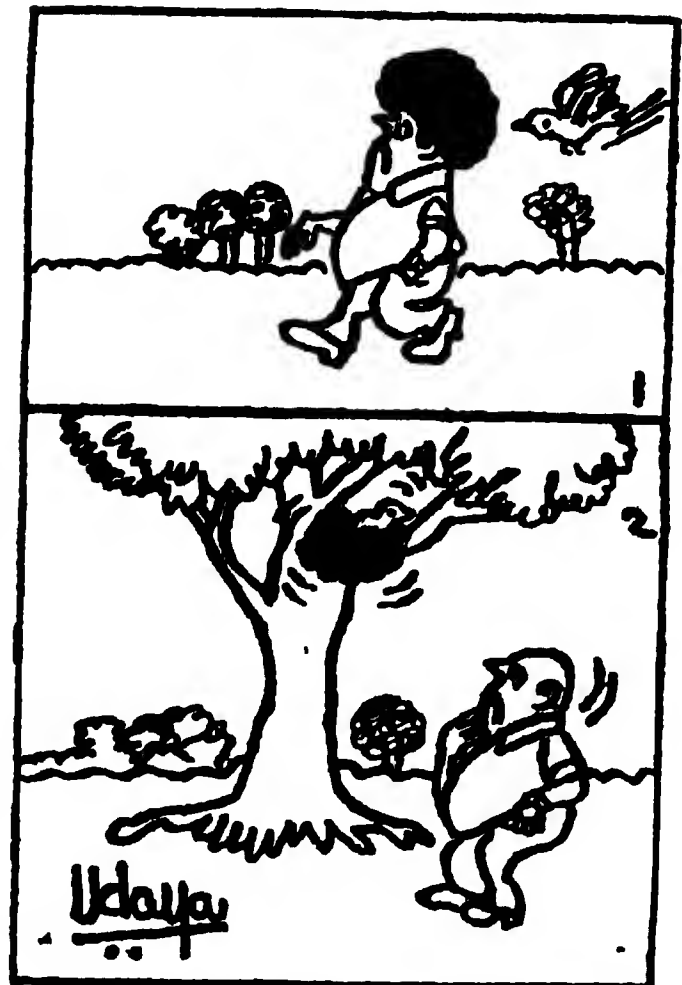
"Oh, indeed, Auntyl" cried Kakul with shining eyes. "The portrait will look wonderful in the frame. Thank you very much." He bent over his paper again, cheeks red with excitement.

On Saturday the painting was ready. I fitted it in the frame, polished the glass, and put it up in front of Kakul. Then, I stepped back and viewed it critically. It looked good, it looked terrific!

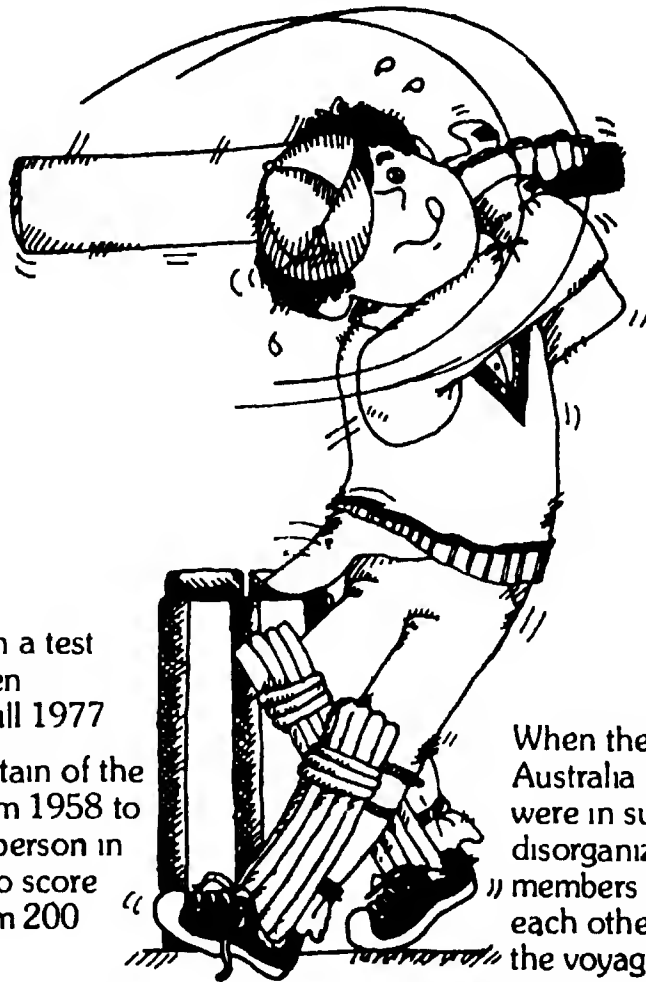
"Do you think someone will buy it?" whispered Kakul from behind me.

"Of course," I replied and gave him an encouraging smile. "I am sure somebody will!"

Sigrun Srivastava



howzzat!



Do you know?

England did not win a test against India at Eden Gardens, Calcutta till 1977

Richie Benaud, captain of the Australian team from 1958 to 1963, was the first person in test cricket history, to score 2000 runs and claim 200 wickets

Pakistan is the only team ever to have won a test on their very first tour of England

Although Pakistan had had several successes against the West Indies, India did not beat them until March 1971

Frank Worrell's West Indies was the only losing team ever to have been given a ticker tape farewell after their tour of Australia in 1960 61

When the Windies toured Australia in 1930 31, they were in such a terrible state of disorganization that many members of the team met each other for the first time on the voyage out

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A LETTER TO YOU



Dear Colds and Sniffles

It was all THING's fault, though my mother and Raghu's mother naturally don't see it that way. Even if the sun stops going round the moon, I mean, the other way round, I mean, the moon going round the other way, I mean — well you know what I mean — my mother and Raghu's mother will think it was our fault. You can imagine what a big responsibility we carry on our shoulders — that is what Raghu says anyway.

But this time it was THING's fault. I am saying it quite loudly, because my mother has gone out and nobody can hear me. IT WAS THING'S FAULT. What was THING's fault? Wait on — I am coming to that.

You remember our acting classes and how Mr. Krish made us all exercise before starting the lessons? We all became very stiff at first, even Raghu and I, but Mr. Krish made everything sound so

funny that it was worth it. "Are you walking on your legs or on stilts today?" he would ask. And, one day, he actually pretended he was a strong puppet and moved his arms, legs, and head so stiffly, with such jerky movements, that he looked as if he really was being pulled by strings. "But that's how you do it," he said when we laughed into the grass.

We thought that with all the exercising, THING would start looking a little decent. But funny enough, he started growing fatter, if such a thing is possible — you know like a balloon being filled. We couldn't understand it, till one day we heard Baby tell my mother, "Oh Aunt, poor Shaila is always so hungry, what with all the exercising he has to do in those classes. Today, poor boy, he ate so many 'puris' that his mother had to make some more for herself."

After that, whenever we met THING, Raghu would ask me, "How

many 'puris' did you say you ate to-day, Perky? Twenty-six?"

And I would say, "No — that was the first time. The second time I ate about forty-eight, so that would come to

"Say, that would come to about a hundred and sixty to make it a round figure. Right?"

And THING would glare at us in his fat way and walk off as if he did not know why or how this planet could stand us. Well, I think Earth likes us much better than it does him — doesn't it hurt the ground when THING walks on it and jumps on it, and sits on it? Ouch! Ouch!

Well, after a lot of classes where we did nothing more than exercise and listen to lectures on why people like theatre and go to see plays (plays, not drama), Mr. Krish decided one day to do something different. He told us to choose something to read or recite aloud—a poem, or some lines from a story — whatever we liked. THING was, of course, thrilled — this would be his great moment. All the way home that day, he bored us hollow by telling us about his voice, his accent, his diction, his "delivahry

People always prahse me for my spahking — you know," he said. "I ohiate rathah well."

It took me a few minutes to digest that last remark, but by that time Raghu was ready for attack. Even THING has to take a breath now and then.

"You mean you are good at oratogamy?" asked Raghu.

"Orato — what? Beg paid?" said THING, looking bewildered.

"Oratogamy — the art of speaking fat," said Raghu just as he reached his house. And then he turned in smartly and shouted, "People always prahse me for my voice, you know."

THING shouted a few things which didn't at all improve his voice or accent, but he certainly proved to be a good oratogamist (you know what that means).

The next week, we were all ready. Raghu had got hold of a very funny poem from 'Alice in Wonderland' about an old man who stood on his head. I had searched here and there, driving my mother quite crazy till I finally decided on 'The Charge of the Light Brigade'. I like that poem so much that I almost know it by heart.

When we reached school that evening everybody had come, except Mr. Krish and THING. We sat down to wait. Ten minutes, fifteen minutes, neither Mr. Krish nor THING had come. Whatever could have happened? We were not bothered about THING, but Mr. Krish? And then, from a distance, we heard a curious noise — it was partly a croak, partly a growl, partly a squeak, and very partly a voice. "Fieds," it said. "Rhoma — cough splutter cough squeak — Rhoma — growl squeak, cough — Rhoma — cough cough cough achooo—" And then lumb-ing up, a book in one hand, two tons of hankies in another hand, coughing, squeaking, growling, sneezing came THING.

He had finally, really, genuinely gloriously irrevocably got a COLD.

Oh how we laughed! It was cruel but we laughed! We rolled on the grass and we laughed! Raghu started saying

something about oratogamy but couldn't, because he laughed. And poor THING stood there, his eyes red, his face blue, his nose pink, his hankies dirty, and coughed and spluttered and sneezed

When we finally stopped laughing and Raghu began once more to talk about oratogamy, we heard somebody else coming. Raghu stopped — we all stood up, but the person who came was not Mr. Krish

It was the chowkidar of the school with a message from Mr. Krish saying he was sorry he couldn't come. He had got a bad cold, but he would certainly come the next week.

We shouldn't have laughed at THING. We really shouldn't have. Now we felt so unhappy we could have cried. And THING had to make it worse by saying, with his cold and all — "Now, why don't you laugh — cough cough — why don't you laugh cough splutter?"

"Anyway, there is always next week," said Raghu ignoring THING. "We'll be even better next week."

Yes, that was some consolation. I decided I would read 'The Charge of the Light Brigade' every single day, till I could say it in my sleep and I knew that Raghu was also thinking of the same thing.

Very peculiarly, that whole week THING became very very friendly with me. He would come to my house or Raghu's house with his nose full of handkerchiefs and cough and splutter his way through some conversation which we couldn't and didn't even want to understand. Even in school, he would come to us during break and pretend

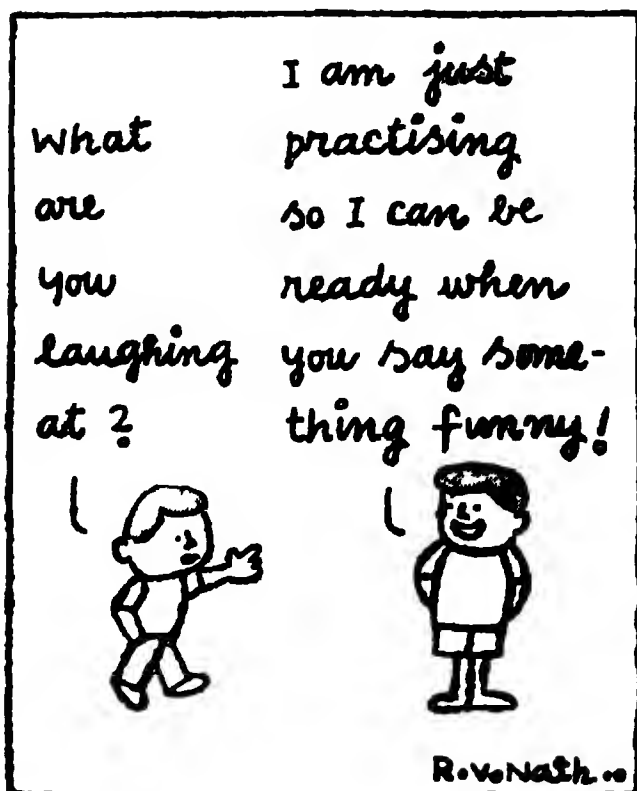
we were great friends. "Oh Pakky cough cough Rag...cough splutter Raghu cough how cough are splutter?"

Our mothers, of course, made a great fuss and insisted that Raghu and I should stay indoors and play with THING. "Poor boy," they said. "He's taking it so bravely!" Taking what for heaven's sake!

Well, the result was that by Tuesday the next week, Raghu had got a MASSIVE cold and cough. And I, well I, sneeze cough — am feeling rather good I mean good you know and by evening, you know watering and the gans in 'The Charge of the Light Brigade' I can't really hear them.

It is THING's fault — absolu . . . , cough splutter sneeze cough ACHOOOO

Perky



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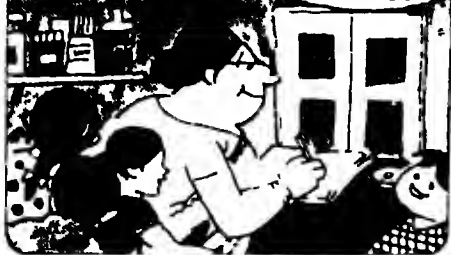
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SHE WROTE HER ACCOUNTS CAREFULLY.



BUT HER NOVELTY PENCILS KEPT DISAPPEARING MYSTERIOUSLY



SHE SEARCHED HIGH & LOW, AND WONDERED WHERE HER NOVELTY PENCILS COULD GO



THEN SHE CAUGHT HER DAUGHTER WRITING WITH HER NOVELTY PENCIL JUST SO



SO YOU ARE THE THIEF OH HO!



A CHORUS OF VOICES ANSWERED AND I AND I AND I



SHE WAS SO SURPRISED SHE COULD ONLY ASK WHY MY NOVELTY PENCILS?

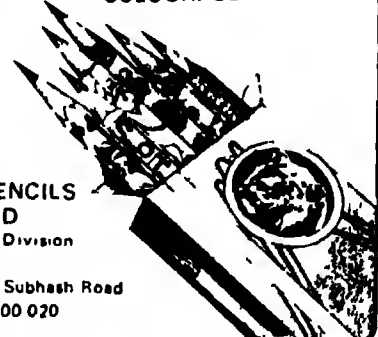
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Aunt Ila's Arsenal

FATHER was always indulgent towards his youngest sister. She was just a few years older than my eldest brother Romu, and we always had a good time together whenever she came to stay with us.

This summer, however, she arrived with a large pile of musty library books and reams of blank paper. She was doing her *thesis*, she said, and so we kids had better stay out of her way. She was busy with something very, VERY important. The warning didn't make the least difference to us. Gullu, my cousin, Shari, my sister, and I, Moni, plotted and planned ways to trick her into joining our games. For Aunt Ila, as we called her, was a great sport when she chose to be, and could giggle and tussle and scream with us as though she had suddenly grown down to our age. So the formidable sight of her wearing her new scholarly-looking spectacles and sitting hunched-up amidst those boring-looking books did not convince us that she wasn't the fun-loving Aunt Ila anymore.

"There simply must be a way to make her what she used to be," mused Gullu, my cousin, aloud. "Why, she's become so boring... reading all those stupid fat books and looking so... so *grown-up*."

Shari and I agreed. Here was a simply wonderful summer vacation ahead of us, with all the delights of our two-storey house and a large garden in store. And Aunt Ila had to choose just now to turn herself into a grown-up.

Grown-ups were boring, they did terribly predictable things, spoke in hushed tones where we would shout in delight, yell in excitement or scream at one another in annoyance. What's more, they never tired of telling us that we should become like them

and behave ourselves.

"Ugh, I never want to grow up," exclaimed Shari. "Grown-ups never have any fun."

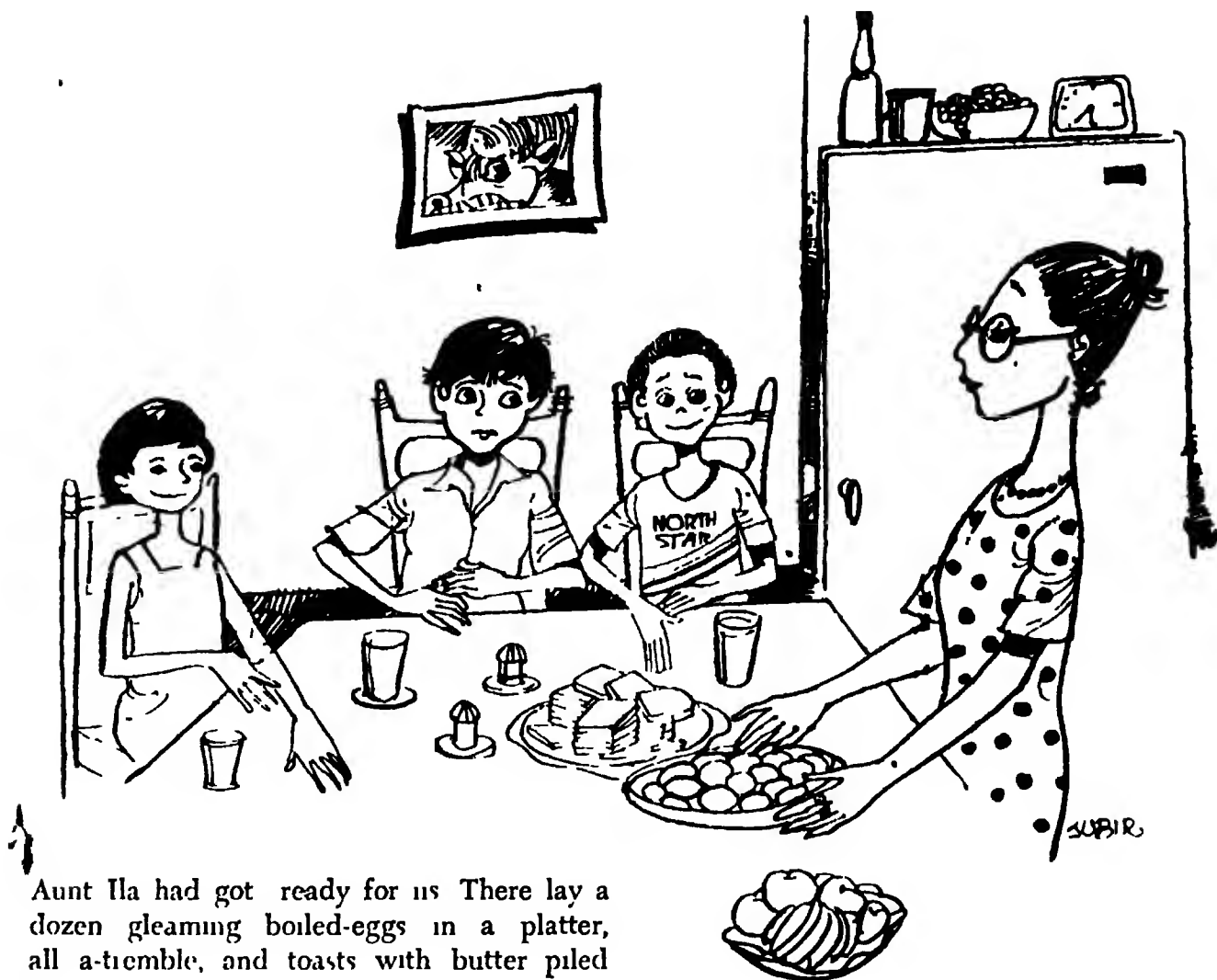
We observed Aunt Ila in her new routine with great curiosity. There, she would sit, in the early mornings, like a cross-legged yogi, eyes shut, breathing deeply ("Helps concentration," she explained.)

Breakfast over, she would go and lock herself in the study. We would stand outside the door and peek at her through a crack in the wood. Then Gullu, my cousin, would knock and pretend to be someone important who wished to see her. But she always seemed to know that it was us and called out to us to "*vamoose*." She was clever enough to lock the door so that we wouldn't barge in. Once, we pretended that there was a fire somewhere and yelled and shrieked to her that she was in danger, and to come out quickly. She only stopped replying to us altogether and studied her books all the more harder. We could have cried.

We even had a musical session outside her window. Gullu drummed, I plucked at my bul-bul-tatang, and Shari sang as loud as she could. Aunt Ila merely shut the window, drew the curtains, and studied harder.

Finally, when we were almost giving up in exasperation, Aunt Ila herself crept out of the scholarly recluse. She would make breakfast for the whole family, she offered. "My head is bursting," she said in explanation. Father looked at her approvingly. "It will give you some distraction from your hard work. And it is many years since I have eaten something cooked by you." He smiled at her indulgently.

The next morning, we went to the breakfast table with great expectations, wondering what



Aunt Ila had got ready for us. There lay a dozen gleaming boiled-eggs in a platter, all a-tremble, and toasts with butter piled high.

"Boiled eggs?" said Romu, my brother, suspiciously. "Why couldn't you have made an omelette for me?"

"Boiled eggs are good for health," said Aunt Ila firmly. "Do you know what all that oil does to your system? I believe in simple boiled food for everyone."

Gullu leaned across and whispered to me. "Aunt Ila's really going bonkers. And I hate boiled eggs!"

"So do I!" complained Shari.

Mother frowned at us. "Now, now. Aunt Ila's right. Boiled eggs are good for everyone. Now, children, eat. Don't fuss."

Romu grunted. "Okay, I'll have just one boiled egg. I don't really like them, they

wobble too much."

Father said in an attempt to pacify one and all: "Ila always makes good boiled eggs. And she is right, it is good for health."

He dipped his fork at the egg on his plate. The egg just bounced off his plate on to the table and then bounced off the table altogether, plummeting straight into his shoe lying next to his chair where he had left it to wear just before he started for office. He waited, fork poised, mouth open. Everyone stared, speechless. Romu hadn't noticed the train of events. He stabbed his fork at his egg, but the egg neatly evaded all his thrusts and rolled about on his plate with the fork merrily chasing it around. Finally, he sighed in annoyance, put down the fork and reached out his hand. He picked up

and put the whole egg into his mouth while we all stared, still mesmerised

He noticed us staring and mouthed silently. "What?"

His mouth was full of egg and he couldn't speak for a long while. Then, he noticed father's egg lying in his shoe. The shock of it was enough to make him go goggle-eyed. Shari giggled. Mother frowned. Gullu began to copy Romu's actions, chasing his egg all over his plate with his fork. "One goal, two goals, *three!*" he chanted.

And Aunt Ila ate her boiled eggs as if nothing had happened. Mother recovered herself first. "Romu!" she snapped. "Does it look nice to have someone put a *whole* egg into his mouth? How many times have I told you not to —"

"Five goals!" crowed Gullu jubilantly.

Aunt Ila frowned and ate her toast.

Romu protested. "Ma, it was too hard to eat. And just look at Papa's egg."

We all looked again. Father coughed. "Give it to Fido (our dog). I was just thinking that he looked as if he'd like a bit of our breakfast. Ahem! Pass me another egg, Mom." I reached out and passed him the platter. We all could not but watch the new egg with interest, and it did not disappoint us.

Father was determined to use his fork and this time the egg shot out, headed straight down the table and dropped beside the water jug, looking quite guileless. Father gave up. He looked at his watch. "I'm getting late. Pack the eggs into my lunch-box." He spoke to mother and avoided looking at Aunt Ila altogether.

"Seven goals!" exclaimed Gullu. "Want to play, Shari? This is your goal, this is mine."

Romu said, "I give up. I want an omelette next time. What kind of boiled eggs are

these? Some kind of *super-boiled* eggs or some kind of boulders disguised as eggs? My stomach feels as if I've eaten a kilo of lead."

We all giggled helplessly. Aunt Ila's eyes misted over and she hurriedly got up and disappeared into her study. There was a sombre silence. We all liked Aunt Ila for all her scoldings and eccentricities, and did not want her to be upset.

The eggs stayed uneaten. We helped mother to clean the table, only the eggs stayed in the platter, trembling all over every time somebody shook the table.

"I'll leave them here," mother decided. "I'll make an egg curry for dinner. What a lot of perfectly good eggs to waste." She covered them with a fly-net.

That day, we did not pester Aunt Ila as much as before. We let her study and once, when we peeked in, she was busy scriawling away on her sheets. "Sssh!" we all told one another and tiptoed away.

Father telephoned home and said he had got tickets for all of us for the evening show of a film. "Yay!" we shouted, jumping about.

"I'm not coming," said Aunt Ila. "I have lots of work. And the house will be quiet, just right for working in." She gave us a cool insinuating look, but we were still too well-disposed towards her to rag her.

When we got home after the movie, almost all the lights were on in the house with the neighbours and some police uniforms moving about in the lawn.

"My God, what's happened?" panicked Mother. "I hope nothing has happened to Ila."

"Be calm," urged father. "We'll know in a moment."

As the group of people separated, we saw Aunt Ila, her hair askew, looking a little.

flustered, but clearly the heroine of the evening. She was glowing and her eyes shone. "What a brave girl!" we heard a neighbour tell another.

The story came out. She had been poring over one of her books in the study when the sound of stealthy footsteps reached her. Her heart thumping, she went to investigate. Sure enough, there was a wiry suspicious-looking man in the drawing-room, reaching for the silver candlesticks on the side-board. She didn't have time to wonder how he had entered. She began to look swiftly for a weapon, any weapon. "I gave him a black eye," she said to us proudly. "And when the police took him away, a bump was just coming up on the crown of his head."

"What weapon did you use?" asked father. She looked very sheepish. "You—you may not believe me, but you know those eggs were lying there."

"Eggs?" father had apparently forgotten the morning's episode for a moment. "What eggs?"

"Oh, those eggs!" said mother. "I'd thought of making them into an egg-curry for tonight's dinner. You mean you used *those* eggs?"

Aunt Ila nodded. "I just picked them up

and threw them at his head, until he fell down and lay, all dazed. Then my voice came back to me—and I yelled. And then, everyone came. And we called the police."

We all stood, speechless again for the second time that day. Then Gullu began to laugh, then Shani, and then I. Even father and mother chuckled.

"I told you those eggs were like boulders," grinned Romu. Then he suddenly put an arm around Aunt Ila's shoulder and grinned. "But you caught a bungler with them. That's more important."

"Yes, Humrah for Aunt Ila!" we cried.

"You're a brave girl," said Father.

Aunt Ila just glowed.

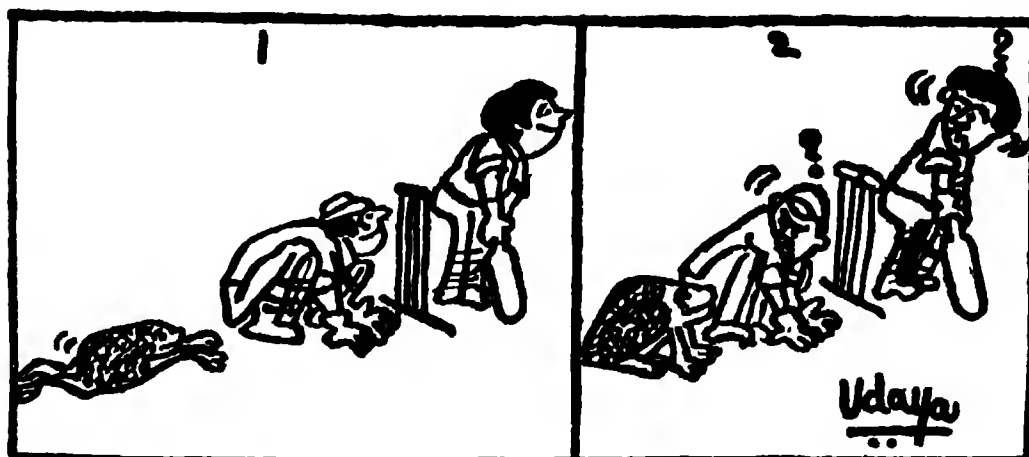
Gullu took the chance and said, "Now, you must play with us tomorrow, as you used to *Promise*."

Aunt Ila frowned for just a moment, then her old sparkling laugh burst out of her.

"I promise," she cried. "And let's play Cops and Robbers. Now I really do know how to catch a robber!"

"You and your hard-boiled eggs!" grinned Romu. "Keep them for your robbers. I want an omelette next time."

Padmini Banerjee



Peacock : India's National Bird

IN the world of birds, the Peacock, India's National Bird, because of its magnificent colour and attachment deserves a detailed study. In our land of fairs and festivals, the male Peafowl and the female Peahen fit in with our colourful scheme of national life.

A peacock is a symbol of grace, friendliness, caution, pride, and community spirit. The bird is almost a novelty for the bird-watcher and has been the most natural choice of our poets.

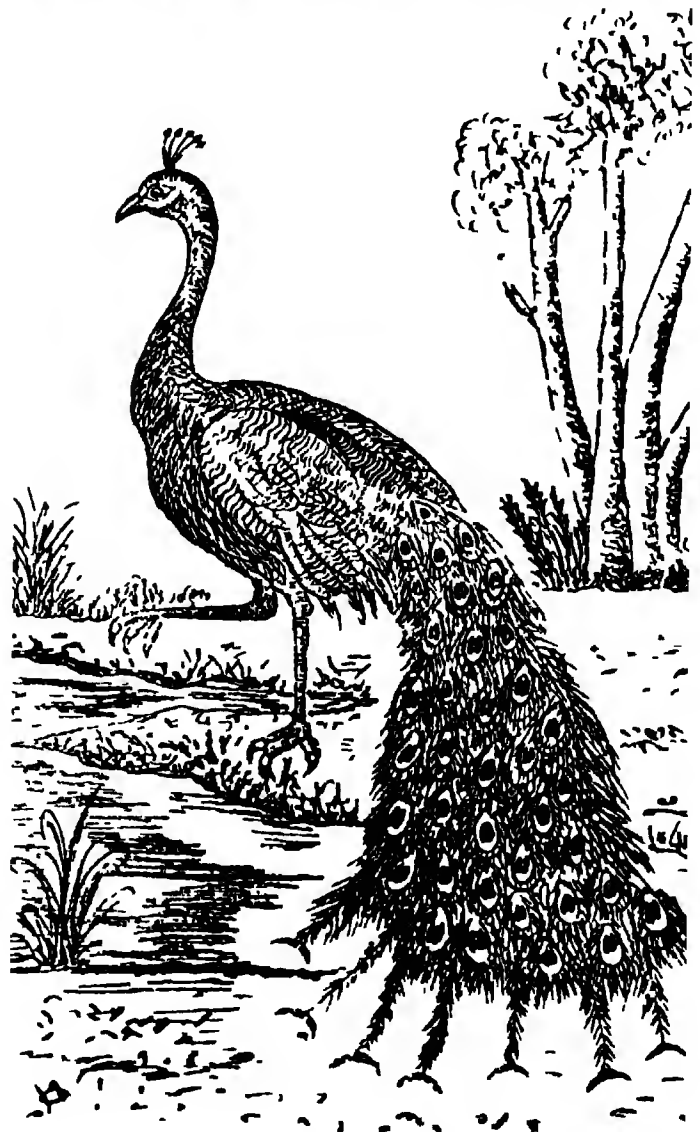
By its variegated colour, its rhythmic gait, its being akin to the green vegetation, its keen response to nature and the changing seasons, the peacock more than any other bird has drawn itself closer to the poet. Kalidasa, the great Sanskrit poet, has referred to the peacock as a perennial source of beauty and a constant symbol of nature's expressive personality. Immortalising the bird, the poet follows it through the six Indian seasons. He pities the peacock in the heat of summer. During the rains, the peacock dances with its outstretched tail while the bees mistake the 'eyes' of the tail feather for the young blue-lotus and gather round it.

India, and Sri Lanka are the native homes of the peacock, where it is found in the jungles near water and usually near cultivated land and groves. In fact, the rains constitute the season par excellence for the peacock to dance and a trying time for the naturalists observing the courtship behaviour of the birds.

One of the most beautiful sights in the world of birds that charm our eyes and delight our souls is when a peacock displays

the beauty of its glittering tail feathers. The peafowl cannot charm its mate by any song, but it does so with bright colours. The ornamental feathers are not, as is often thought, part of the tail, but come from its base, and each one has the silky branches, the black tips, and the glorious 'eyes' that make them individually outstanding.

The magnificently endowed Peacock has posed and strutted in the gardens of royalty from biblical times.



In full breeding plumage, these tails are about four feet long, and when the birds get excited or indulge in courtship display, the tail stands up and spreads, forming a circle of feathers behind their heads. This fanning of the long tail feathers gives a most wonderful 'eye' patterned effect and shows to full advantage the rich colours in symmetrical array. It is from this display that the simile 'as proud as a peacock' comes. The peahens are considerably smaller than their colourful mates, and their colouring appears to be rather drab in comparison.

In India and Sri Lanka, the Indian Blue Peacock (*Pavo cristatus*) is the universally known bird with a fan-shaped crest. Assam and other north-eastern States and Burma have another species, the Golden Green Peacock (*Pavo muticus*). There is also a white variety of peacock in Japan. Strains of these species have been imported into India and Sri Lanka. The peacock is not only our National bird now, but had been protected by most Indians from time immemorial.

The peacock's sight and hearing is very sharp. It is wary and careful. At night, it will roost on a lofty tree or even on a roof. It does not fly up to the tree where it roosts, it first flies to the low branches and then climbs up to the top, but lands directly on the ground with a glide-flight. At dawn, the jungle resounds with its shrill notes.

It is very sensitive to its surroundings, especially the weather. A little cool breeze or the sight of black rain clouds in the sky is enough to send it into raptures. It is generally the first to detect the presence of any wild animal on the prowl and warns the other animals of the forest. It thus acts as a sentry for other creatures of the countryside.

The peacock is an omnivorous bird, its main diet consists of grain, vegetable shoots, insects, lizards, and snakes. Like the Secretary Bird of Africa, the peacock performs a

very useful function in keeping the snake population down. However, it is for its beauty that it is most famous.

The peafowls shed their long trailing 'tail'—upper tail-coverts—feathers annually after the breeding season. By the end of October, all the 'tail feathers' are gone. Breeding season starts from July and generally the eggs are laid in August. The peahen lays the eggs on alternate days in a shallow crude nest on the ground amidst dense bushes or on the very low branches well hidden with foliage. The clutch varies from four to six cream-coloured eggs, and the incubation lasts nearly 26 days. The young ones of both sexes look alike till they are two years of age when the tail coverts of the male bird begin to

One of the most beautiful sights in the world is when the Peacock displays its feather-tail, with its glorious eyes, the black tips and the silky feathers.



grow and develop then brilliant splashes of colour

A peacock's call is a loud trumpet like scream. In northern India, this is said to form the syllables 'nmh-ao' or "come ram", and the bird is credited with being especially noisy and happy at the approach of rain.

This gorgeous bird has many claims for distinction. It is mentioned in tales and fables and scriptures of people widely scattered in time and place. Hindu mythology, of course, abounds in references to the peacock. The dance of the peacock features in many romantic songs.

In the Bible, too, there is a mention of the peacock. When the famed Queen of Sheba visited King Solomon, peacocks were among the gifts she brought to the court of the wise Jewish King, along with ivory and apes.

When Alexander decided to retreat from the Beas region after his initial victories, he took with him about two hundred peacocks to Greece to delight his people. From there, they were sent to other countries. Some were also sent to Africa.

History shows that the peacock had been held in high esteem even in the past. Most ancient manuscripts of India have references to this majestic bird. A Sanskrit verse goes thus: "The gorgeous peacock is the glory of God." The bird had been mentioned in the Vedas. Lord Krishna is said to have worn a peacock's feather in his crown.

In most temples, a bunch of feathers of the peacock are used as fans. Saraswati, the goddess of learning, used the Peacock as her vehicle. In olden days, sailing boats were peacock-shaped in front. The peacock is seen frequently mentioned in works of the period of the Buddha and of the Gupta dynasty.

During the Gupta period the intimacy of the emperors with the peacock establishes

its recognition as a royal bird. Kumara Gupta (413-35 A.D.) issued a type of gold coin in which he showed, on one side, himself feeding a peacock with grapes, and on the other Lord Kartikeya on a peacock. On a silver coin a fantailed peacock occupied the entire central portion.

From about 600 B.C., the punch-marked coins of India bear, among other symbols, the figure of a peacock on five-arched hillocks. In his edicts, Ashoka (3rd century B.C.) refers to the 'Moia' or Mayma (peacock) saying that the slaying of deer and peacock in the wild is an offence. Aurangzeb was the first to order a ban on the shooting and killing of peacocks in his empire.

Indian rulers have always given the peacock pride of place. Everyone has heard of the famous Peacock Throne of Shah Jahan, which is now in the British Museum, London. The Kushan king, Kanishka, had adopted the figure of a peacock as his personal emblem. In the time of Skanda Gupta, a helmet with the figure of a peacock inscribed on it was awarded to soldiers for acts of valour and bravery.

In stone sculptures, bronzes, and terracotta figures the peacock remained the favourite of artists. It was accepted in life as an indispensable companion of man, and in art an almost universal motif. In an exquisite 7th century sculpture showing Lord Kartikeya, the peacock as the '*vahana*' of the deity is very artistically drawn.

During the time of the Cholas in the 10th century A.D., bronzes depicting beautiful peacocks as the '*vahana*' of Lord Skanda were made where sometimes the bird stands majestically holding a snake in its beak. In the Vijayanagar art of the 14th-15th centuries A.D., Kartikeya is depicted as riding on a finely carved fan-tailed peacock.

In paintings, too, the peacock finds a place under different situations with different sym-

bolisms. It is sometimes a simple domesticated bird perched on the terrace or portico.

Medieval paintings of various schools in Rajasthan and the Pahari regions show young girls playing with peacocks. The peacock in the Indian tradition is also the symbol of the absent lover, waiting in silence for a reunion.

The Gem Palace set of Ragamala paintings from Mewar of the late 17th century A.D., now preserved in the National Museum, New Delhi, reveal the heroine fondling the peacock with her outstretched arm, the peacock representing the absent lover.

If 'a thing of beauty is a joy for ever', certainly the peacock is beauty personified. It is a pleasant feast for the eye, a fountain of inspiration for poets and artists, and a symbol of peace, purity, and piety.

U.C. Chopra



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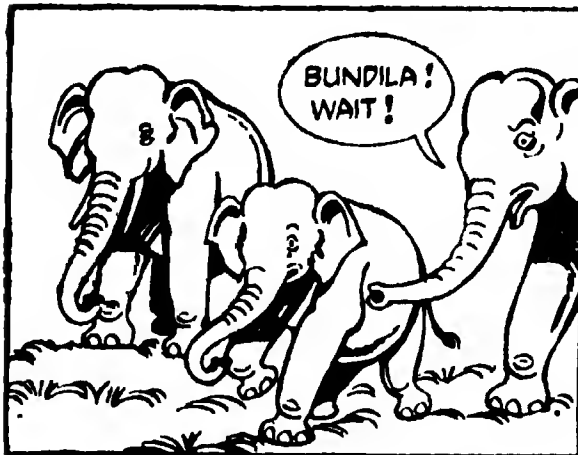


ANANT PAI • MOHANDAS

BUNDILA, HER MOTHER AND THE
REST OF THE ELEPHANTS ARE
GOING FOR A BATH.



THERE'S
THE RIVER!



BUNDILA!
WAIT!

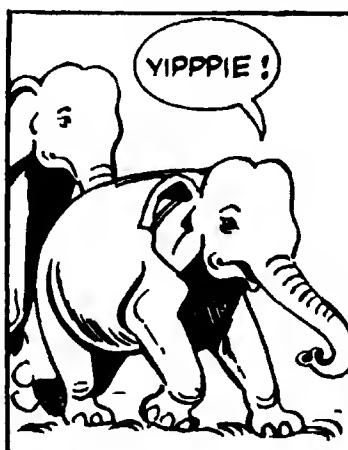


YOU CAN'T GO INTO THE
WATER BEFORE
OUR LEADER!

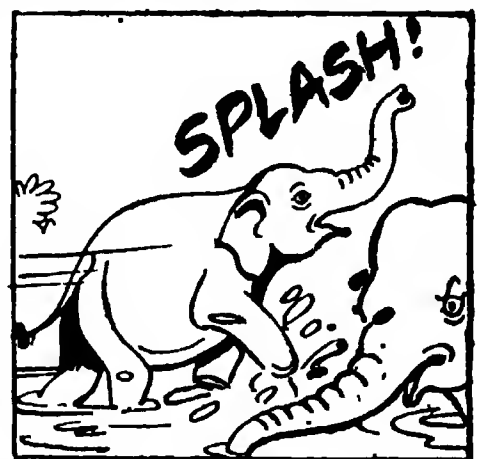
OH, MOTHER!
SHE IS SO SLOW!



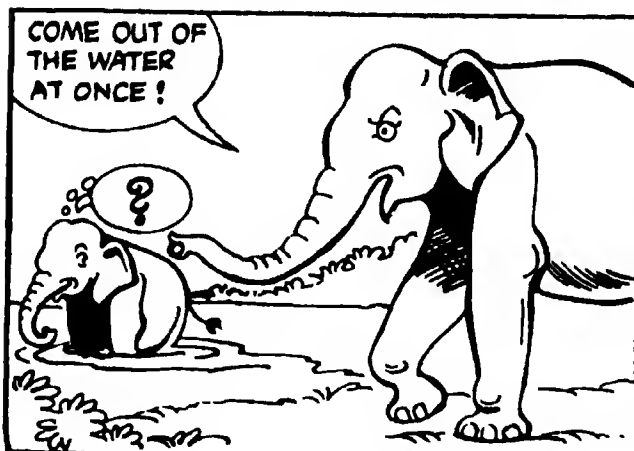
THERE! SHE
HAS GOT INTO
THE WATER
AT LAST!



YIPPIE!

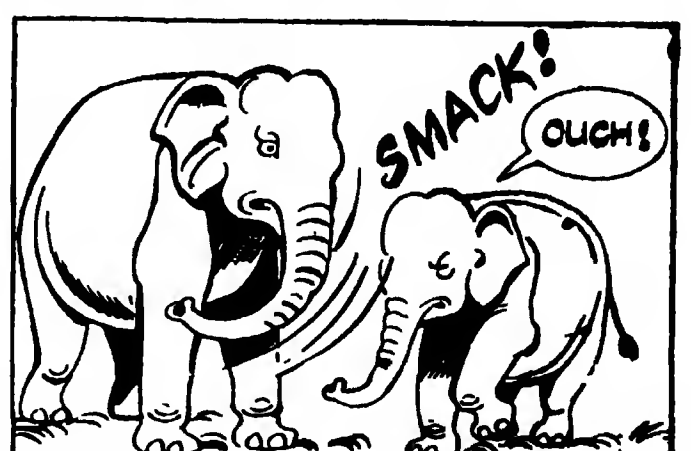


SPLASH!



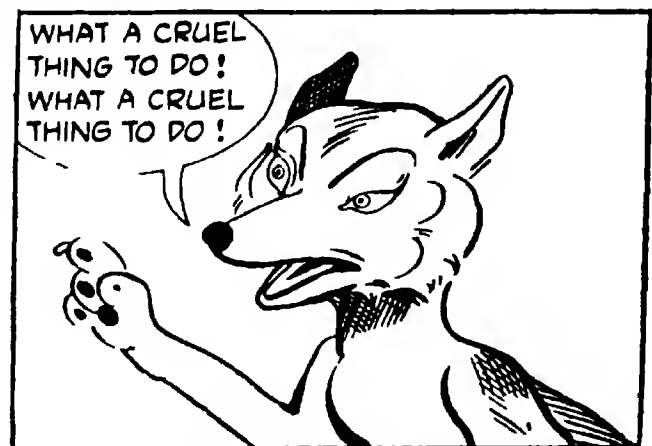
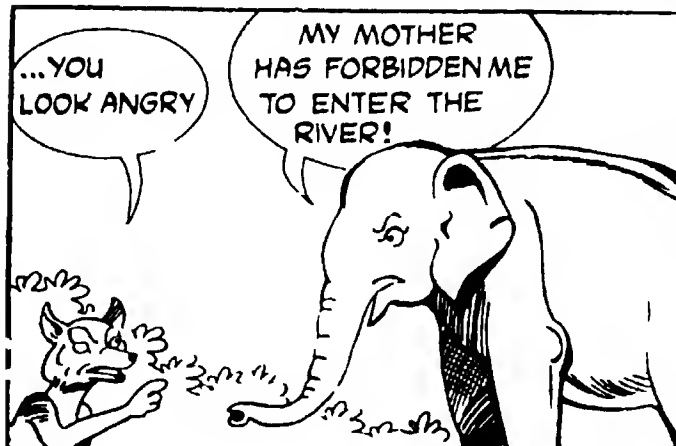
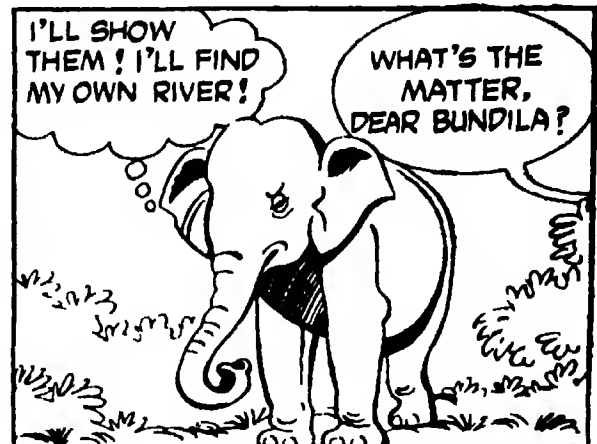
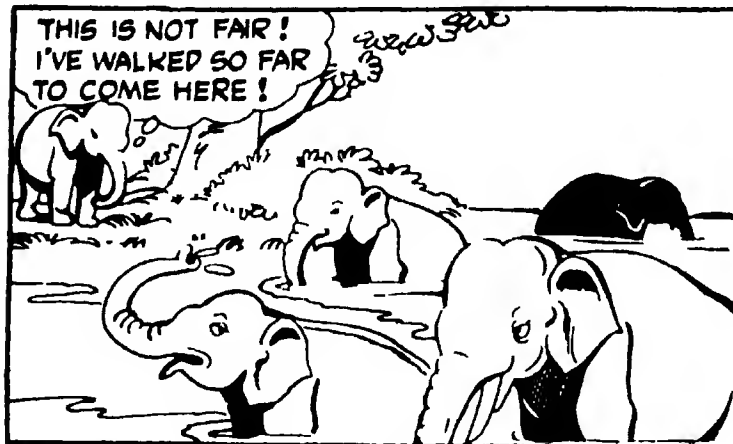
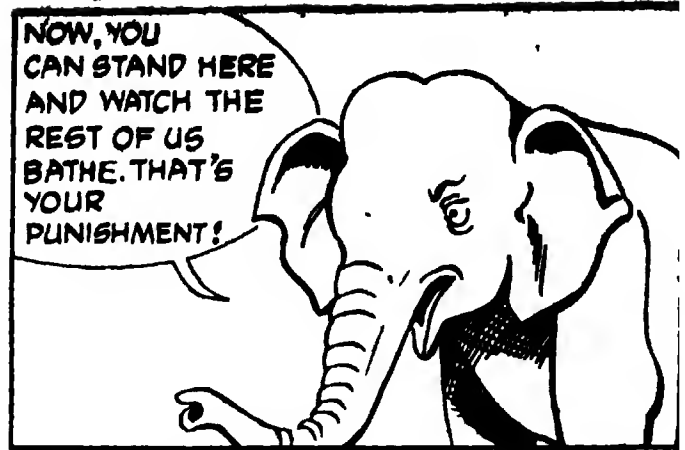
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THE WATER
AT ONCE!

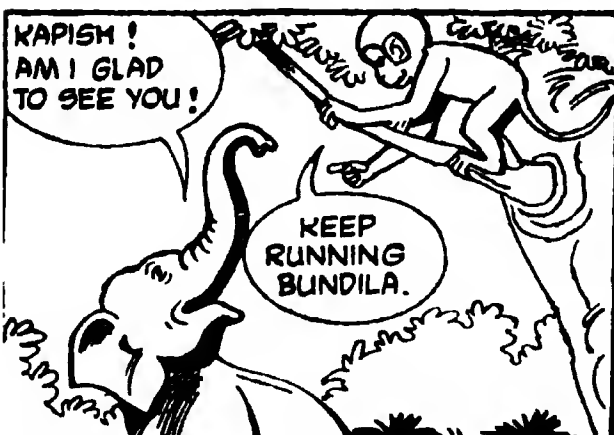
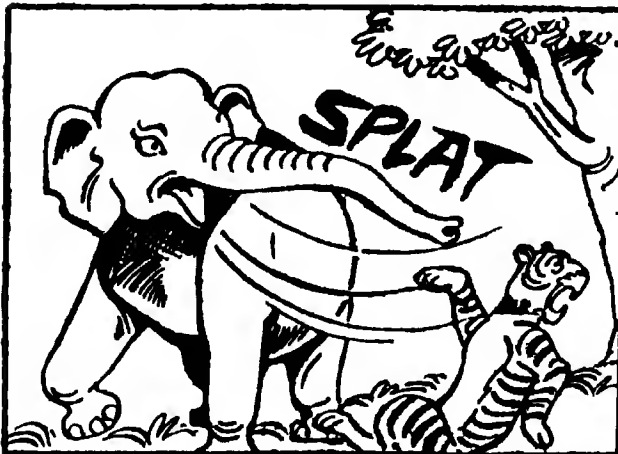
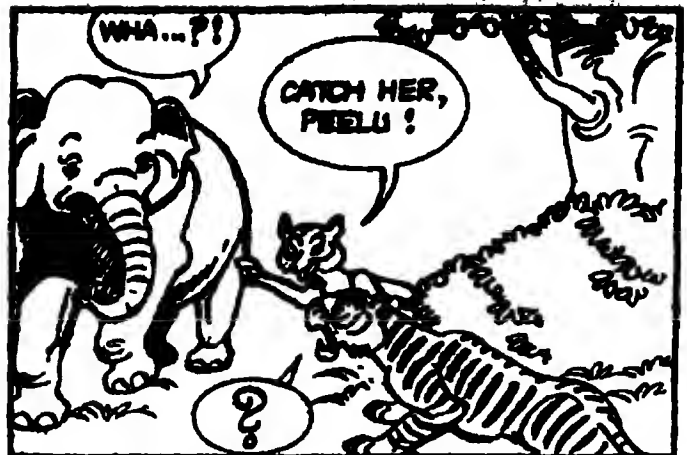
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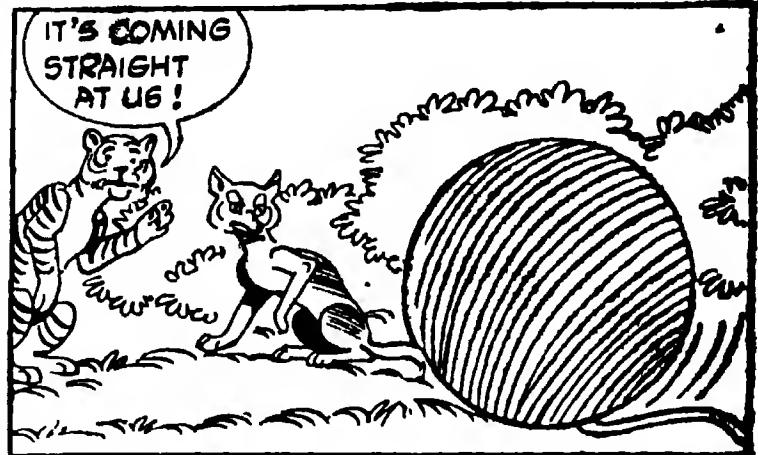


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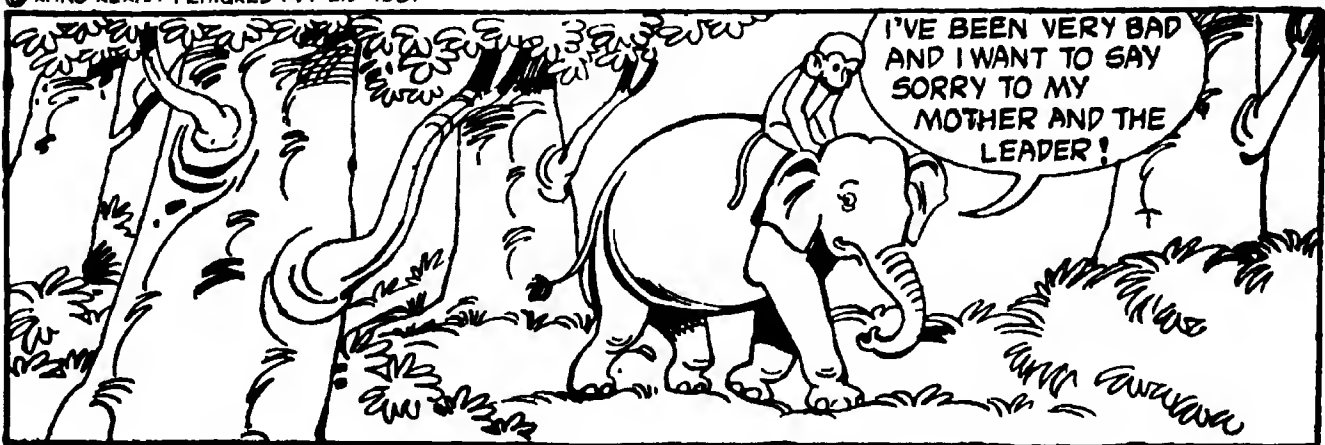
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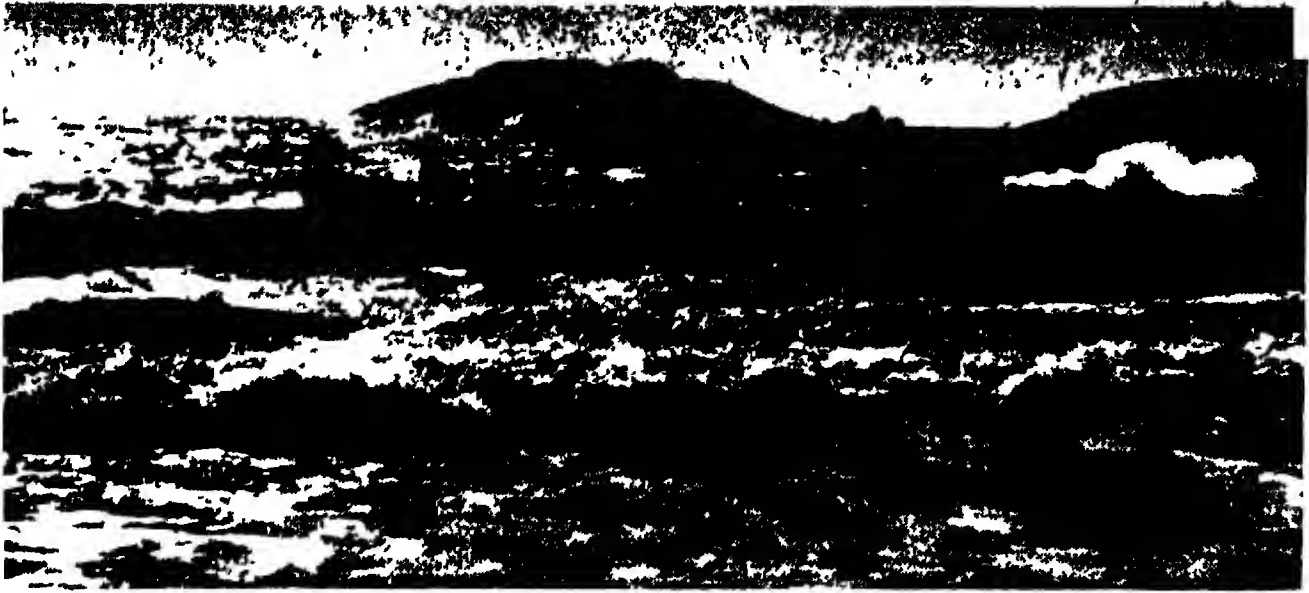






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Monument on a Rock

THEY were just two bare rocks till 15 or 16 years ago, at the land's end, where the waters of three seas meet—the Bay of Bengal, Indian Ocean, and the Arabian Sea. The tip is known as Kanyakumari, or Cape Comorin as your atlas might show. The confluence of the three seas provides a rare sight of scenic beauty, beyond all words of description.

The twin rocks are there since time immemorial. People looked at them with great veneration. Legend has it that Goddess Parvati stood on the larger of the two rocks doing *tapasya* to win the hand of Lord Shiva, the Lord of Kailas in the Himalayas, in far away north. And as evidence, the rock has a projection of a perfect human foot (*padam*), a little brownish in colour. From Puranic days, the rock had, therefore, come to be known as *Shripadani* (foot of the goddess).

It is widely believed that *Shripada parai* (rock) and its twin were, a long, long time ago, part of the mainland and that later, in the distant past itself, the rocks had turned islands after the

sea (seas to be more accurate!) encroached upon the mainland.

The 500-yard-strait between the land's end and *Shripada parai* remained untraversed, what with the high-rising waves and the surging waters till there came a man with a spiritual yearning that prompted him to undertake a pilgrimage as far as the snow-clad Himalayas and from there to the southernmost sands of the holy land that is India. Vivekananda (meaning one who can distinguish right from wrong) was a restless person. He was searching for the ultimate in *Jnana* (enlightenment). 'The ocean tossed and stormed about him, but there was a greater tempest raging in his mind. Like a child he wanted to surrender to the Mother. *Shripada parai* was beckoning him, and he—a devotee of Durga—didn't want to lose any time contemplating how to reach the rock. He plunged into the crashing waves and swam the entire distance.

Sitting on that 'last bit of Indian rock', Vivekananda soon passed into long, deep meditation. He was at last

in communion with the Divine Mother. The Jnana he received lit up his path. He discovered the mission ordained for him by the Divine — “to awaken the sleeping millions of my people.” He knew how India had fallen from her one-time glory and lost her individuality. The great message came out of him: “India shall rise only through a renewal and restoration of that highest spiritual consciousness which has made of India, at all times, the cradle of the nations and the cradle of the Faith.”

This was in December 1892. The hallowed spot where the monk received Jnana has since been called the Vivekananda Rock.

Could then there be a better location for a memorial to Swami Vivekananda than the Rock itself? thought the people in charge of celebrating the centenary of his birth (January 12, 1863). After prolonged planning and discussions with the authorities, work on the memorial started on November 6, 1964. The first phase was completed in six years time and the grand memorial was consecrated and inaugurated on September 2, 1970. The event synchronised with the 77th anniversary (as per the Indian Calendar) of Swami Vivekananda's historic speech in the Parliament of Religions in Chicago on September 11, 1893.

The Vivekananda Rock Memorial (see pages 40, 41) formally opened by the then President of India, Mr V. V. Giri, comprises two magnificent structures — the Vivekananda Mandapam and the Shripada Mandapam — besides the Pradakshina Path (circular pathway), waiting hall, water reservoir, and other ancillary buildings.

The Vivekananda Mandapam consists of the Mukha Mandapam (portico), the Sabha Mandapam (hall for assem-

bly) including the Pratima Mandapam where the Swamiji's bronze statue has been installed, and the Dhyana Mandapam (hall for meditation).

The Shripada Mandapam, in traditional South Indian temple architecture, is an elegant square-shaped structure. It has a Garbha Griha or the sanctum sanctorum where the goddess's Shripadam has been enshrined, an inner Prakaram (pathway), as well as an outer Prakaram — all on a raised platform.

The two Mandapams are so designed that Swami Vivekananda's imposing statue, in his wandering monk pose, has a view of the Shripadam always.

The significance of the Rock Memorial is that the Rock is so intimately associated with the Swamiji's life, just as the Bodhi tree in Gaya is with the life of Lord Buddha. “It was here that he, in his deep meditation, got a vision, urging him to work for the regeneration and rebuilding of India so that she might become a fit and efficient instrument to play the role ordained for her by the Divine.”

The Rock Memorial is only “a part of a dream.” The second phase of the Vivekananda Memorial is the founding of a service organisation on the lines of the Ramakrishna Mission, to train a band of devoted workers “to work for the social and spiritual well-being of the people.” This is the Vivekananda Kendra, with its headquarters at Kanyakumari. Besides other activities, the Kendra runs schools in different parts of the country. The child composer — Ipra Mekola, who was featured in CHILDREN'S WORLD last month — is a student of one of these schools in Arunachal Pradesh.

Arkay



World's Only Animal Theatre

EVER heard or seen four-legged "actors" and "actresses" featuring in theatrical performances? Yes, they do, at the world's only animal theatre that opened in Moscow recently. The actors of this theatre are animals — cats and dogs, foxes and cocks, wolves and goats, pelicans and mice, a sea lion, a racoon, a bear, a monkey and a pony, and many others. They number about 300 and get on with each other most happily and show good teamwork on the stage. The animal cast presents scenes from fairy tales and fables.

The theatre's first play, "We too are Olympians", is a tribute to the 22nd Summer Olympic Games held in Moscow last year. In this play, the animals "compete" for the best performance of their numbers. For example, there is a weightlifting monkey, goats go for a hurdle race, a bear climbs a vertical ladder and then, atop, raises his paw just like a winner! A "team" of foxes receive a liberal applause. Their repertoire includes dancing, free callisthenics, and jumps.

The Director of this animal theatre is Natalya Durova. She is the granddaughter of Vladimir Durov, who is generally considered the father of the Russian circus. Vladimir Durov was famous for his most humane method of animal taming. No one ever saw a whip in his hand. He studied the natural behaviour of animals and tried to use it. His descendants also follow the same method.

The animal theatre is housed in a modern building (see photograph on this page) with a 500-seat hall. It takes long hours of work to produce each minute of the one-and-a-half hour show. Natalia Durova combines artistry and her talent of a tamer with the charm of an impromptu story-teller creating a fairy tale on the stage.

Pritam Lal

On facing page, above left: A scene from "We too are Olympians", right: Yanka, a badger, and trainer Larisa Trifonova in the role of Little Red Riding Hood, below: Natalya Durova on the stage with the pelicans Pilya and Kama

(Courtesy USSR Information Dept.)



MAMA AND BABY



Come my Dolly, let us be
Mama and her little Baby.
What shall we do, my little girl?
Bathe and dress, my beautiful Pearl?



I'll pour some water as you stand in the
tub,
And then go scrub,—scrub, rub, rub—
a-scrub-scrub
I'll soap your legs and make them clean,
Dirty dirty baby, so black they are —
not fit to be seen.
I'll pat you dry behind the ears,
It's done it's done, let's have no tears.





**Photographs:
Chander Kanta**

**Verse:
Vaijayanti Tonpe**

Aha! This is what my Baby likes the
most,
Patting and powdering her wee wee
toes
Tch tch so many knots in your long,
long hair,
Don't yell, Pearl, I'll brush it with love
and care
If you do, how will we be
Mama and her little Baby?



Don't 'oooooh' my little one, just wear
your frock,
So that Baby and Mama can go for a
walk.
There, there, Mama's Baby is ready to
go,
She's proud, Mama's good little Pearl,
you know!



THE CHANDIPUR JEWELS

PRABEN SARIKA AND SUNIL ARE ON THEIR WAY FROM PATNA TO CHANDIPUR, TO MEET THEIR GRANDFATHER, A RICH ZAMINDAR, WHO LIVES IN AN ANCIENT PALACE. THEY HAVE NEVER MET HIM BECAUSE, MANY YEARS AGO, HE HAD DISOWNED THEIR MOTHER AFTER SHE RAN AWAY TO MARRY IN A DIFFERENT CASTE. HE HAS NOW WISHED TO SEE HER CHILDREN. THEY ARE, HOWEVER, NOT AT ALL ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT MEETING THIS FRIGHTENING OLD MAN. BUT THE THOUGHT OF LIVING IN A PALACE AND ACTUALLY SEEING A FORT SEEMS EXCITING ENOUGH...



HEY, BOOKWORM! YOU MEAN TO SAY MUMMY NEVER WENT BACK TO CHANDIPUR? DIDN'T SHE MISS HER CHILDHOOD HOME?

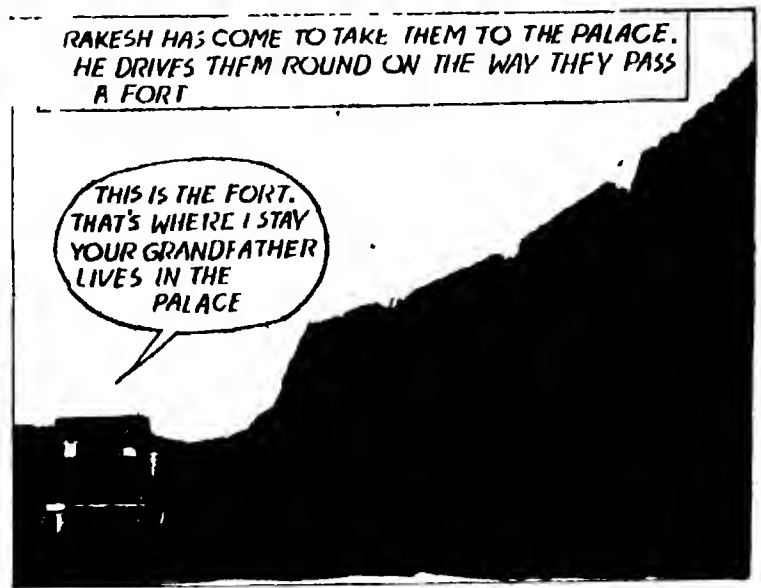
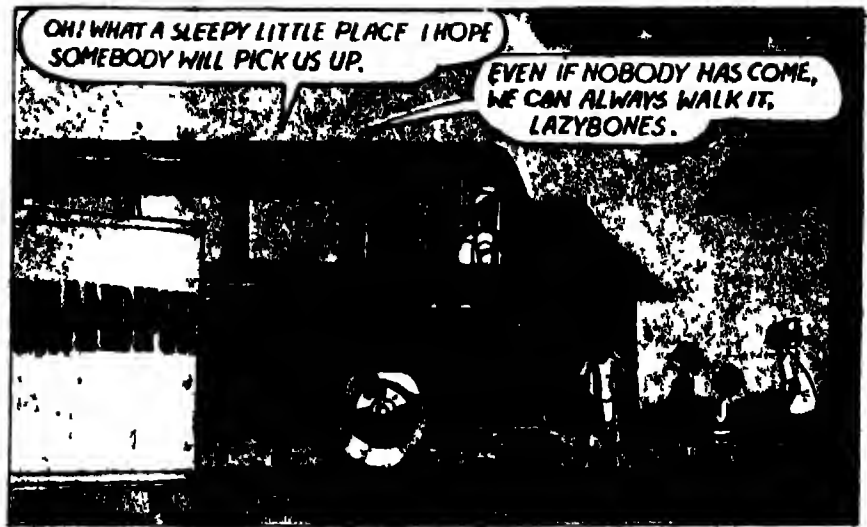


SHHHH

OFCOURSE, SHE DID! BUT GRANDFATHER NEVER CALLED HER, AND YOU KNOW, SUNIL, MUMMY WAS TOO PROUD TO GO BACK ON HER OWN!

WOW! HE MUST BE A TYRANT, A REALLY FRIGHTENING OLD MAN.

DON'T BE SILLY...



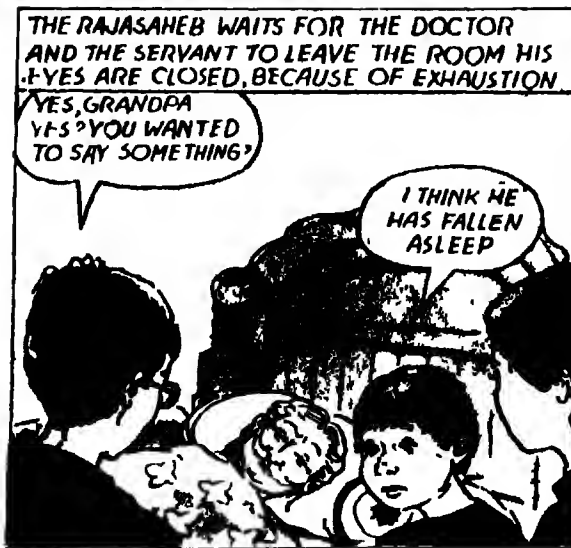


RAMU TAKES THEM INTO A LARGE HALL, CRAMMED WITH ARTEFACTS AND FURNITURE. THE WALLS ARE DECORATED WITH HEADS OF DEER, LIONS, WEAPONS, AND LARGE PAINTINGS IN EXPENSIVE FRAMES. THE CHILDREN LOOK ABOUT THEM - OVERAWED



NEXT MORNING THE DOCTOR TAKES THEM TO GRANDFATHER'S ROOM.....



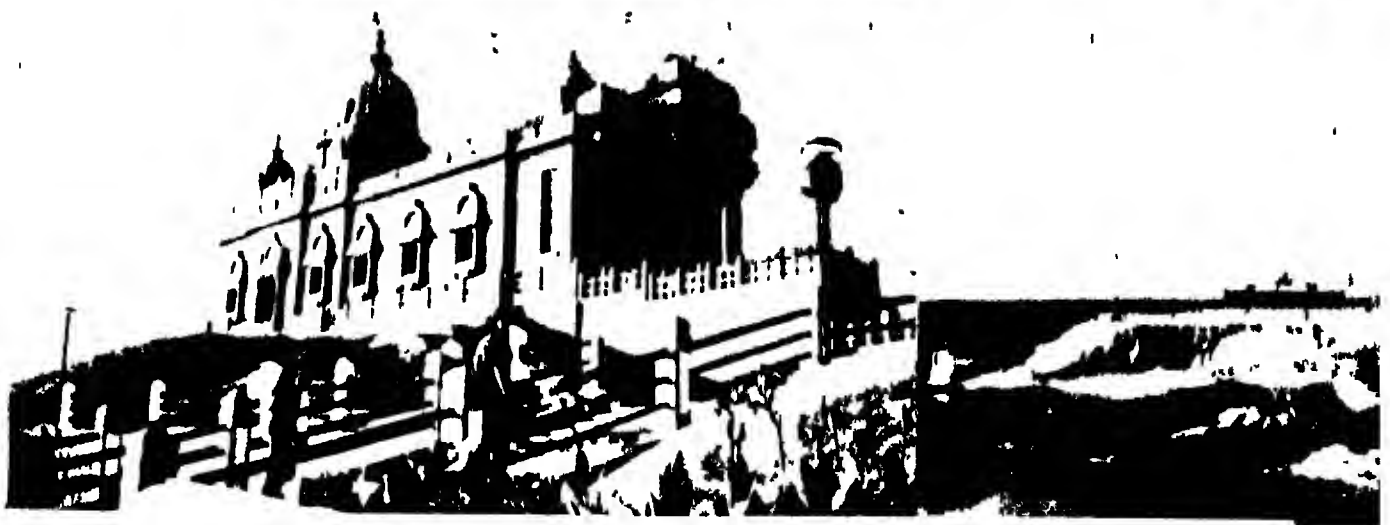


CONT'D

Top row Two distant views of the Vivekananda Rock Memorial at Kanyakumari. Middle row, from left to right: A portrait of Swami Vivekananda standing on the "Shriyada Sila", a close-up of the main Vivekananda Mandapam, and a front view of the entrance to the Mandapam. Bottom row, from left to right: A side



Memorial
(See story)





a Sage
(where)



wall of the Mandapam, a view of the memorial from an adjacent rock, and the bronze statue of the Swami installed in the "Sabha Griham" of the Mandapam. (The 223 cm-tall statue stands on a 142 cm-high pedestal.)

(Photographs courtesy Vivekananda Kendra)



A NAUGHTY FROG

AASHU was a naughty little frog. He lived in a pond with his mother. One day, he told his mother, "Mummy, I want to go out. Let me go to Uncle Frog's pond."

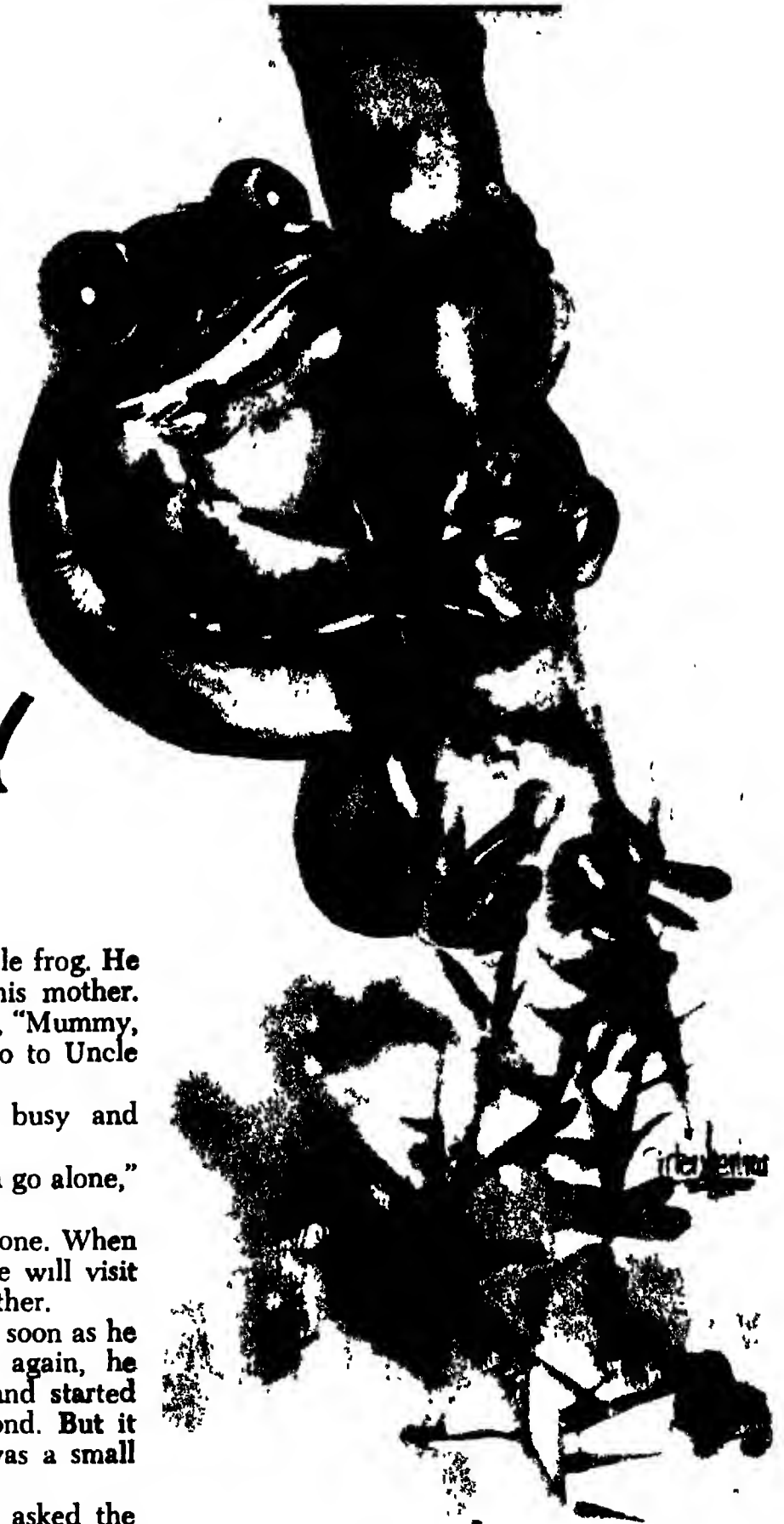
His mother said, "I am busy and cannot take you now."

"But I am a big frog. I can go alone," Aashu said.

"No, I won't let you go alone. When I have finished my work, we will visit Uncle Frog," replied his mother.

Aashu was disobedient. As soon as he saw his mother busy once again, he jumped out of the pond, and started hopping to Uncle Frog's pond. But it was far away, and Aashu was a small frog. He soon got tired.

Then he saw a crow. He asked the crow, very politely, "Uncle Crow, will you take me to Uncle Frog's pond?"





The crow said, "Of course! Jump onto my back."

Aashu climbed on to the crow's back, and they started flying. Aashu liked to fly. They went very fast. Aashu looked down and saw trees and flowers and cows grazing in the meadow. Then he saw his own pond! He jumped up and down on the crow's back. He shouted loudly, "Uncle Crow, Uncle Crow, please stop! You are going the wrong way. That is my pond down below. Uncle Frog's pond is on the other side."

He was a wicked crow. He laughed loudly. He said, "You are a silly little

frog. I am not taking you to Uncle Frog's pond."

Aashu asked, "Where are you taking me then?"

The crow replied, "I am taking you to my nest. I am going to eat you."

Aashu was very frightened. He jumped off the crow's back, and fell into his own pond.

His mother heard the splash and came out. "Bad boy!" she said. "Where did you go? I will punish you."

Aashu told her the whole story. He said, "I am very sorry, mother. In future I will always listen to you."

Brinda Ramesh







A MONKEY TREE

RAMU was returning from school one afternoon when he saw a tree full of monkeys on one side of the road. He stopped to look at the monkeys in amazement. He had seen them before only at the zoo.

Ramu kept gazing at the monkeys, big and small, young and old. He was greatly amused at the sight of the monkeys dangling from the branches of the trees.

Suddenly, he remembered that his mother would be waiting for him. So, he walked on.

All along the way he kept thinking about the tree with the monkeys. He told himself, 'So far I've seen trees growing mangoes, lemons, and even bananas, but this is the first time, I've seen a tree growing monkeys.'

On reaching home, Ramu went straight to his mother and asked her, "Mummy, why don't we plant a monkey-tree in our garden?"

His mother thought that Ramu wanted monkey-nuts to eat. So, she said, "My darling, I'll certainly get you some monkey-nuts when we go to the market."

"Oh no, no, Mummy, I don't want any monkey-nuts, I want a monkey-tree—a real monkey-tree—" he tried to explain.

But his mother did not quite understand, whether Ramu wanted a tree or a monkey to play with. So, she told him, "Well, we can call the monkey-man with his monkey. But, what would you do with it?"

"No, Mummy, just one monkey won't do. I want a big monkey-tree, with lots and lots of monkeys growing on its branches. Like the one I saw on my way from school," said Ramu.

"But, Ramu," his mother said, "monkeys do not grow on a tree. They just sit there, on top of the tree, to watch you and other children pass by," said his mother.

"How can that be, Mummy? Won't they fall from the tree if they do not grow on it?" argued Ramu.

His mother did not know how to explain it to Ramu. Next morning, when Ramu was leaving for school, she gave him a handful of monkey-nuts. She asked him to leave them on the ground near the monkey-tree.

When he reached the tree, Ramu spread the monkey-nuts on the ground close to the monkey-tree. Wasn't he surprised when he saw an army of monkeys racing down to pick up the monkey-nuts?

Krishna Tikku



TABLES TURNED



CHIRPY MYNAH was the naughtiest of all the animal children who attended the Jungle School. He was always up to tricks. He liked to tease and fool other people.

The day Kaloo the bear cub was about to sit in his chair, Chirpy quickly pulled the string he had tied to it. The chair bent backwards and poor Kaloo fell on the floor with a big bump. Chirpy almost split his sides laughing at him.

Another day he hid Betty Bat's dark glasses. So, Betty had to fumble blindly all day (bats can see only in the dark, you know) till the mischievous Chirpy returned her spectacles to her.

His classmates were tired of discovering ants and worms in their lunch-boxes. Who **else** but Chirpy had put them there?

Not satisfied with 'ragging' his friends, Chirpy was bold enough to play pranks on his teachers, too!

One morning, he brought a bottle of chalk-water and presented it to his class teacher, Miss Fluffy-Cat. "Miss, my mother has sent this milk as a gift for you. Please accept it," he said, very courteously indeed.

However, Miss Fluffy-Cat was smarter than he had imagined. She took a sharp look at the bottle and replied,



"Thank you, Chirpy. But first, you must drink some of it." With that, she poured a cupful of the "milk" and made Chirpy drink it.

One sip of that awful liquid was enough to make Chirpy sick!

"Please, Miss," he begged, "I'll drink the rest during tiffin-time."

"Go and sit down," ordered Miss Fluffy-Cat, glaring angrily at him. "Don't try your jokes on me again."

After that, Chirpy did not dare to pull Miss Fluffy-Cat's leg!

But there was one person with whom Chirpy had immense fun. That was Mrs. Baa-Sheep, their Elocution teacher.

Chirpy was always bothering her.

But, instead of scolding him, Mrs. Baa-Sheep would just bleat sadly, "Chirpy, you're incorrigible!"

One day, the Jungle School was celebrating its Annual Day. It was to be a grand affair. All the jungle folk had been invited. There was to be a concert and at the end, the students were to be given a treat.

The welcome speech was to be read out by Mrs. Baa-Sheep. She was busy rehearsing her talk, when Chirpy came up to her with a honey sandwich. "You must be tried practising so hard, Ma'am," he said, offering her the snack. "Do have a sandwich, it'll do you good."

"Thank you, Chirpy! So considerate of you. I was indeed longing for a bite," exclaimed Mrs Baa-Sheep, eagerly taking the sandwich.

Little did she guess that Chirpy was up to his tricks again!

He had made the sandwich with GLUE, not honey! So, no sooner had Mrs. Baa-Sheep munched some of the sandwich than her teeth got stuck tight together!

Poor Mrs Baa-Sheep could neither talk nor call for help! All she did was stare around helplessly with her big, round eyes, hoping that someone would understand her plight.

Chirpy, meanwhile, had slipped off. He went to hide the glue which he had brought in a bottle labelled "BHAL-OO BHAI & CO. REPUTED HONEY-SELLERS" Going into a deserted corridor, he hid the jar on a shelf. Then he strolled back to the school grounds.

Soon Mr. Wise-Owl, the Principal, came to Mrs. Baa-Sheep and told her to get ready as the guests were beginning to arrive. You can imagine his dismay when he found that the Elocution teacher had suddenly become dumb! He quickly ran for help.

Luckily, Dr Crow was around. He soon diagnosed the trouble and called for Bandar Saab, the dentist. Bandar Saab set to work and, in a trice, Mrs Baa-Sheep's jaws were free. Luckily for Chirpy, the kind Mrs Baa-Sheep did not mention anything about the "honey" sandwich.

The function went on smoothly.

For the feast that day, the students were to be given honey tarts. At the last moment, Jumpy-Hare, the school cook, realised that he had run short of honey. Just as he was about to hop over to the shop, his eyes fell on the jar that Chirpy had left on the shelf. "I just need a wee

bit," said Jumpy-Hare to himself. "I'll use this honey instead of buying a fresh bottle."

So, without knowing what he was doing, Jumpy-Hare used the glue from Chirpy's bottle!

When the function was over, all the pupils lined up for their eats. Chirpy stood last in the line because he was being naughty again. He was quietly tying together the tails of the wild-pig twins who stood before him.

Then came Chirpy's turn to take the tarts. He quickly helped himself to the last few tarts. All smeared with glue!

Oh dear! No sooner had he dug into the sweet than his beak got stuck tight in the tart. He flapped his wings in fright, but his beak remained stuck firm in the gum!

Everyone was amazed at this quaint mystery of the "gluey" sweets. "First it was Mrs Baa-Sheep, now it's Chirpy. Whatever is happening?" wondered everyone in surprise.

Jumpy-Hare got very alarmed and quickly fetched the "honey" jar he had used. Tom Dog, the Head Boy of the school, did a lot of questioning. Soon Chirpy had to nod his head (he could not talk) and confess that it was he who had brought the bottle!

"Ah!" hooted Mr Wise-Owl, wisely putting two and two together. "So Chirpy's at the root of this trouble. Serves him right! The tables have been turned... he's fallen into his own trap!"

"Ha ha... ho ho!" laughed the whole school. "The trickster has become a victim of his own tricks!"

Poor Chirpy turned red with shame. He flew out of the school at top-speed, and headed straight for the stream to wash off the glue.

S. Banerjee

LILY MAKES A MARK AT HOME TOO



LILY HAS COME FIRST
IN HER CLASS. HER
CLASS TEACHER IS
VERY HAPPY.



CONGRATULATIONS
LILY! KEEP IT UP

THANK YOU
MISS.



LILY SHOWS HER PROGRESS REPORT
AND BOOK-LIST TO HER PARENTS.

LILY HAS ALWAYS
BEEN A GOOD STUDENT
I'M PROUD OF HER BUT

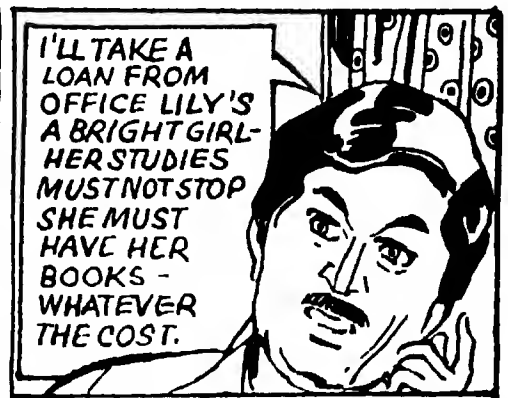


WHAT?

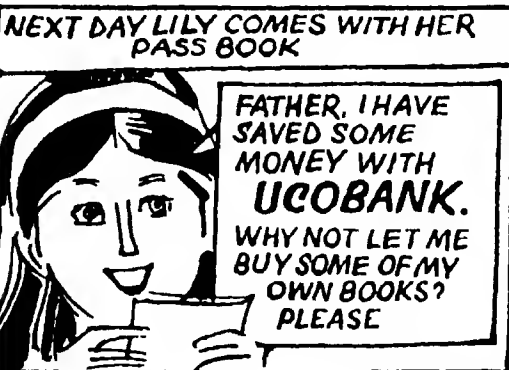
THIS BOOKLIST
WILL COST A
PACKET.



LILY OVERHEARS
HER FATHER.



I'LL TAKE A
LOAN FROM
OFFICE LILY'S
A BRIGHT GIRL-
HER STUDIES
MUST NOT STOP
SHE MUST
HAVE HER
BOOKS -
WHATEVER
THE COST.



NEXT DAY LILY COMES WITH HER
PASS BOOK

FATHER, I HAVE
SAVED SOME
MONEY WITH
UCOBANK.
WHY NOT LET ME
BUY SOME OF MY
OWN BOOKS?
PLEASE

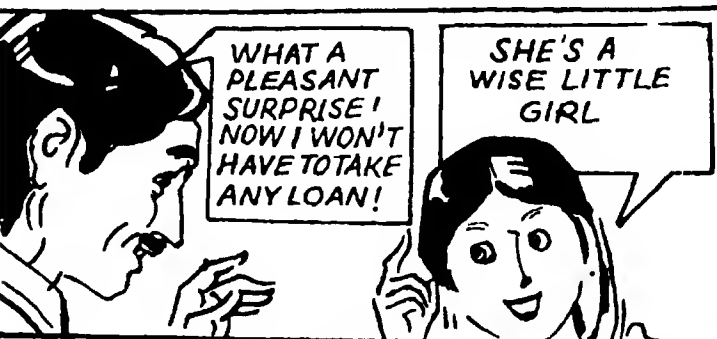


REALLY?
YOU HAVE?
WONDERFUL



YOU KNOW,
LILY HAS BEEN
SAVING
ACTUALLY SAVING
WITH UCOBANK
AND I NEVER
KNEW A THING

YES, I OPENED
THE ACCOUNT
FOR HER BUT I
ALSO DIDN'T
KNOW SHE WAS
REALLY SAVING



WHAT A
PLEASANT
SURPRISE!
NOW I WON'T
HAVE TO TAKE
ANY LOAN!

SHE'S A
WISE LITTLE
GIRL



BUT FOR
UCOBANK
I COULD
NEVER BUY
MY OWN
BOOKS!

UCO/CAS-83/81

Save with  **United Commercial Bank**
the friendly bank round the corner

MELVIN CALVIN

—the oil farmer



WHEN gophers (rat-like burrowing animals) began to spoil Mrs Calvin's garden in Alexander Valley, California, U S A, she — herself a botanist — planted a crop of *Euphorbia lathyris* — a poisonous weed — to keep them off the garden. The gophers took notice of the weed and were soon nowhere to be seen. However, her husband, Dr Melvin Calvin, a Nobel Laureate and biochemist, took special notice of the weed when, on plucking its leaf, he found a peculiar cream-coloured sticky sap coming out of it. Those were the days when Dr Calvin was, after having waited in a long car queue for gasoline, looking for a plant that could produce an oil to replace gasoline. He immediately took the cream-coloured sticky sap to his laboratory and tested its contents.

Dr Calvin's studies indicated that if the sticky sap is refined, it could be used like gasoline. The poisonous weed *Euphorbia lathyris* (and now others, too), he believes, if grown like a crop in semi-desert regions of the world which otherwise go waste, would solve to a large extent the energy crisis felt all over the world. Since his discovery of the weed he and his wife are trying to sell the idea to the world and the response is overwhelming. Today, he is dubbed as the 'first oil farmer'. His discovery of the weed is a classic example of the saying that a discovery occurs only to a prepared mind. His past research career also contains such dramatic incidents.

Soon after taking his Ph D from the University of Minnesota, U S A, in 1935, young Calvin came to England and began to work under the eminent Hungarian chemist,

Left Dr Calvin beside *Euphorbia lathyris* weed

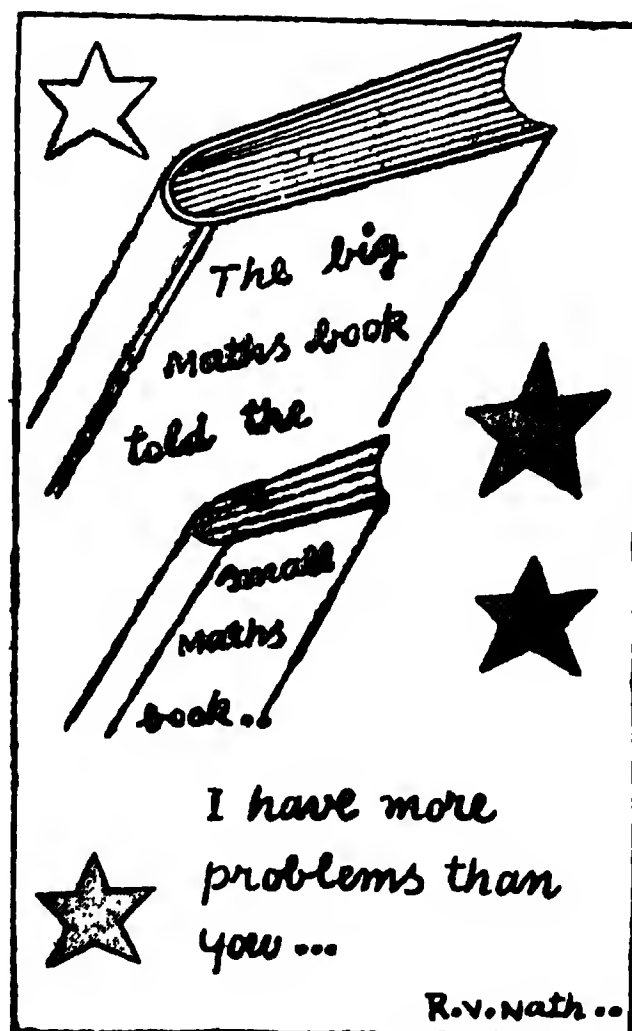
Michael Polanyi, at the University of Manchester. One day, Polanyi asked him to investigate an accident that had occurred in a local chemical factory — and his career was changed completely! His investigations led him to a dye which he found was a chemical cousin of chlorophyll — the green of the plants. And instead of working on the dye he took up research on the vital subject of chlorophyll because it provides mankind with food and oxygen.

It is however only in the presence of sunlight that chlorophyll takes water from the soil and carbon dioxide from the air to produce food and oxygen, the process being called 'Photosynthesis'. It is highly difficult to study this process in a laboratory because for one thing the chemical reactions occur at a fast rate and for another the plant cells have to be kept alive to carry on the process. Dr. Calvin's difficulties were made far simpler when, one day in 1945 Ernest O. Lawrence the inventor of Cyclotron — the atom accelerator machine — called him to his laboratory and offered him a new tool for his studies literally on a silver platter. That tool was C-14 — an isotope of carbon — which when fed to the plant through carbon dioxide enabled Dr. Calvin to trace how it has taken part in various crucial chemical reactions occurring in the plant during photosynthesis. For his significant contributions to the understanding of photosynthesis he was given the 1961 Nobel Prize in Chemistry.

Besides the oil-weed and photosynthesis Dr. Calvin has also done research on a number of diverse subjects, such as the chemical origin of life, memory, cancer, and atomic energy. Even at his present age of 70, he is as energetic as ever. When a reporter once

asked him how he felt on being awarded the Nobel Prize he snapped at him "That's not what you work for! That's not what it's all about!" His aim in life is not to win prizes, but to do something of great service to mankind. At present he is hell bent on improving the breed of *Euphorbia lathyris*, so that it could produce more oil at a cheaper rate. He also believes that the weed could produce materials like plastics, nylon and rubber. No doubt what he is presently doing is of direct concern to all of us.

Dillip M. Salwi



Film developing and Print-making

THE room where photographers develop the film and make prints and enlargements is generally called the *dark room*, because it has to be sealed against all white light. Some coloured light is allowed, but white light affects the film, hence it has to be excluded. Heavy curtains can help much in this regard, after all the windows and doors have been fastened. Cracks in doors and even keyholes have to be covered. For convenience, the dark room should have provision for running water.

For *developing* a film, you would need the following material: 1. Developing Tank of universal size which can accept any size of film 120 to 35 mm, 2. A Measure of hard plastic large enough to fill the tank, 3. Thermometer, 4. A timepiece, 5. Film clips, Changing bag, Stirring rod, etc.

The processing solutions should be prepared according to the strength recommended in the leaflets that come along with films. But the temperature has to be correctly main-

An ideal print should be able to capture the range of shades, from near whiteness to complete blackness, as also the varying gradations of grey



tained Developers are also available in liquid form

To develop your film, first place it in the spiral of the Developing Tank in total darkness. The rest of the process may be carried out in light. Secure the lid of the tank tightly. Now pour the developer through the hole in the lid of the tank (the opening in the lid is secured against infiltration of light), agitate the tank with a rod through this hole and see that it engages the film holder spindle. The developing time is indicated in the leaflet. Pour out the developer and wash the tank twice while it is tightly closed as before. Pour the fixing solution and keep it for 15 minutes. You can now remove the lid. Wash the film for 30 minutes in running water. And hang the film in a dust-free place with the help of clips so as to prevent its curling over. All through the process, follow the instructions carefully and you will be able to develop the negative film. Patience is highly recommended in learning to master this process to perfection.

Contact Printing

It requires a little apparatus. A printing frame, three dishes for processing the prints, developing and fixing, a timer (clock), and glazing plates. Solutions are to be prepared in correct measure. There are two main solutions a developing bath and a fixing bath. In between, a stop bath is recommended to prevent stained prints.

Place the negative, emulsion side (dull side) up, on the glass of the printing frame. It should be dust free. Place on this a piece of the photographic paper, emulsion coated side down. Fasten the frame. Now switch on the light. The exposure time will depend on the strength of the light source and the distance from the light. Try ten seconds at about eighteen inches from a 40 watt lamp. Take out the print and place it in the developing solution, agitate it constantly. The



A soft negative (lacking in contrast) should be printed on hard paper. If the print is too dark (see picture below), try a short exposure.



image will show after about fifteen to twenty seconds, and in another forty to fifty seconds it will be ready. Now place it in the stop bath (made of three per cent acetic acid) and transfer the print to the fixing bath. After a minute or two you may switch on the white light and examine the print. If it is too dark, try a short exposure, and if it is too light try a longer exposure. Now wash the print and dry it.

Various types of paper are available, glossy, lustre, etc. in the grades of hard, normal and soft. Soft negative (lacking in contrast) should be printed on hard paper. Normal contrast will appear best on normal paper. The final print should look normal. Keep negatives in groups according to their negative contrast values for suitable and convenient handling and selection of papers of the right grade.

Here are a few photographic terms frequently used in this process:

- 1 Bromide and chlorobromide — varieties of photographic printing paper
- 2 Contact print — a print which is of the same size as the negative, usually required for testing and before enlargements are made
- 3 Dense negative — overexposed and over developed negative
- 4 Developer — a chemical solution which brings out the latent image after the negative is exposed for printing
- 5 Fixing bath — a chemical solution which dissolves away all the unused sensitized silver in a photographic print and makes the image unalterable by further action of light



When an uncontrolled light inadvertently strikes the film or print, it is said to be 'fogged'

- 6 Fogged — when uncontrolled light inadvertently strikes the film or print, it is said to be *fogged*
- 7 Grainy negative — when the structure of the particles of the image is visible during enlargement particularly when too big an enlargement is made from a small negative
- 8 Thin negative — one which is insufficiently or under exposed
- 9 Overexposure — too long an exposure, giving a dark/dense negative

Most of the terms are now explained, many useful hints given about film, composition, portraits, landscape, child photography, bad weather photography, and also holiday work. Now you should be able to venture out in the field of photography and to stand on your own feet. Since this art is mainly experimental, and one perfects it only by trial and error, I can only wish you the best of experiments, a merry time, and best of luck!

Surendra Sahai

(This series concluded)

“The Opening Session”

ON the august occasion of the Independence Day, we are happy to “mauginate” a Magic Club for our young readers. All those who are fond of Magic are automatically its members!

This Club will hold a “session” every month, in which I shall present to my young friends a simple lesson in magic. I shall reveal the secret of performing an easy but mystifying magic, in the course of which also briefly explain some theories and principles of magic which all sincere students of magic must know if they want to become really good magicians.

After each session, members are welcome to ask me questions on Magic through the Editor, and I shall gladly reply to them as far as possible.

In this Opening Session, let me first describe how I entertained the students of a small school in Calcutta on the Independence Day last year with a magic which I called

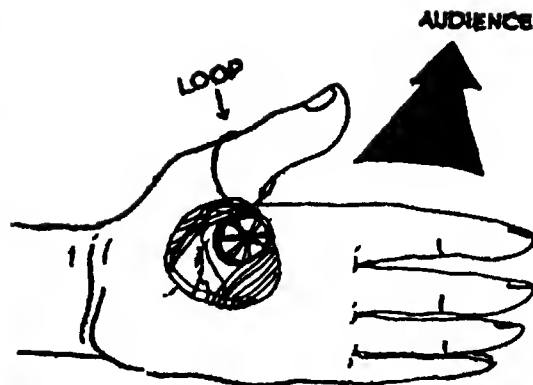
THE INDESTRUCTIBLE NATIONAL FLAG

In my patter, i.e., what a magician tells his audience during his performance, I said

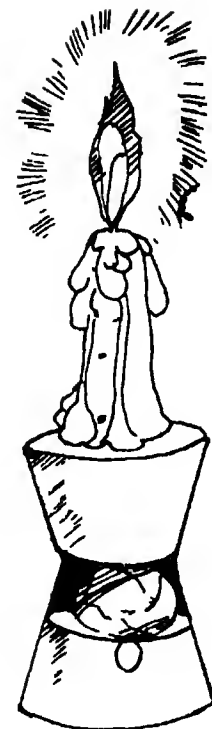
“My dear little friends! Last year I was present at a Flag-hoisting ceremony on August 15. Beside the pole on which our national flag was to be hoisted, a candle had been lit on a pedestal

which was called the “Shahid Bedi”, or altar in memory of the martyrs. Unfortunately, the person holding the flag carelessly stood too near the candle-flame, and the flag caught fire. Half the flag had been burnt by the time the fire was put out. Everybody was dismayed. Hoisting a half-burnt national flag was just out of the question. A fresh flag must be obtained, but that would take a lot of time. So, I said, ‘Give me the





Left - Illustration 1 As the top of the tray holding the matchsticks is pushed in after lighting the candle, the tray end pushes out the hidden paper ball (flag) into the left palm, Middle Illustration 2 The crumpled up flag hanging from the loop is hidden from the view of the audience, Right Illustration 3 The crumpled up flag with loop is hidden in the hollow of the candlestick.



flag', and took the half-burnt flag, and burnt the remaining half also in the candle! I then rubbed the ashes between my palms, and out of the ashes came a fresh national flag, complete and undamaged! It was hoisted with full ceremony, and everybody was happy to find that our national flag cannot really be destroyed"

Of course, I did not merely talk, for mere talk bores audiences. I supplemented my talk with action, actually demonstrating how by rubbing the ashes of a flag between the palms, a full flag can be produced out of the ashes. I shall now explain the secret of this magic, step by step —

On a small table between me and the audience stood a candle-stand with an unlit candle on it. This was supposed to be the "Shahid Bedi". Nearby on the table lay a half-opened matchbox full of matchsticks. The half part of the tray pushed out of the matchbox was on the side of the audience, while the hollow

portion of the matchbox was on my side, lying beyond the audience's view. I had in my pocket a national flag made of thin tissue paper, folded. An exact duplicate of this national flag, crumpled up into a small ball, and tied by a piece of thin thread with a loop into which I could easily push my thumb or finger, lay hidden in the hollow of the matchbox with the loop on the outside (see illustration 1).

Rolling both sleeves up to my elbows I casually (i.e., without specially drawing the audience's attention to it) showed both my hands empty, and with the right hand brought the folded national flag out of my pocket. Unfolding it with both hands, I showed the flag in its full size.

Picking up the matchbox from the table with my right hand, I placed it on the palm of my left hand, between the thumb and the fingers. Taking a match-

stick out of the open end of the tray with my right hand, I very naturally pushed the tray in to close the matchbox. That pushed out the hidden crumpled-up flag into my left palm, but my left palm being away from the audience, they could not see it. I had also slipped my left thumb into the loop of the thread with which the flag-ball had been tied. Thus, unknown to the audience, the flag-ball was secretly taken into my left PALM from its hiding place. (This is called "taking a load")

Holding the matchbox in my left hand, I struck the matchstick with my right hand and lit the candle. With the right hand I took the flag to the candle-flame. It caught fire. When half-burnt I put out the flame. I again touched the candle-flame with the rest of the flag and burnt it off, too. All this time, the duplicate flag (the "load" secretly taken from the matchbox) remained hanging against my left palm from the thumbel loop (see illustration 2), unseen by the audience. Then, taking as much of the ashes of the burnt flag as possible, I rubbed the ashes between my palms. In the process, I opened up the duplicate flag. It seemed to the audience that I had **reproduced** the burnt flag magically from its ashes, though actually, as it is now clear to you, I had merely **produced** a **duplicate** flag secretly obtained from the matchbox.

From the above explanation, it may now be clear to you that the most important stage in the trick is that of **taking the load**.

While performing the above trick you can, if you so prefer, **take the load in a different manner**, without taking the aid of a matchbox. Also, you can take

the load in your right hand or your left hand, whichever suits you better. You can keep the looped duplicate flag (crumpled up into a ball-shape) hidden in a part of the candlestick which is unseen by the audience (see illustration 3). You can also keep the load hanging inside the bottom skirt of your coat. Suppose the load is hidden inside the skirt of your coat on the left side, so that when you stand with your right side to the audience and your left hand hangs naturally by your left side, the load is very near your left hand. While with the right hand you are burning the original flag in the candle-flame, and thereby drawing the attention of everybody in that direction, you can easily take the load in your left hand. Then, when you turn your left side to the audience, the load will hang by the loop from your left thumb against your left palm, unseen by the spectators who will see only the back of your left hand (see illustration on page 55).

The trick I have explained is simple and easy, but very effective if you can perform it neatly and naturally. But let me give you a warning: However easy a trick may seem, you must not perform it openly without thorough practice and rehearsal in private, till you are so perfectly ready that you never for a moment at any stage have to fumble or hesitate what to do or say next. Also, do not despise or ignore simple tricks. Very simple tricks are often the most mystifying. I have often mystified very clever people by tricks whose secrets are very, very simple. Also, in magic, whatever you do is important, but the style or manner of your doing it is often no less, or even more, important.

Dipak Roy



Thirst aids

YOU must have often thought that 'squashes and spice and all things nice' are mummy's territory. Wouldn't it be fun to surprise her with our quick-n-easy thirst quenchers, especially geared to beat the heat?

Here's how

MANGO SQUASH (PANHA)

Ingredients:

- 6 green raw mangoes
- 8-10 tablespoons sugar
- A pinch of salt
- 1 tablespoon ground cardamom (elaichi)
- 2 glasses of water

Method: Boil mangoes in the water till soft and well-cooked. Cool. Peel outer skin and discard this. Using hands, squeeze out all pulp from mangoes into a clean vessel and discard the hard seed.

Add sugar and salt to pulp, and blend well together. Pass pulp through fine sieve or electric mixer to blend further. Add cardamom powder. Place mixture

in clean, dry, wide-mouthed jar or bottle. Store in refrigerator till required. (Mixture will keep for about a week.)

To Make Squash:

For each glass, use the following proportions

- 1/3 mango pulp mixture
- 2/3 ice water
- 1/4 teaspoon finely chopped mint (pudina) leaves

Stir well, adding a couple of ice cubes if liked. Serve at once — then wait for the applause!

WATER MELON TANG

Ingredients:

- 1 medium-sized red water melon (taibooz)
- Fresh lemon juice as required
- Chopped mint leaves to decorate.

Method: Cut melon into small pieces after removing seeds. Crush the pieces and pass through sieve to remove juice or use mixer to do the same. Add

sugar to taste if the melon is not sweet enough

Blend the chopped mint leaves into juice. Pour juice into ice-trays and chill in refrigerator till firm and set.

To serve: Make lemon juice with sugar in the usual way. Pour into as many glasses as required. Top each glass with 2-3 water melon cubes. Serve at once.

CHERRY MILK SHAKE

As fresh cherries are now easily available, make this yummy delight for your friends and family. However, a mixie is a must for this recipe.

Ingredients:

250 gms fresh ripe cherries

Sugar to taste

4-6 glasses milk

Vanilla ice-cream (optional)

Method: Clean cherries and remove seeds with sharp knife. Place in mixie with sugar to taste if cherries are not sweet enough. Add crushed ice and milk. Switch mixie gradually to high

speed, until milk shake is light and fluffy. Chill.

To Serve: Pour into glasses as required. Top each glass with a scoop of ice-cream. Serve at once.

MANGO MILK SHAKE

Mangoes are in season — so, why drink plain milk! You will get best results only if you use a mixie for this popular favourite.

Ingredients:

6 ripe mangoes

6 glasses of milk

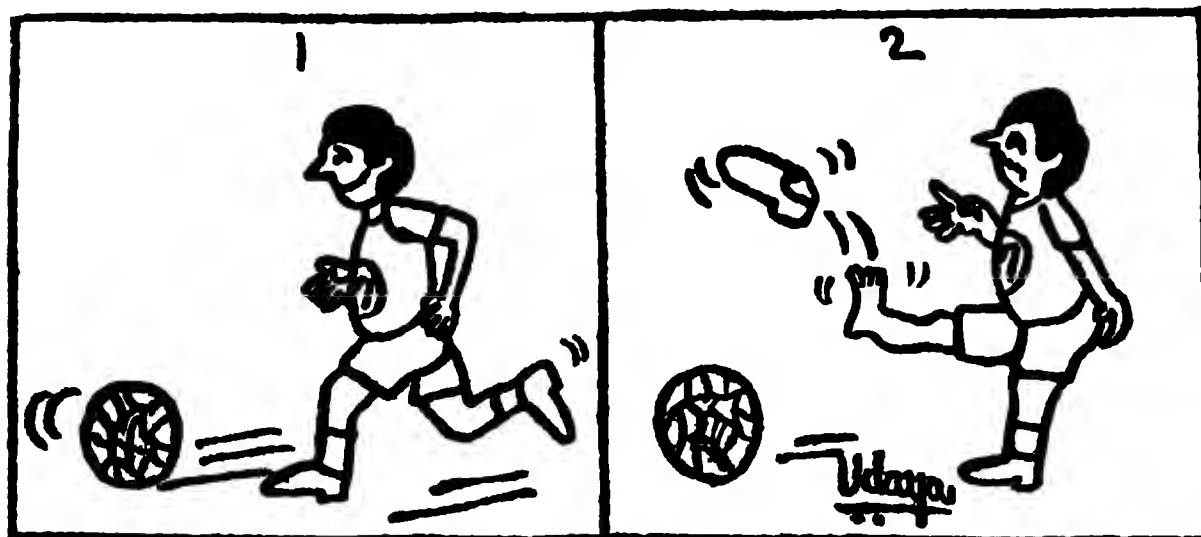
sugar to taste

Mango ice-cream (optional)

Method: Wash, peel, and cut mangoes into small pieces. Place in mixie with milk, add sugar if needed. Switch mixie gradually to high speed till milk shake is well-blended. Chill thoroughly and keep in fridge till required.

To serve: Pour into tall glasses. Top each glass with a scoop of ice-cream. Serve at once.

Nirmala Malhotra



FOR THE PROSPERITY OF ALL CHILDREN

The GDR, as a socialist state, is a child-loving country. Unlimited care for the younger generation is the constitutional obligation for every citizen and every institution. Already in the first hard years of the new beginning after the victory over Hitler-fascism all progressive forces directed their particular attention to the well-being of the children. It was above all those anti-fascists, who —themselves still marked by hunger and torture suffered from in fascist concentration-camps and jails—initiated an appeal to rescue the children. Those who had been most innocent of the criminal Second World War unleashed by Hitler-Germany, should not fall victim to that war subsequently. All those, who experienced it at that time, will never forget the aid rendered by the Soviet Army. Particularly ordered officers cared for bread, hot meals, clothes once owned by meanwhile expropriated war-criminals, were turned into homes for orphans and war-scattered children.

In the GDR permanent care for the younger generation is a maxim of state policy. Children are wished-for and welcome. Families with many children enjoy law-regulated preferential treatment ranging from the distribution of housing-space to direct material allowances from the state. All over the country there exists a network of care-centres for pregnant women and young mothers. A comprehensive vaccination-system protects the children from their first days onwards against infectious diseases, the most dangerous of which —such as poliomyelitis and diphtheria— have been uprooted already. A unified education-system guarantees a free-of-charge education, ranging "seamlessly" from kindergarten to possibly university-level. Child-labour has always been severely prohibited and is simply unimaginable in our country.

It cost the society many a sacrifice to achieve and secure all this, particularly in the first years. From year to year the funds have risen, which have been provided for children by the state-budget. At present the money is above all spent on the further extension of leisure-time and recreation-centres, for example, holiday-camps of the "Young Pioneers" — children's organisation and of the nationally-owned enterprises.

In every residential area there exist play-grounds for everyday leisure-time. In new housing areas the establishment of such play-grounds is part and parcel of the state-ordered building-project. In every bigger town or village there exist "Young-Pioneer"-houses or at least respective rooms, where the kids can participate in and enjoy manifold extra-school hobby groups.

Children are a nation's most valuable treasure - this maxim is pursued by the GDR in the international arena, too. In the framework of UNICEF, the United Nations International Children's Emergency Fund, the GDR acts as part of the socialist community of states, whose consistent peace-policy whose striving for security and social progress corresponds to the humanist principles of UNICEF. The GDR considers the work of this UN-sub-organisation extraordinarily useful and necessary. Special attention is devoted to UNICEF-special-emergency-programmes, above all through bilateral agreements with the states and bodies concerned.

Of course, the GDR also renders material support to the work of the emergency-fund. Every year our government renders its financial contribution. Since 1976 participation in the UNICEF-post-card-campaigns, too, raises additional funds. GDR-assistance is focussed on children and youths in the developing countries, until today suffering from the consequences of colonial oppression and exploitation.

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Juneli at St. Avila's

THE STORY SO FAR

Juneli is quiet during the long drive back to boarding school. Her father's attempts at cheering her up are in vain. But once their parents have left, the girls cheer up as they exchange all the news.

The great excitement of the term is election by-vote of a new head-girl. There isn't much to choose from, but Sheila Talwar's election seems hardly fair, when the others get to know of the Swiss chocolates she has been distributing to special friends. Mustacho—the Bengali teacher, well-known for his weird dress-sense—had been an object of mirth but proves to Class VIII that he has a nasty temper to match!

But that is not all. There is fat little Urushi Dastidar who is determined to hate St. Avila's and all its girls. Yet she's the one who not only boasts of being a good singer but goes on to prove it is so, completely winning the approval of Balduin (the bald music teacher whose real name is Mr. Chauhan) as also the admiration of her classmates.

Miss Hathu, with proportions to match, is the new geography teacher, this term.

Juneli has been looking forward to re-joining her Carefree Club for the newcomers, but two vacancies in the Girl Guide Company means she and Rita can join it. They do so and are lucky enough to attend a meeting addressed by Miss Wylke, a top-class Girl Guide from Canada, who has come to India for a year.

But along with exciting things like Guide meetings are the horrors of letting loose Class VIII in the Domestic Science kitchen! Last term they had substituted bleaching powder for cornflour and this year — horror of horrors! they make sup-halwa in cod-liver oil just because they

mistake 'C'-oil for 'G'-oil (groundnut). Luckily the others in Class VIII haven't made the same mistake — and there is enough 'good' halwa for the whole school to eat as they laugh over the mistake. But the guilty batch of Class VIII feel the joke has been carried too far when the Guide class is told of the mix-up and even Miss Wylke has a good laugh. She spurs them on to learn cooking, for as Guides they have to pass their cooking test — at the supper-lake very soon.

Ina's startled cry, as she peers over the hedge, galvanises all the Class VIII girls into action, for the juniors are in 'Forbidden Territory' — that is, the school orchard. Some of them are merrily stuffing ripe mulberries in their mouths, unmindful of the juice staining their immaculate blouses — others are peering down the broken old well — obviously excited. They refuse to heed Latha, Rosita, Rita, Ina, and Juneli when they plead with them to come out of the orchard. Scared for them and enraged, Juneli risks punishment and determinedly goes into the orchard to shoo the juniors out. Defiant as ever, they refuse to budge till Juneli mentions Sister Evelina and Esther, of whom they are afraid.

But it's out of the frying-pan and into the fire for Juneli. For, although she has got the juniors out, she is late for her class and, to top it all, she has to meet an irate Sheila Talwar — who refuses to believe her story and gives her an order mark for being late. In class, it's the inevitable Balbinder who gives Mr. Rakesh, the maths teacher, a book on beauty-care instead of the Algebra text! But the others do have their Algebra texts and the class carries on!

Now read on

Chapter II : Getting Ready

MISS Singh, the games teacher, looked at the eager faces before her and smiled "You have all seen the Notice Board, haven't you?"

"Yes, Miss Singh," said everyone and looked at her expectantly

"Our Seniors will be playing a tennis match or two with St John's, as you know," she said "I was just wondering how many of you know the game You need not be very brilliant or a star-performer, of course! I just want a gul or two who can be our reserves I suppose you already know that Sheila Radha, Esha, and Razia will be playing"

"Miss Singh," said Sheila Talwar interrupting her, "need we have a reserve? I'm sure none of these kids has any idea about tennis and will merely play the fool, if chosen Since Radha and I will be playing, we don't need any reserves"

"Of course, we must have reserves in case anyone of the team suddenly falls ill or cannot play for some reason," said Miss Singh cutting her short "It's the rule and I should have thought that everyone knew it!"

Sheila turned a bright red, but decided to hold her tongue for the time being She hated being ticked off in front of others Especially as she was the head-girl! Surely, Miss Singh ought to have remembered that she thought furiously

"Serves her right!" whispered Rita "She always seems to think that she knows more than anyone else!"

"I can't imagine HOW she dares argue with Miss Singh the way she does!" said Juneli "I simply wouldn't dare to talk like that."

"How I wish Swarupa were back and head-girl once more!" sighed Latha "Nothing seems to be the same anymore"

"No talking, guls," said Miss Singh in her

crisp voice "Do any of you know tennis?"

For a while, no one spoke Then, to every one's utter astonishment, Urvashi put up her hand!

"Gosh!" said Rita and gave Juneli a sharp nudge "Go on, put up your hand, Juneli."

Juneli hesitated as she remembered her encounter with Sheila Talwar the head-girl, but put up her hand eventually

"Good!" said Miss Singh, nodding at them "You both will come with me to Father Donal's bungalow when we go there for practice this evening"

Sheila spoke in an undertone to her friend "What did I tell you!" she said in an irritated voice "This Juneli girl is quite insufferable! Always pushing herself forward!"

Radha nodded in agreement "She badly needs taking down a peg or two," she said "And as for that baby-elephant—WHAT nerve to put up her hand like that! I'm sure she doesn't know one end of the tennis racket from the other! Just like Miss Singh to be taken in by a couple of silly Juniors!"

But neither Juneli nor Urvashi was able to accompany Miss Singh and the Seniors that evening Juneli developed a sudden temperature by tea-time and had to be taken to the sick-room Urvashi, who had got all her algebra wrong, was detained by Mr Rakesh for extra lessons Sheila and Radha and Esha and Razia went with Miss Singh and had a practice game

"You will have to put in a lot of practice, if you really mean to play in the match," said Miss Singh "But you're quite good, all of you, and have a good style"

"What a pity Swarupa isn't here," said Father Donal "She'd have made the St John's team sit up!"

Sheila slung her shoulders It always irritated her when people praised Swarupa, the head-girl before her But she practised

hard the whole of the next week with Radha. So did the other two.

In the meantime, the Guides were terribly excited about their supper-lake. It was to be a real gala occasion this time and everyone was determined to make it a success. They had already learnt to put up tents, the menu for the supper was carefully planned out and now they were busy rehearsing Longfellow's *Hawatha* which they meant to perform at the campfire.

"It's going to be really effective," said Ina, "with all of us dressed as Red-Indians! It will be just right by the fire light."

"Yes," agreed Latha, "and that Red-Indian dance is wonderful, too."

"It was really sporting of Miss Wyke to teach us that dance," said June.

"Well, let's hope nothing goes wrong with the supper," said Rita self-consciously.

"Everyone laughed. 'We won't be in charge of it,' said June. 'Our patrol leaders will see to it, and we'll merely have to do what they tell us'."

"And the menu is simple enough," said Rosita. "Just rice and *dal* and curry and a salad. Nothing to go wrong there!" said Lillian.

Rita and June were both in Pansy patrol. Runa, their patrol leader, was somewhat easy-going and not quite so efficient as the others. But that did not matter now that they were both Guides. "I wish you two were in the Rose patrol with us," said Latha.

"Or with us in Lily patrol," said Ina.

"Well, we couldn't all hope to be in the same patrol as we are classmates," said June sensibly.

"My word! I wish Urvashi would join!" said Rita. "How I'd love to see her doing the Red-Indian dance! She'd shake the ground itself!"

"Jamila is wonderful as *Hawatha*, isn't she?" said Ina. "She's so tall! She looks just right."

"Yes, and Alka makes a very good Mine-

haha' too," said Latha.

"I'm glad we are all in the Red-Indian group dance," said Lillian. "So no one will feel left out!"

Everything was finalised at the next Guide meeting. The menu was divided between the patrols. Every patrol leader got a list of jobs which her group had to do. "I only hope the tents don't collapse on our heads in the middle of the night!" said Rita.

"No fears," said Latha. "Both Sister Sybil and Miss Wyke will be there to supervise the pitching of the tents. Nothing is likely to go wrong there!"

"I'm glad our patrol is going to cook the rice," said June. "If it had been *dal* or curry, I'd have been decidedly nervous!"

At last the day of the campfire arrived, and it seemed extra bright and clear to the Guides because they were so very excited! It was a Saturday so there were no classes. All the Guides were let off their usual routine work after lunch because they had to get everything ready. They had already collected a huge pile of logs, sticks, twigs, and dry leaves for the fire. It merely needed building up and the final lighting. The patrol-leaders were busy putting up the tents.

They had roll-call and inspection at 2 p.m. After that they all dispersed in order to attend to their special jobs of fetching water, arranging everything neatly in the tents, placing rows of chairs in front of the unlit fire for the audience, and getting everything ready for the supper. Mother Benedicta, along with all the other nuns, the staff, the boarders, plus all day-girls who cared to come had been invited to watch the camp-fire.

"I only hope Mustachio doesn't start reciting poems at our campfire," said Rita. "He never knows WHEN to stop!"

"Of course, he won't," said Latha. "Outsiders don't do anything in our Guide stunts. They are merely invited to look on."

(Turn to page 73)

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WHAT A CHILDREN'S



LIBRARY CAN DO

THE word Library brings to one's mind shelves and shelves of books, and rows and rows of tables where people sit and read in silence. Dr B C Roy Memorial Children's Library and Reading Room in Nehru House (the home of CBI) fills in the above description all right. But it's something more than that.

It's the most popular children's library in the Capital of India—with its 30,000 odd books (all for children!), with its well-stocked Reference section which can give you the answers to all your G K questions, with its play-corner to keep the tiny-tots busy so that they will leave their elder brothers and sisters in peace with their favourite books, with its monthly movie shows for its members (now more than 2,500 of them drawn from different parts of Delhi),

with its story-telling sessions (Ah! a newly introduced holiday programme)

No, let me take them one after the other.

I said Books: adventure, Amar Chitra Katha, "Asterix", biography, classics, comics, dictionary, drama, do-it-yourself, encyclopaedia, folk tale, fairy tale, hobby, history, mystery, poetry, picture-books, science, sports, story-books, "Tintin", you name it and they have it! Not books alone, but many children's magazines, in various languages, and a few from abroad, too, will greet you in the Library.

The Kiddies Corner, with its soft, silky carpet, its tiny tables and tiny chairs, toys and dolls and games strewn all over, looks like a corner for elves and faeries. When children



Left Miss Kamaljit Kour, Librarian, and a teacher from Springdales School (with handbag) discuss the little Springdaliens' visit to Dr. B.C. Roy Memorial Library, right Mrs. Shanti Kamath, the first 'story-teller' of the Saturday Story-telling Sessions.

bigger than the "fannies" and 'elves' that come to the Library want to enjoy an interval from their heavy books, they can be seen shifting to this Corner to spend a while at carrom, chess, or Chinese checkers. The noise they might make does not seem to travel beyond the toys shelf that separates the playful children from the others.

Once a month, on second Saturdays the Library converts itself into an auditorium, the 'silver screen' comes down in seconds, the projectors start whirring, and before you close and open your eyelids who else comes before you than Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck, Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy, Bud Abbott and Lou Costello, or the great Charlie Chaplin himself? Often, the Library secures good children's films in Hindi—like "Ganga Bhavani" based on the CBT publication called "Goddess of the River".

Come summer, and most of the mem-

bers (age limit 16 years) make a beeline to the air-conditioned comforts of the Library, where everyday it's like a piece away from one's home. Those who reach Nehru House before the sun becomes harsh invariably are the most reluctant to leave the place before its closing time (6 p.m.)!

This summer they had an added attraction—of listening to stories. These "Saturday Story-telling Sessions" were at first meant for the young and not-so-young children. There was a wide selection of adventure stories, animal stories, fairy tales, and true stories. And the attentive listeners found the "job" given to them, at the end of each session, equally interesting—filling up a suggestion form! Many of them were quite clear in their minds about what they wanted to hear—and sure enough they got it the next Saturday.

Summer vacation soon gave way to school-reopening, and many of the



Left An impromptu dance by the Springdalians, right A crowded Kiddies' Corner, below There are books and books to read !

'Photos by our Staff Photographer'

members could tell those of their friends who had had the fortune of seeking the coolth of Coonoor or Kodakanal, Dehra Dun or Darjeeling, Ooty or Mussoorie, how enjoyable had been their own 'holidays' in Nehru House.

For that matter, it's not uncommon to see Delhi children enjoying a mini-holiday in the Library during school hours. Like the little 'Springdalians' who visited us not long ago. They came, read, played, and danced the whole of

a half-day. Do other school-children need an invitation? They will find Dr. B. C. Roy Memorial Library quite inviting!

V.T.

P.S. The year 1981 marks the beginning of the birth centenary celebrations of Dr. Bidhan Chandra Roy, the first Chief Minister of West Bengal.



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THE RESCUE

IT was a hot summer afternoon. Monika and her little friend Reetu were sitting on their verandah playing 'house-house' with their dolls and toy tea-sets. In the shade it was much cooler and quieter—the blazing heat of the summer sun having driven everyone indoors. Total silence reigned with the trees not stirring, branches drooping, their green leaves shrivelled and withering away, thus portraying the utter misery and dejection of all humanity. There was an oppressive Loo, and the roads were deserted, save for the presence of an occasional vehicle hurrying to its destination. The only creatures that seemed unaffected by the heat were the flies, who lazily buzzed around, thus providing a kind of background music to the innocent prattle of the two little girls.

Monika's mother had moved indoors for her siesta after having ordered both of them not to venture beyond the limits of the verandah until she came out in the evening. Dutifully they agreed and continued playing 'house-house'.

An hour later a bearded sadhu happened to pass that way. At first he merely walked past the house but all at once stopping in his tracks, he retraced his steps. Coming up to the closed gate he stood watching the children at play. 'My gudiya is not well, doctor,' hisped Reetu holding out her rag doll.

Monika with a toy stethoscope round her neck declared, 'Hm! got a cold. rub some ointment—my muma always uses it when I get a cold'—and thus



Monika Malhotra of Haryana, winner of the 1981 Geeta Chopra Award

they rambled on. Seeing their utter innocence, the saffron clad man's face lit up with a smile. Now leaning on the gate, he lifted the knocker.

Hearing the disturbing noise, Monika looked up and noticed the intruder. Rising with hands on her hips, she demanded petulantly, 'What do you want? Mummy is asleep!'

The man, still smiling, opened the gate and stepping up to her said, 'I want to meet you. What a sweet little girl you are! Dear, could I please have a glass of water?' Turning to Reetu, he patted her saying 'Would you like some toffees? Here take some—!' at the same time taking out a fistful of sweets from his jhola. He even offered some to Monika who shyly picking up two, ran inside to fetch a glass of water.

Within a couple of minutes she came out clutching a jug of water and a tumbler only to see the man carrying off a struggling Reetu crying 'Chhorol! Leave me!' Monika ran to the gate in a desperate bid to forestall the kidnap-

per's escape, but he had already got a fairly good headstart and was walking away briskly.

Transfixed to the spot, the girl in utter amazement watched the kidnapper disguised as a sadhu striding off with her friend. Then, suddenly, as if on impulse, she broke into a run, chasing the kidnapper, screaming shrilly all the while, "Catch him! Catch him! Thief, thief! Leave Reetu!" By now the victim's screams for help, too, had reached the highest octave. Fearing that this might arouse the entire colony, the sadhu gagged her with his tinban, and broke into a run so as to elude Monika.

Now, one can hardly expect a six-year-old to keep pace with a grown-up man, and that too with one who was hell bent on putting as much distance as possible between himself and an adamant pursuer. Monika continued hot on the heels of the kidnapper right till the beginning of the local market. Her little feet were getting weary, and she realized that at the present rate of progress, nabbing the crook was well nigh impossible. Therefore, staggering over to a rickshaw-puller nearby, she gasped, "Follow that sadhu! Yes, the one with the child, who turned into that gully—quick, please, quick!"

On realizing the gravity of the situation, the rickshaw-walla started pedalling extra hard, and soon they had left the entire traffic far behind. When both turned into the gully, there was no sign of the abductor. Still they doggedly kept moving until a cross road arrived.

"No sign of your sadhu, beti, what do we do now?" asked the panting rickshaw-puller wiping the beads of sweat off his brow. Monika silently craned her neck in all directions, frantically trying to catch even a fleet-

ing glimpse of the child-lifter, praying all the while, "God, please help me find Reetu! What will I tell her mama? What will I...?"

At precisely that moment, a bearded man wearing a khadi kurti pyjama stepped out of the corner house on the opposite pavement and placed a covered basket tied with rope on the rear carrier of a cycle. On hawk-eyed sleuth, Monika, even from that distance, felt the face looked familiar. Presently, the man rode past them and, wonder of wonders, the contents of his basket began to rise, struggle, and emit strange, muffled sounds. Oh, how could she be so silly! It was the kidnapper in the guise of a sadhu who had now changed his apparel. "That's him!" shouted



Monika jubilantly, while the rickshaw-wala jumped on his contraption and began pedalling furiously. The chase was on. The suspicions of both stalkers were confirmed when, on hearing the commotion, the bearded cyclist, after looking round once, began pedalling faster.

The rickshaw-wala being a younger and far more energetic man, had more stamina and leg power, and he soon managed to overtake the cycle and blocked its path with the rickshaw. The rider, abandoning the bicycle and basket, attempted to escape into the fields on either side of the road but was foiled by the rickshaw-puller. Seizing him by the collar, he gave him a sound blow in the stomach, another on the head and

finally, lifting the man above his own head, dashed him to the ground where he lay still.

Both Monika and the rickshaw-wala opened the basket with trembling hands, and found what they were looking for — a shaken and weeping Reetu. The kidnapper was handed over to the police, while the rickshaw-wala dropped both girls home.

For her exceptional bravery in rescuing her friend from the clutches of a diabolical abductor, 6-year-old Monika was early this year given, by the Government of India, the first Geeta Chopra Award instituted after a teen-aged New Delhi girl who met her end at the hands of an equally demonic kidnapper.

Shiv Dhawan

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(Continued from page 64)

"Thank goodness!" said Junchi. "Our Baldwin doesn't know when to stop either—once he starts singing!"

Everyone laughed.

Just then Jamila blew the whistle for everyone to gather in front of the bigger tent. Alka was stirring a big dixy containing tea. The patrol leaders handed out mugs while Alka ladled out tea and handed them two buns each. "We must get cracking and have supper cooked before the camp fire begins," said Jamila.

Each patrol built up its own fire for cooking with just two matchsticks according to the Gude custom. The patrol leaders had passed this test last term and were able to light their fires. Ruma, the Pansy patrol leader, put on a big dixy of water on the fire and sent Rita, Junchi, and a few more Guides to wash the rice. "You can't do much harm while washing it," she said teasingly.

They carried it to the tap. "There seems to be very little of it considering our number!" said Rita. "Do you think Ruma has given only half the rice and forgotten the other half?"

"I'm sure she hasn't," said Junchi. "Rice increases in volume when you cook it."

"I hope you're right," said Rita somewhat sceptically.

They placed the bucket containing rice under the tap. "Skip off you two," said Maya, a girl from Standard IX. "I'm going to wash the rice. They are dusty and will need a lot of rubbing!" She worked with a will, while Junchi and the others stood watching.

"Ought you to wash it so vigorously?" asked Rita. "Won't the grains break?"

"Of course, not!" said Maya scornfully. "Much you know about cooking!"

"All the same, the grains ARE all broken," whispered Junchi to Rita. "I only hope we won't get all the blame!"

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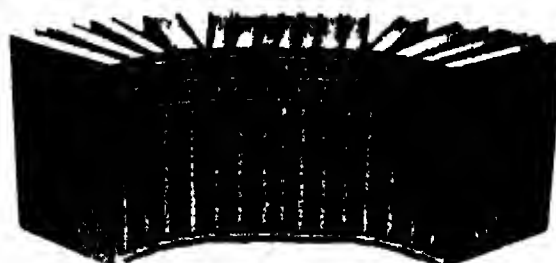


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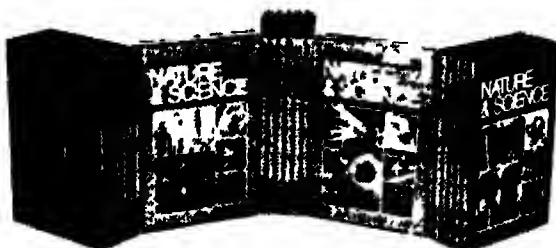


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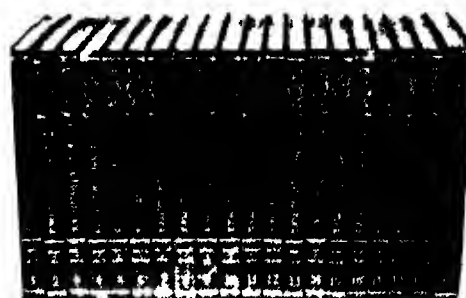


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TORTY: the oldest living creature

THE Australian city of Bundaberg, Queensland, is the home of the world's oldest living creature, according to zoological records.

Torty, a land tortoise (*Testudo radiata*) from Madagascar, is believed to be 134 years old.

No other reptile or any animal living in captivity at present is known to be as old as Torty. And apart from two other tortoises, Torty may well hold the all-time age record.

Torty, a female, was donated to Bundaberg's Alexander Park Zoo in 1964 by Miss E. Powe whose family had kept the tortoise as a pet for five generations. But Torty's fame remained in

obscurity until last year when a paper on her long life and provenance was published by Mr Klaus Lehmann, of Frankfurt, Germany, in the journal *Salamandra*.

Mr Lehmann had visited Alexandra Park Zoo in 1979 while touring Australia. He was fascinated by Torty and by the fact, as stated by the notice nailed to her enclosure, that she was very old.

Torty's life history began in 1847 when en route to Australia, Mr John Powe's ship put into Madagascar. He went ashore and, on his return, the ship's captain presented him with a tiny baby land tortoise obviously recently hatched on the island.

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Mr Powe put the tortoise in his pocket and thus Torty's life as a pet began

Torty was 53 years old at the turn of the century. She had reached the age of 67 when World War I broke out, was 92 when World War II started, and was 122 when man landed on the moon. She is, without doubt, the only living creature that has lived through the longest span of history.

Torty followed the peregrinations of the Powes who moved out of Sydney to Gladstone in sub-tropical Queensland. In those days, Gladstone was a bush town and Torty would often go walk-about to wander into the local school where she became a favourite with the children.

Torty enjoys a rather privileged position in Australian zoology. She is probably the only land tortoise that has wandered about the Australian bush and survived on a diet of native grasses.

There are no land tortoises in the Australian fauna. The Australian native fauna includes freshwater turtles, which have webbed, clawed feet and are partly aquatic. They retract their necks sideways under the shell.

In contrast, Testudines have clubbed feet, live mostly or entirely on land, and retract their neck backwards into the shell.

In addition, numerous cosmopolitan marine turtles, such as the loggerhead, green, flatback, etc, visit Australia's northern beaches in summer when they lay their eggs in the sand.

Australia has strict regulations against the import of exotic fauna and so it would be almost impossible today to import a land tortoise for a pet.

Torty surprised the Alexandra Park Zoo curator, Mr John English, some

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years ago when she laid a batch of infertile eggs in a nest she dug in her enclosure. For several years, she laid infertile eggs every two years, but stopped doing so five years ago.

Mr. English would like to get a partner for Torty because the possibility of a mating and fertile laying cannot be ignored.

He has never noticed Torty being sick or ailing. She has always eaten what grass grows in her enclosure, supplemented by an occasional banana.

Zoologists generally believe that tortoises are the longest lived of all vertebrates, including man, but reports of tortoises living up to 200 or 300 years have not been authenticated.

On May 19, 1966, for instance, was reported the death of Tim Malela, a land tortoise of the same species as Torty that was allegedly presented by Captain Cook (in 1773) to the royal family of Tonga Island.

But British Zoologist Gerald L. Wood, in his book *The Guinness Book of Animal Facts and Feats*, stated the Tonga tortoise record was probably a composite of two (or more) specimens whose periods of residence on the island overlapped.

The famous tortoise Sami that died at the Giza Zoological Gardens, Cairo, Egypt allegedly at the age of 269 is another specimen of obscure longevity as it was only observed continuously for a hundred years.

The greatest authenticated age record for a tortoise is of 152 years, held by a male Mauritian tortoise (*Testudo* sp.) collected at the Seychelles Islands by the Chevalier de Fresne, a French explorer, in 1766 and presented to the garrison at Port Louis in the Mauritius Island. This tortoise was accidentally killed in 1918 when it fell

through a gun emplacement. It is now a preserved specimen in the British Museum of Natural History, London, and regarded as the oldest of the authenticated ancient chelonians.

There is another proven record of a common box tortoise that lived to 138 years, and of a European pond tortoise that was more than 120 when it died.

Torty (see photo on facing page) seems to be relatively young by tortoise standards, but fearing that she may leave this mortal coil unexpectedly, the Bundaberg and District Development Board is conducting a promotion campaign and the full details of her life history have been sent to Gerald Wood for inclusion in the next edition of *The Guinness Book of animal records*.

Also appearing on the facing page are an Australian couple who run a sanctuary for injured fauna. Thirty years of nursing and caring for sick, injured, and unfortunate Australian wildlife have made Mrs. Iris Anderson something of a legend in the south-west corner of Western Australia. Her work, mainly with marsupials, has earned her not only the gratitude of her "patients" and many local people, but also a British Empire Medal and a recently published book in which she tells her story. Her mission began in a small Perth suburban back garden 30 years ago and has continued for the past 10 years from a 5-ha (12-acre) sanctuary in the coastal resort of Denmark. At any one time she has up to 50 kangaroos, wallabies, and other marsupials together with a wide variety of birds. She and her retired ex-policeman husband, Archie, handle the bandaging, splinting, and stitching of the sick and injured brought to them from a wide area.

(Courtesy Australian Information Service)



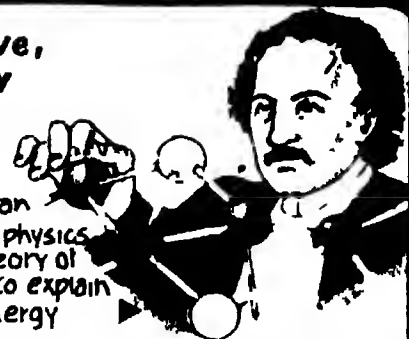
Jeevan and Hanu find

THE GENIUS MIND

Genius is an instinctive and extraordinarily imaginative, creative or inventive capacity. Children who show early signs of genius are called child prodigies.



Albert Einstein (1879-1955) was an extremely brilliant scientist. He studied physics and by the age of 25, developed the Theory of Relativity. Here he devised a set of laws to explain gravity, electromagnetism and atomic energy.



A multi-faceted genius is very rare. **Leonardo da Vinci** (1452-1519) of Italy was one such person. He was an artist, sculptor, engineer and architect. He studied human anatomy, nature and aerology. This he recorded in notebooks with illustrations and sketches. As an artist, his most famous work is the *MONA LISA*, which is considered the most valuable painting in the world!

Srinivasa Ramanujam (1887-1920) was our own mathematical genius. At 16, he obtained a collection of 6,000 theorems which he solved himself! Although unaware of the existing mathematics of his time, Ramanujam developed several theorems on his own. In England, Ramanujam became the first Indian to be elected to the Royal Society of London. His mastery of the continued fraction was unequalled by any mathematician ever!



A child prodigy who left his mark in music was Austrian composer **W. A. Mozart** (1756-1842). He started composing pieces of music by the age of 5. Soon afterwards, he perfected the playing of the violin and started giving public concerts. At 16, he gave up the violin in preference for the piano, which he played very well by this age!



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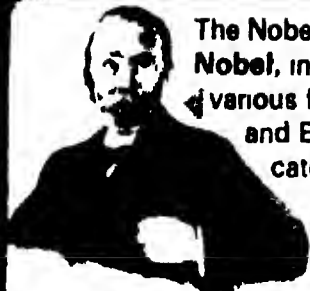
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CHILDREN'S world



Jeevan and Hanu get wise

LEARNING ABOUT THE NOBEL PRIZE



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Marie Curie (1867 - 1934) was the only woman to win the Nobel Prize twice — in Physics in 1903 for isolating a radioactive element and Chemistry in 1911 for the discovery of radium and polonium.



There have been several famous Indian recipients of the Nobel Prize. **Dr. C V Raman** was awarded the 1930 Physics prize for studying the exchange of energy between light and matter, later called the Raman Effect. **Rabindranath Tagore** (1861 - 1941) won the 1913 Literature prize for his book of verses 'Geetanjali'. Another eminent Indian winner was Yugoslavian born **Mother Theresa**, who received the 1978 Peace prize.



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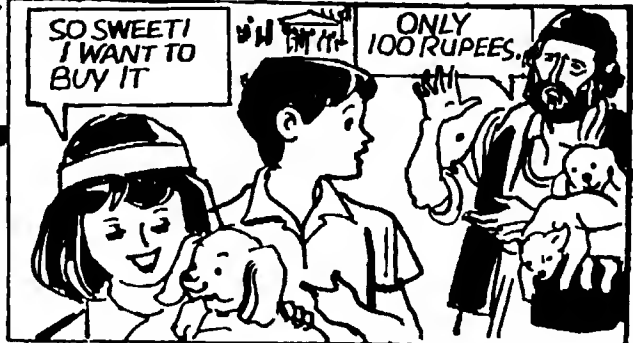
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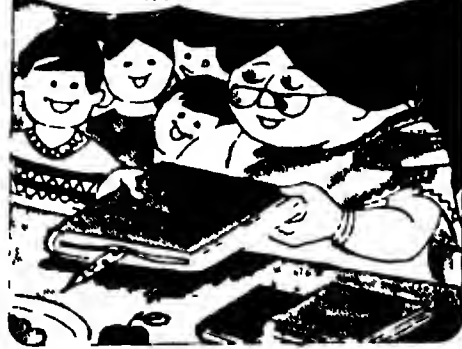
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THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE SHE HAD SO MANY CHILDREN AND HOUSE HOLD ACCOUNTS TOO!



SHE WROTE HER ACCOUNTS CAREFULLY



BUT HER NOVELTY PENCILS KEPT DISAPPEARING MYSTERIOUSLY



SHE SEARCHED HIGH & LOW, AND WONDERED WHERE HER NOVELTY PENCILS COULD GO



THEN SHE CAUGHT HER DAUGHTER WRITING WITH HER NOVELTY PENCIL JUST SO.



SO YOU ARE THE THIEF OH HO!



A CHORUS OF VOICES ANSWERED



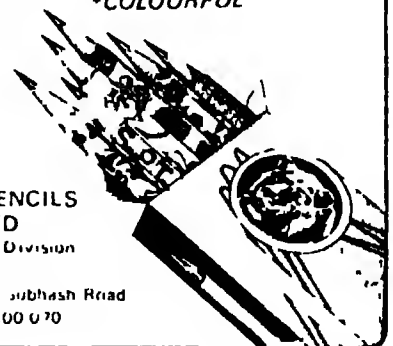
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Two-way Talk

Dear Editor,

In the August issue, I liked *Thirst-aids* most. It is not only for we girls but for boys also. My brother was equally interested in it. *Great Living Scientists* is very useful to science students. *Barnali Majumdar, Delhi*

I am yet to find a better magazine than *CHILDREN'S WORLD*. Three stories in the August issue came as a surprise. They were so very colourful! A *Letter to You* is the best of the whole lot. It is so very humorous.

Ila Janak Kumar, Assam

The August issue was excellent in every respect. Introducing more colour into the pages is a wonderful idea. In short, every issue of *CHILDREN'S WORLD* is an improvement on the previous issue.

S S Dasgupta, Dispur

We enjoyed the new serial *The Chandipur Jewels*. We will be happy if you can publish more details like *Great Living Scientists*. The feature *Memorial to a Sage* with colour pictures was really wonderful. We could recall our own visit to the Rock Memorial a few years ago.

Rajni and Druakar Pingle, Madras

The August *CHILDREN'S WORLD* was very nice. But there were no folk tales. Please reduce the number of features and increase the number of stories. Also let us have more poems and jokes.

Miki Mehta, Bhulan

June's at St. Aulas is wonderful. Please include information about foreign countries. Can't you organise some competitions?

Shona Purkayastha, Shillong

I wish *CHILDREN'S WORLD* could contain more riddles and puzzles. Why not introduce more serial stories like *Detective Shambu*?

Kulbhushan Sehgal, Delhi

I wish there were more competitions. *June's* is exactly in Enid Blyton style. The same type of girls and school. Still the story is very interesting. I read it first when I receive my copy. *Bharati Shankaran, Ajmer*

The various features are extremely good. I

like the magazine very much, because the stories are just of my imagination. I like it so much that when I am married and have children, I shall also give them *CHILDREN'S WORLD* to read. *Mitali Nath, Ghaziabad*

Dear Readers,

So, you all liked our 'experiment' with colours. You will miss it in this issue, but we hope to make it up in October, followed by an all-colour Diwali number in November. Festival time is fast approaching — a time for toffees and sweets. Our October issue will help our 'girl friends' to prepare some simple but tasty sweets — each one from a different region of India — and thus avoid queuing up at the 'halwais'. Till we come out with the recipes, they can get busy with some 'leisure-time embroidery' (page 15). The series *Great Living Scientists* will conclude in the October issue, but we hope to revive it as and when a similar feature reaches our hands. In the meantime, features on the discoverers of the jet plane and the computer will soon appear. We are pleased that science students have found the articles useful. We hope reader Miki will like *Tikki Tikki Tambo* from China (page 60). *CHILDREN'S WORLD* is in a way an offshoot of the Shankar's International Children's Competition. The magazine was initially thought of as an outlet for the several good entries that did not receive awards or prizes because of their limited number. We have reproduced in this issue the Rules of this year's Competition. Will Shona look up the 'third cover'? The Competition is now 33 years old, and some of the early prizewinners have had the joy of seeing their children winning prizes in subsequent years. That brings us to the very touching sentiments expressed by Mitali Nath. If she has found *CHILDREN'S WORLD* worthy enough for her children whenever she becomes a mother, we feel we have neared one of our goals — to preserve something for posterity.

EDITOR



I SEE A SMALL BOY . . .

Mama's a pet
Papa's a cheer
But they never let me do
What I want oh dear!

I wish and I wish and I wish
They would see
My point of view
And let me be ME.

Perhaps I should borrow
The camera today
And look at the world
Through their eyes as they say





**Photographs (look at them
clockwise) by Brahm Dev**



Text by Navin Menon

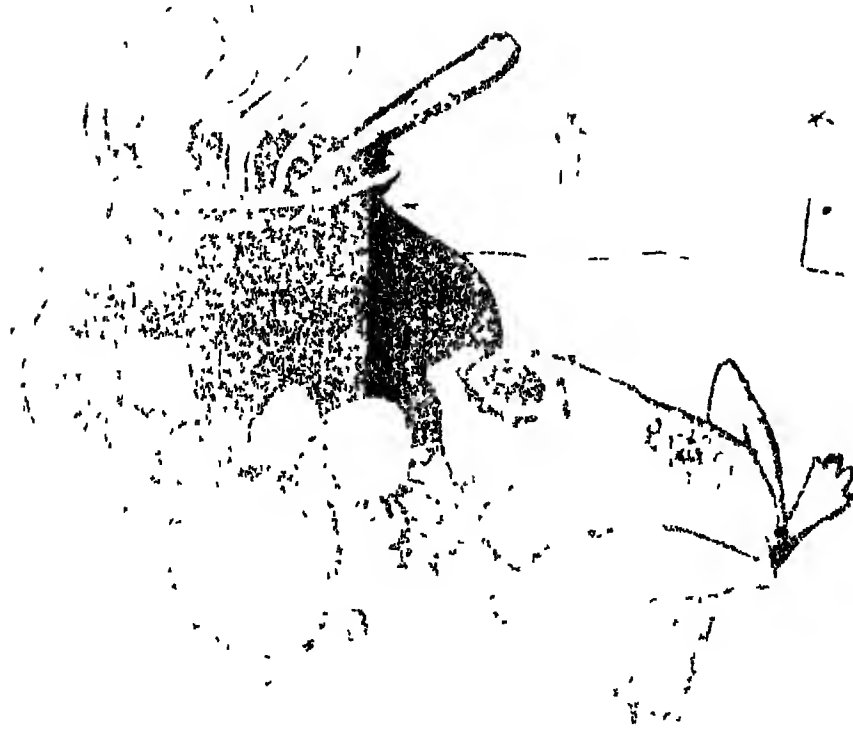
I open the shutter,
And guess what I see,
A little red house,
And a tall tall tree

Then I see a small boy
With a wide, toothy grin,
A twinkle in his eye,
And a dimple on his chin

His face is familiar,
But, of course! I jump with glee
I know, I know, I know now
THAT'S ME



WHY THE FROG



CROAKS!

DO frogs sing? The question will make you laugh. Frogs are known for their croaking. And how long and loud their croaking is!

But there was a time when the frog did sing. Other animals liked to listen to him. Then something went wrong. The frog lost his sweet voice. So says an old story.

One day, the frog and his friend, the mouse, were going together. Suddenly they sniffed the air. A nice smell floated across. It made them look curiously though the hot meat burnt his throat.

They spotted a pot nearby. It was

simmering on a slow fire. 'Meat is cooking,' they said. And they inhaled the warm, spicy air that puffed out from under the lid.

'I must eat some meat,' said the mouse. 'Me too,' the frog replied.

They looked round again. The pot's owner was nowhere to be seen. But he might turn up any time. So the friends thought of a plan. They would eat by turns. While one sipped, the other would keep watch. If he saw the owner coming, he would shout, and the two would run away.

The mouse said he was very

hungry, and would eat first. He helped himself to a large piece of meat. He nibbled and swallowed, and nibbled again. The frog stood guard all the time.

It was soon the frog's turn to eat. He too took out a large piece from the pot. But as he bit off the first mouthful, he saw the mouse scamper off. The owner was coming!

The next moment, a man was glaring at the frog. The poor chap trembled. But he managed to hop under a bush and hid himself there. And all the while he kept his mouth shut even though the hot meat burnt his throat.

The man took the pot off the fire. He

cooled the meat and ate it heartily. When he was gone, the frog hopped homeward.

That evening he did not sing. His neighbours were surprised. "Why don't you sing?" they asked. "Why don't you sing your favourite song?"

"I'll try," the frog answered.

He opened his mouth. But the sound that came forth was a harsh c-r-o-a-k. He tried again. And again he c-r-o-a-k-e-d.

Ever since the frog's children and their children have croaked during the long summer and monsoon months.

O.P. Bhagat

G O D

God is Love nimmmy says
Lord has his wonderful ways
He takes care of everybody
To help you me He is always ready
All merciful and benevolent
He is omnipresent and omniscient
You speak to HIM He hears
You cry to HIM He cheers
If you pray to HIM sincerely
He heeds your prayer promptly
He is mother father and friend
Ever watchful to shield and tend
He gives to rich he gives to poor,
Everybody gets his due, is sure
I am my Lord's little boy
In HIS thoughts I find all joy

Lalit Kewalramani (10)

DOVE AND PIGEON

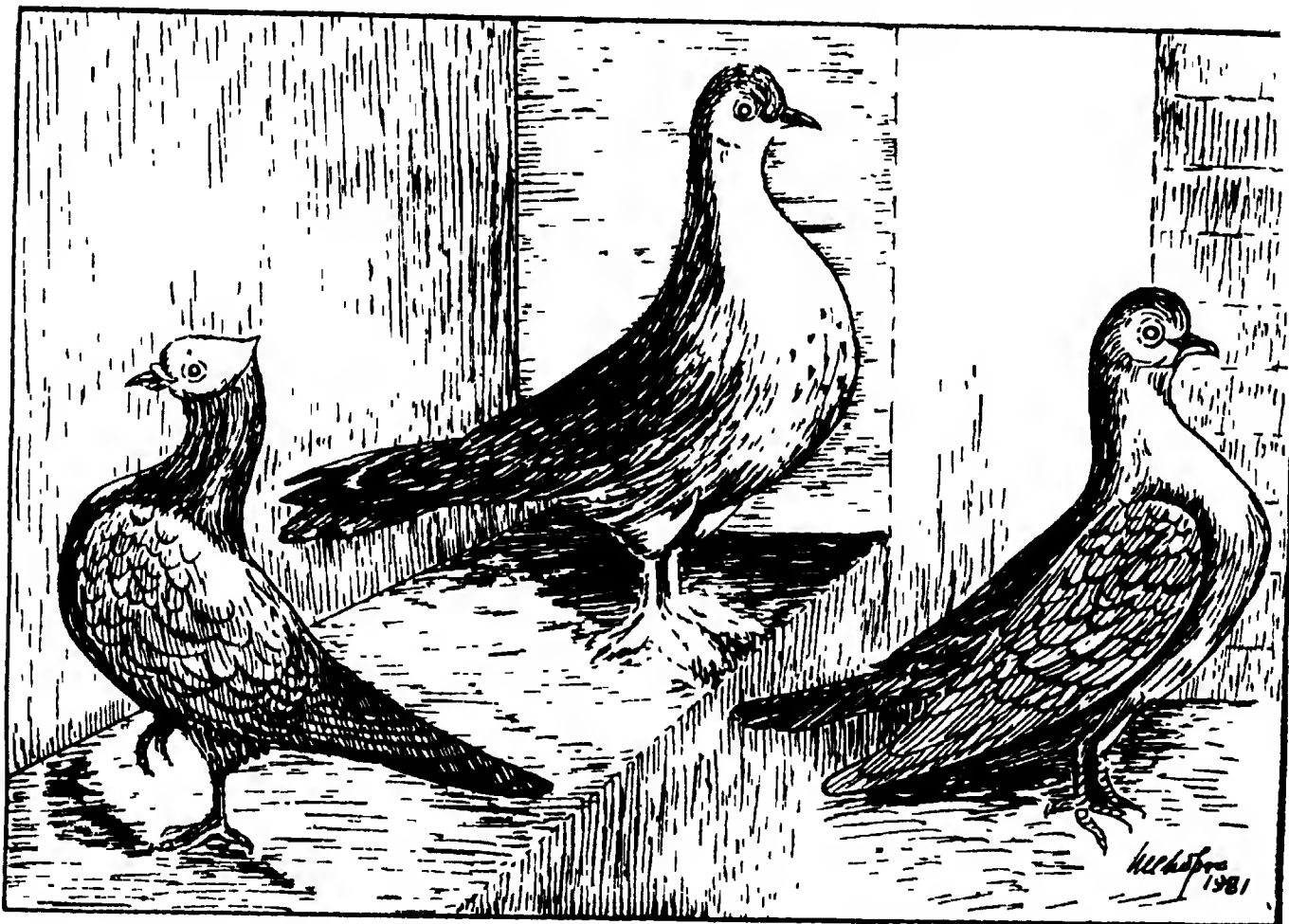
BOTH "dove" and "pigeon" are the common names for the domestic pigeon and have no special technical significance. Though, generally, dove designates many of the smaller and more graceful members of the family, such as the 'turtle dove'

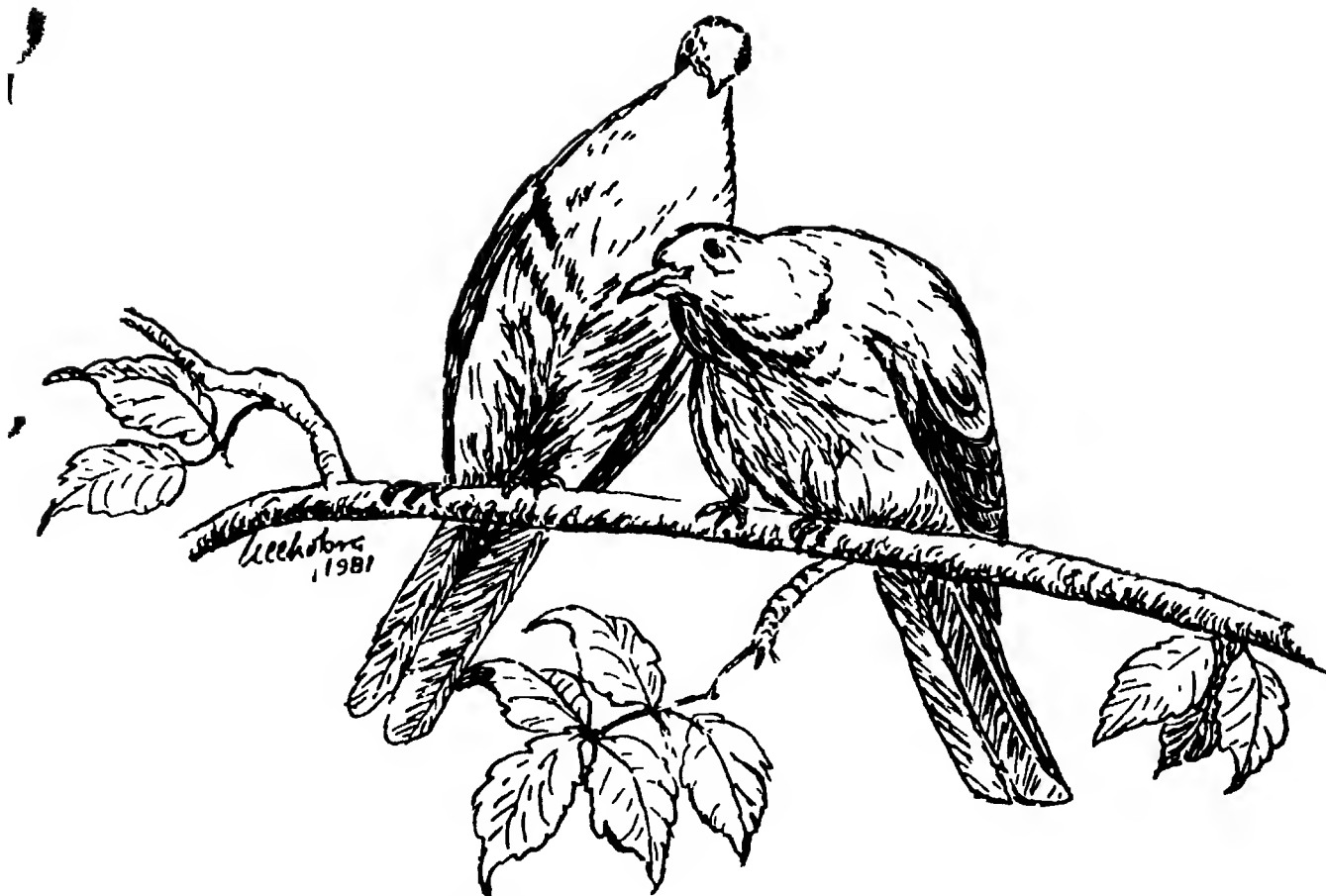
Beginning with Biblical times, when Noah sent the dove from his Ark and it returned with an olive leaf indicating that the flood waters were receding and that tranquility would be restored, the dove has been a symbol of peace and gentleness.

Its soft cooing call and amatory inclina-

tions have long associated the dove with love and fecundity, and it was regarded as the favorite of the goddesses who bestowed these special blessings on the dove. The dove had also great religious significance for many of the early peoples. It was held sacred by the Phoenicians and Philistines. Turtle doves were offered in temples by women after childbirth as a thank you offering. An early belief that the dove was of divine origin was given further support by

Special fancy specimens of pigeon are to be found in India—like (from left to right) the 'Mookie', 'Mottled Sherazee' and 'Mottled Goolee'.





Turtle dove the male bows and bobs before the female

the theory that Satan could change himself into any animal he wished except a dove.

All kinds of portents were ascribed to the bird: the prolonged coming of the *mourning dove* heralded an end to drought, a *white dove* flying overhead was a good-luck omen, and to dream of doves signified good health. According to "*The Odyssey*", the dove carried messages for Zeus.

Even thousands of years ago, reverence for the dove did not prevent people from killing it for food and enjoying its taste. The Egyptians raised pigeons for food and probably also to carry messages, as early as 3000 B.C. At the early Olympic Games, homing pigeons were kept in readiness to be released to neighboring cities with the names of the winners.

No one knows for certain when pigeons were first used as a means of communication in war, but Julius Caesar employed them to send word of his victories back to Rome.

Pigeons, though traditionally symbols of peace, have been used in warfare, most often as messengers. At first, messages were tied to a bird's leg or neck, but later, special holders were devised that could be attached to a leg or wing.

This method was especially useful at the time of sieges. During Mark Anthony's siege of Modena in 44 B.C., Decimus Brutus sent out communiques by pigeons, in spite of nets put up by the attackers.

In modern warfare the birds have been carried in tanks, aircraft, submarines, and patrol boats. During World War II alone, 200,000 of them were supplied by private breeders to the British Armed Services, and 50,000 were bred by the U.S. Army. One

SOME INTERESTING FACTS

STRANGE though it may seem, pigeons also belong to the same group as the extinct dodo and the solitaires of the islands in the Indian Ocean

DOVES and pigeons have a unique way of drinking: they immerse their bills and suck up water in a long draught like a horse, while other birds drink by lifting their heads and allowing the water to run down their throats

SPRINT pigeons can breed in any month of the year

CITY pigeons have been known to pick up bright objects: one enterprising bird once picked a diamond ring!

PIGEONS may live up to 20 years or more, and street pigeons up to 30

IN 1961, some 70 tons of pigeon droppings and nest debris were removed from the roof of an office building in Whitehall, London

PIGEONS are so well-adapted to city life that they use unlikely materials to build their nests — in England one made its nest out of wire

of the wartime heroes was a British bird named Winkie. On February 11, 1944, Winkie, though only and bedraggled, flew through the night and delivered a distress message from a British warplane that had crashed 120 miles out in the North Sea. The crew was later rescued.

How does a pigeon manage to find its

way home after being released hundreds of miles away? People have been trying to find that out for a long time, but only partial answers have emerged. Experiments have so far shown that, on a clear day, the bird gets compass information from the sun, but on overcast days, it depends more on the earth's magnetic field. Variations in barometric pressure are probably important, too. Recently, U.S. researchers used opaque contact lenses to show that the bird doesn't even have to use its eyes for navigation, except for the final approach and landing.

This homing instinct is the basis of pigeon-racing, which in Britain alone now involves about a hundred thousand people and millions of pigeons. The sport is highly organised and there are hundreds of clubs. Even Queen Elizabeth has her own loft of racing pigeons. These birds can fly for up to 16 hours a day, but in North America, where races of one thousand miles or more have been flown, they may take days to come back. When a bird returns home, its owner punches its tag in on a special tamper-proof time clock, so the winner can be determined later at some central location.

Individual birds of exceptional lineage can cost a thousand dollars or more, but no matter what the 'pedigree', the true test of a pigeon is its performance in actual races. One of the longest flights happened in 1845, when a pigeon belonging to the Duke of Wellington flew about 7,000 miles in 55 days. The fastest racing pigeon achieved a speed of a little over a hundred miles an hour, whereas the slowest was 7 years 2 months taken for a distance of 370 miles.

There are about three hundred different species of doves and pigeons, but the ones most closely related to the street pigeon are in the sub-family *Columbinae* — an assortment of fruit and seed-eating birds, many of which are also ground feeders. It is to this

group that the ill-fated *passenger pigeon* of America belonged (the last one died in the Cincinnati Zoo in 1914). A closely related, but somewhat smaller species is the *mourning dove*, which is widely found in the USA.

Pigeons are found in all parts of the world except the coldest regions. The most familiar pigeon is the *rock dove*. After the rock dove moved to town, it evolved into a street pigeon.

Charles Darwin had estimated that there were about 150 breeds of pigeons, all descended from the *wild rock dove*. Even in ancient Rome, ornamental strains were being bred and today fancy pigeons are shown in many countries.

The various breeds exhibited at shows, including the most bizarre forms, are divided by fanciers into two categories: the *long faces* and the *short faces*.

Among the long faces are the outlandish *pouter pigeons*. Pouters are of many sizes and colours, but all have an enormous esophagus which is often inflated. One of the most extraordinary is the *jacoby*, which has a silky plumage in a high hood and a mane that covers the head like a feather boa.

Many fancy pigeons, especially the short-faced ones, have been bred for abnormalities of skull and beak that make them unable to feed their own young. Their chicks must be raised by more normal pigeons in order to survive.

U.C. Chopra



MEET SANDHYA

SCANDHYA is a Russian girl

How come a Russian girl has an Indian name? you may ask

She was born in De 10 years ago, that's why

Christened Victoria by her parents, the Vladimirovs, they also gave her a pet name — Sandhya

The Sanskrit word "Sandhya" has different connotations. One of them is "link" or "treaty"

Well, Sandhya had the unique distinction of being born on the very day India signed a friendship treaty with the Soviet Union

You now see Sandhya's "Indian connection", don't you?

When she was two, she returned to Moscow where her parents, who were with the Soviet Embassy, had then next "posting". But her friendship with India, not to speak of that of her parents, is so strong that all of them are once again back in India in our midst. Isn't that proof enough of the strong bonds of friendship between the two nations?

Luckily for the peoples of both countries, Indo-Soviet friendship has not been a formal one, nor is it confined to relations between the two governments. It is manifest in various spheres of life, and it is evergrowing! The Indo-Soviet Treaty of Peace, Friendship, and Cooperation of 1971 had only cemented these relations.

"Sandhya" may be uncommon — even as a pet name — among Russian children. But quite a few of them have been called "Indna" after India's popular

Prime Minister. It is not mere fancy that prompted Russian parents to choose that name for their daughters. It shows their genuine love for India.

Likewise, 'Lenn' is a common name among Indian boys! They and their parents must have the greatest regard for the great Soviet leader.

Victoria alias Sandhya celebrated her tenth birthday on August 9, which coincided with the 10th anniversary of the Friendship Treaty. This charming, vivacious girl is in the 4th class in a Delhi school. A brilliant student, Sandhya has consistently scored excellent marks right through. She is proud to be a Young Pioneer. Her hobby is dancing and can Waltz, Rumba, and Tango. She has given performances at the Young Pioneer Palace in Moscow. She is now attracted to Indian dance and hopes to learn it while she remains in India. She enjoys



Indian film songs, and sees Hindi movies whenever she gets an opportunity

"What will you be when you grow up?" I asked Sandhya the other day. No dreaming for her — of anything mundane or routine. She is very much after adventure and thrill, and feels she can get this only if she were to become —

guess what — a test pilot! Who knows, she may not ultimately become another Valentina Tereshkova?

Meanwhile, Victoria Vladimirovna — we shall call her simply Sandhya — will grow up with the Friendship Treaty, as it were

Leela Menon

FOR GIRLS

Leisure-time Embroidery

ARE you fed up of seeing all your friends wearing the same prints as you?

Do you have spare time and would love to do something different?"

Do you want your little sister to hero-worship you?

If you do — want to wear different clothes

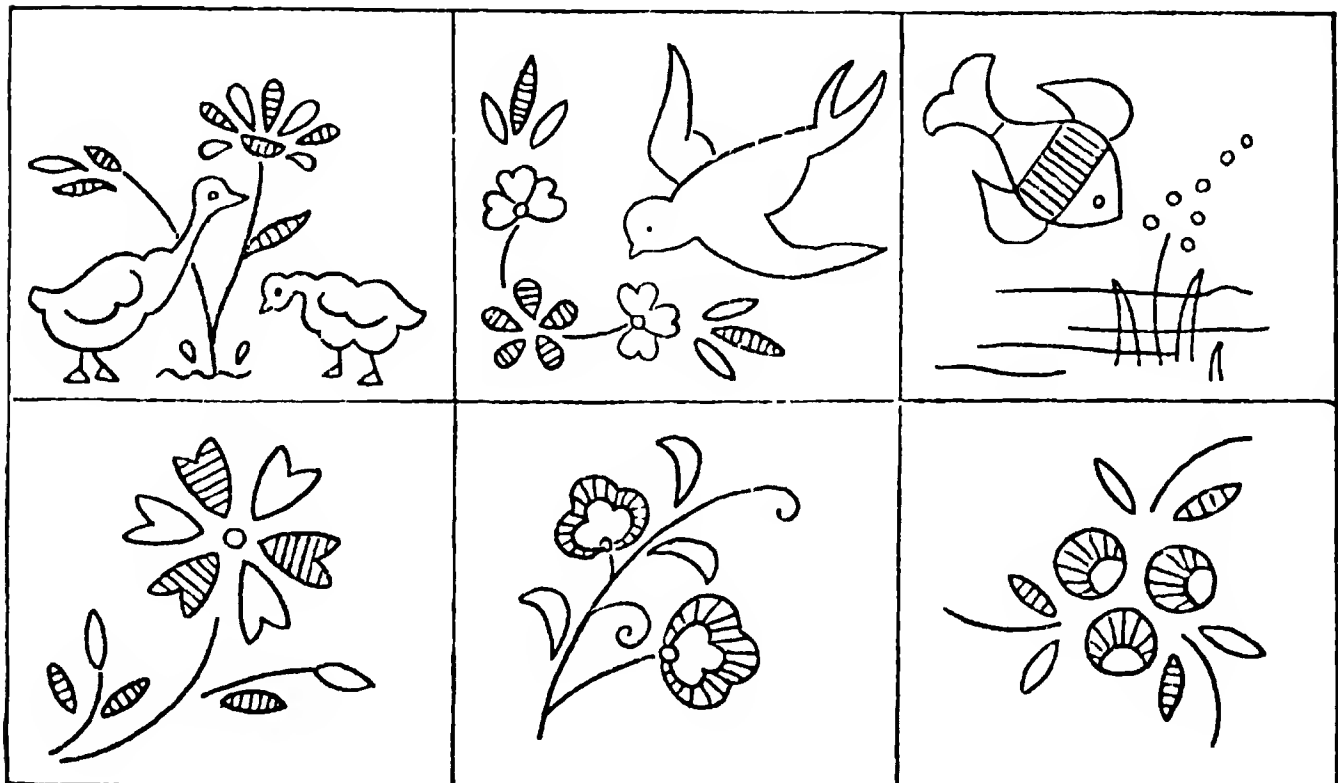
- utilise your spare time
- want your sister to hero-worship you,

try embroidering or painting some or all of these pretty motifs on frocks, hankies, or even cloth-bags

On a plain, pastel-shade frock, take any one of these designs on the collars, pocket, or as a charm on the edge, choosing attractive shades of green for leaves, mauves, lemon-yellows, pale pinks for flowers, etc

If you take each separately on a hanky, you'll have half-a-dozen hankies ready at one go — for the six days of school!

(Designs by R. Satyavathi)



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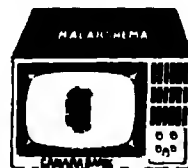
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A LETTER TO YOU



Dear all,

We have just about got rid of our colds — it was bad, I can tell you. We felt as if the whole head was packed with damp cotton wool — we couldn't eat, swallow or speak properly for a very long time — almost three days. We couldn't even smell — my mother put some nice looking flowers in my room, and for all the fragrance I got, they might as well have been made of paper. I couldn't even smell paper for that matter. I quite like the way books smell — the new ones are starchy and inky, but old books smell even more wonderful — of long-ago-dust and forgotten treasures. Hey — I'm getting rather poetic, aren't I?

Which reminds me — how would you people like to write some poetry for us? Us meaning Raghu and me. You see, we read a whole lot of poems for our acting classes and we found there were two types mainly. One was about heroes like Lochmivar and of those who

brought the news from Aix to Ghent and the charge of the Light Brigade. Quite exciting, actually, and they all make me feel I'm riding a horse that goes gallop, gallop, gallop, gallop, gallop, and the wind blows sharp into my ears, and my breath comes fast and quick. Then there's the other type — which Raghu calls squishy — he says they sound as if somebody has put their foot on them, like on an orange, and the juice and the pips have all splattered. Ugh! But I don't really mind them — poems like 'The Daffodils', 'My Mother', and 'The Forsaken Mer-man'. They don't make me full heroic, but they do calm me down, like a cool drink on a summer's day.

But there are no poems about people like us. Why shouldn't there be? When I asked my mother, she laughed and said, "You think people want to write poems about rough, untidy boys like you and Raghu? Don't they have anything better to write about?"

When my father heard about it, he thought it was even funnier "If they write poetry about you and Raghu," he said, "they will also have to put in a lot of soap." I suppose that was because I had just come in after playing football and my legs were a little muddy. It had been raining, you see — and that was really not my fault.

The worst thing was that my mother had to go and blab about it to Raghu's mother and Baby (sorry Rita) heard it all. I can just imagine my mother saying, "You know what Perky asked me today," and going off into peals of laughter as she finished. And Baby must have drunk it up with both her ears, because the very next time Raghu and I saw her she started off —

"So you want poetry to be written about you, is it?" she cackled just like an old sparrow. "Shall I tell you what kind of poetry?" And then she began singing in a high silly voice —

"Raghu and Perky
Raghu and Perky
Are a couple of asses
A couple of asses
They have dirt on their faces
And mud on their knees."

Of course, the moment she started, Raghu flew at her, but she ran off before he could catch her and we heard the rest of the silly song from a long way off.

And then Raghu began a fight with me. "It's all your fault," he yelled. "You go asking people all sorts of questions and they talk about it and other gooses — sorry geeses — sorry — a goose and another goose make up songs about it. You are a dumbwitted, one toothed, eight nailed ass."

Well folks, I can take that much and

no more. So, I stalked off without saying anything. The last I heard was Baby's silly song floating over from THING's house, and I heard a crunch—crunch, which must have been Raghu grinding his teeth. Down in the dumps.

P.S. Baby's song doesn't even rhyme.

Perky

“My Dear Perky”

Dear Perky,

Although you don't know me, I know you very well. I want to congratulate you for writing us such lovely letters every month. After I read your letter, I take it to my father to read it out to him. He really heats your letters with great interest and tells me to write letters like yours on my own. Shall I tell you something? You know we had an Inter-house Board Display competition in our school. For this Competition, I wrote a Humorous Talk with the style like yours and it came out to be a good article. You know what happened then? My House came second and my headmistress was really pleased and she congratulated me. Now, listen, Perky. The whole credit goes to you and not to me as I learnt to write from your letters only. I really thank you for it. I hope you don't mind my adopting your style of writing. Your May letter was superb like the others. I really feel myself in form after reading it. Please keep on writing such wonderful letters.

*Your friend with a loud whisper
Poonam Aggarwal, New Delhi*

Dear Ssh Ssh Sssh Poonam,

You know something? Whisper whisper whisper okay? Don't tell anyone It's a secret between you and me

And now I must shout CONGRATULATIONS for your article Won't you let me read it? I might learn from it myself

By the way, can you ask your head-
ess to talk to my headmaster and
tell him that I am ahem ahem
a good ahem writer?

Your friend with a quiet shout
Perky

My dear Perky,

You always make me feel clumpy! Why, I dunno myself Are you only good at writing letters? Can you beat me at cricket? I'd love to have a match with you and Raghu Don't sweat! I won't make more than a centimv — that's a promise Now I pen off, in anticipation of a reply

Yours in cricket
Zia Hasan, Allahabad

My dear Zia Chup,

Chatter chatterchup chmmp chmmp You don't know how perky your letter has made me O match with you? Any day, any time But, listen, better cover your nose because my ball sometimes behaves like that blackbird that came out of the king's pie — quite clumpy in fact

Tweet tweet
Perky

Perky dear,

You seem to be obsessed by THING. Let's have someTHING else Tell us more about sweet Baby. I like her very much Will she write to me?

Moonstruck Mohan, Manjeri

Mohan sweet and cool,

Why don't you come over and meet Baby? You might land back on earth with a big bump then I tell you, Baby is 'X' 'X' You understand? As for THING — I agree with you Let's cut out the word 'thing' from the language. Let's talk of Someperson else. Right?

Earthman
Perky

Perky Bhaya,

You first went after strangers and were saved by your skin Then you really got it mee from your mother for pulling down (or up?) THING. And now what's all this acting business? You stop all acting forthwith I call ACTION! Like a film director, no?

Yours from behind the silver screen
Lakshman Sinha

P S Shatinghan Sinha is not my younger brother L S

Lakshman Lion,

Roar! Come out from behind that screen Let me eat you up Swallow, gulp Onch onch okay, okay I won't act any more But why don't you? And perhaps become more famous than your younger - brother - who - is - not - your - younger - brother

Yours from the treetop
Perky P S

Bell Postman Pyarelal



PYARELAL and his wife Lajwanti lived in village Tarakpur. They looked after their small farm and led a simple life. They did not have any children.

Pyarelal was a simpleton. Lajwanti was cleverer than him and loved money. He had few wants and was kind-hearted. She was also good at heart. Pyarelal was fat and his dhoti often slipped down from his paunch. But that didn't bother him. Lajwanti was not so fat, and she loved to wear pretty saris. She liked to nag Pyarelal. He did not mind when she shouted at him. He got for her whatever she asked for. Pyarelal and

Lajwanti liked each other and led a happy life.

One day, Pyarelal said "I wish I did something exciting."

"What?" Lajwanti raised her voice.

"I—I don't know. But I'll go to Hastipur and find out."

"And leave me alone? Who'll look after the farm?" Lajwanti burst out.

"Hm..." Pyarelal thought hard, and when he thought he blinked "I—I'll find a good job. Then we'll have more money. Ours is a tiny farm you can manage it."

"That sounds okay. All right go. But come back soon."

There was no proper road to Hastipur. A thick jungle lay between the two villages and there was only a narrow footpath skirting the jungle. Pyarelal took the footpath. He hummed his favourite song as he walked, while his paunch moved up and down dancing to the tune.

When Pyarelal reached Hastipur, it was nearly midday. He felt hot and tired. He wiped the sweat off his face with one end of his dhoti and sat under a tree. He saw in front of him a red building. A board on the wall read POST OFFICE. Pyarelal walked up to the front door and peeped in. He saw a bespectacled, stern-faced man seated at a table. He was writing something.



"Who is there?" he asked on seeing a shadow

Pyarelal quickly stepped backwards. He then took one step forward slowly, peeped on again, and said, "Sahib?"

The man looked up, adjusting his specs. "Who are you?" he asked.

"Pya Pyarelal from Tarakpur."

"What do you want?"

"I—I Sahib, can you give me a job?"

The postmaster looked at Pyarelal from head to toe through his spectacles. "Hm, what can you do?"

"I can do anything," said Pyarelal pulling up his dhoti which was slipping down his paunch.

"Can you work as a postman?"

"Yes, yes Sahib," Pyarelal nodded his head rapidly.

"Then come in."

Pyarelal moved one more step forward.

Hastipur has a new post office, began the postmaster. "Your work will be to carry dak from here to Tarakpur, and bring back d' from Tarakpur to this post office."

Only that much? I'll do my best.

"Good. You should be active and brave."

"I *am* active and I *am* brave. I shall carry a lotli' with me." Pyarelal smiled to himself. But the next moment he jumped holding his slipping dhoti. "What if a lion or a tiger comes from the jungle?"

"You silly fellow!" chuckled the postmaster. "Lions do not come out of the jungle in the day."

"Oh——er——yes. But Sahib."

The postmaster smiled at the frightened Pyarelal. "All right," he said, "I will give you a bell."

"A bell? That will be something nice to carry. Thank you, Sahib."

Pyarelal turned to go. He, however, quickly turned back. "But, Sahib, how—how can I fight a lion with a — a bell?"

"Look here," the postmaster took out a brass bell from an almirah, "hold it like this



and ring. Hearing the sound of the bell, the wild animals will run away."

Pyarelal's mouth opened wide with amazement. He took the bell, shook it vehemently, and laughed happily. "Ting-a-lug lug!"

"Pyarelal!"

"Yes, Sahib."

"Your pay will be thirty rupees a month."





The bell almost fell from his hand "Thirty rupees?" he gasped "Thank you, thank you Sahib"

Pvarelal blinked and shook his head unbelievably. He fell prostrate and touched the postmaster's feet.

"Get up, get up now, and go for your work. Here is the dak for Tarakpur. Start rightaway."

Pvarelal took the bag, pulled up his dhoti and folded his hands. "Namaste, Sahib" he said and went out. He picked up the bell and shook it "Ting, Ting-a-ling, ling" as he walked out of the post office.

He walked along the footpath ringing the bell happily. When he reached his house at Tarakpur, he rang the bell louder. Lajwanti, coming out, asked "Who's there making so much noise?"

Pvarelal held out the bell in front of her and said "Postman Pvarelal! And this is my bell."

Postman? What is this bell for? Who gave it to you?"

"I am the postman of Hastipur post office from now. This bell is to shoo away wild animals. The postmaster gave it to me. And

"I'll pay me thirty rupees every month"

Lajwanti listened with wide-eyed wonder. She ran in and brought a trayful of *laddoos*. She stuffed one in Pyarelal's mouth. He gulped it down joyfully and shook his bell "Ting-a-lug, lug, Ting-a-lug, lug." The villagers came out to see the bell and its owner, Pyarelal the postman. It was a happy day for Pyarelal and Lajwanti.

When Pyarelal brought home his first pay, Lajwanti snatched the money from him. "I shall buy a pretty sari to wear at my sister's wedding," she said.

"But when is the wedding?"

"Next week. We now have money. We can leave early morning tomorrow for Hastipur."

Next morning, Lajwanti kept the money with her while Pyarelal carried his bell and his dak bag when they left for Hastipur. On the way, Pyarelal rang his bell "Ting-a-lug, lug, Ting-a-lug, lug" while Lajwanti sang a song. All of a sudden a thorny bush beside the foot path shook violently. Pyarelal saw something cross their path. "Help!" he shrieked, running backwards. "La! where are you?" he cried and looked round.

"Here I'm just behind you," Lajwanti held his hand. "Stop running and shouting!"

She laughed and laughed. "It was just a mongoose. If you are so scared seeing a mongoose, what will happen if you meet an elephant?"

Pyarelal stood erect and twined his moustache. "I care a hoot for wild animals. Elephant, did you say?" Pyarelal blinked and pulled his dhoti up. He rang the bell louder as they hastened towards Hastipur.

As soon as they reached Hastipur, Lajwanti bought a pretty red sari and wore it. "You are looking very beautiful," admired Pyarelal. They soon reached the wedding house. After seeing her in, Pyarelal said, "I shall now go to do my work."

"No, you must first take food," protested Lajwanti and dragged him inside. The smell of delicious food was also very tempting. Pyarelal pulled up his dhoti, sat down, and ate a hearty meal.

"I must go now," said Pyarelal. "Lajwanti, you stay back till I come."

He picked up the bell and the bag and set out. After collecting dak from Hastipur, he began walking along the footpath once again. Soon, the hot sun made him drowsy. He looked up at the sky. "I shall rest for just a short while," he said to himself and lay down under the shade of a tree. He was soon fast asleep. When he woke up, he saw the sun was about to set. He jumped up, tied his dhoti tightly round his waist, threw the bag over his shoulder, held the bell tight in his hand, and started walking fast. He rang the bell loud and clear. "Ting-a-lug, lug." Soon it was dark. A half moon appeared in the sky, everything was quiet, and only the bell rang cheerfully, "Ting-a-lug, lug, Ting-a-lug, lug."

Suddenly, in the pale moonlight, Pyarelal saw something big in front of him. "What's that? Has a mountain sprung up in front of me?" he asked himself. But, he remembered, it was not there in the morning. He shook his head and peered into the darkness. He could see dimly, very close to him, only two tusks.

"What's that?" he whispered hoarsely. His throat went dry and his tongue was stuck in his mouth. He became speechless, motionless, and very, very afraid. "An elephant!" he gasped. He wanted to turn back and run as fast as possible. But he could not move. He stood still. After a while, he tried to shout, "Lajwanti!" but he felt completely choked.

Now he could see the tusks move and come closer to him. Pyarelal jumped sideways and the bell slipped from his arm. He turned and found a tree in front. As he climbed it, he heard a quick movement and



a low trumpet

'Oh no Pyarelal breathed hard expecting the worst. But nothing happened. Through the corner of his eye, he looked for the elephant. It turned, and was again coming towards the tree. Its head was bent low, the tusks nearly touching the ground. Pyarelal at once shut his half-open eyes. 'God! Help me! he prayed and closed his eyes tighter.

One second, two seconds, three seconds passed. No, the tree stood still. He did not fall down. He was not hurt. He only heard "Ting-a-ling ling Ting-a-ling, ling."

Pyarelal now opened his eyes wide, blinked and stared. In the pale moonlight, he saw the elephant walking towards the jungle with the bell hanging from his trunk!

Pyarelal climbed down the tree. Tying his dhoti over his loose paunch he muttered, 'You you stupid thing! You only wanted my bell, eh! Why didn't you ask me? I would have given it to you.'

Soon the elephant and the sound of the bell faded into the darkness. Pyarelal turned round and began to run. He ran fast, holding his dhoti with one hand and the dak bag with the other. When he reached Hastipur, it was very dark. He was tired and his body ached. He saw the post office door locked. He lay down near the door and went to sleep.

Early morning, he woke up when he heard the postmaster's voice. "Get up, get up, Pyarelal. Why are you sleeping here? What happened?"

Pyarelal jumped up and rubbed his eyes. "Namaste Sahib. I I want a bag. I mean a bell."

The postmaster stared at Pyarelal. "But you had one. Where's it?" he asked.

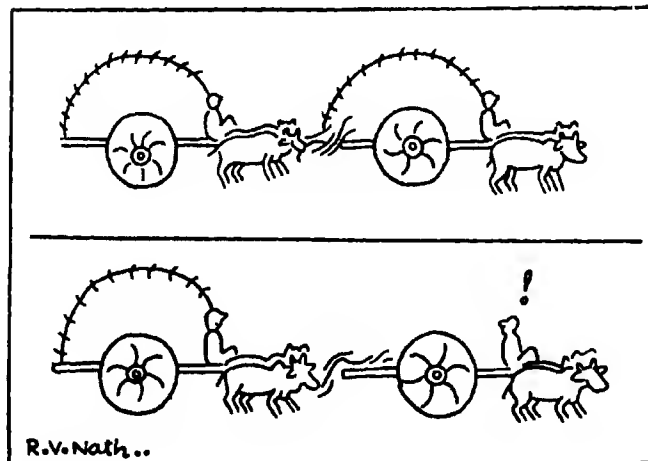
"The elephant took it away."

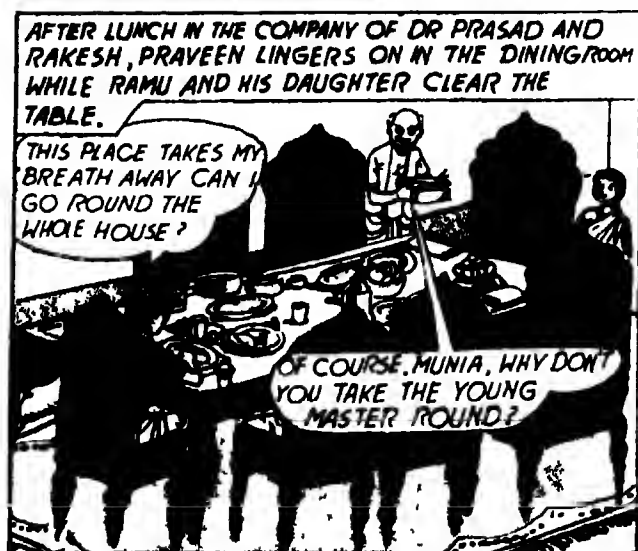
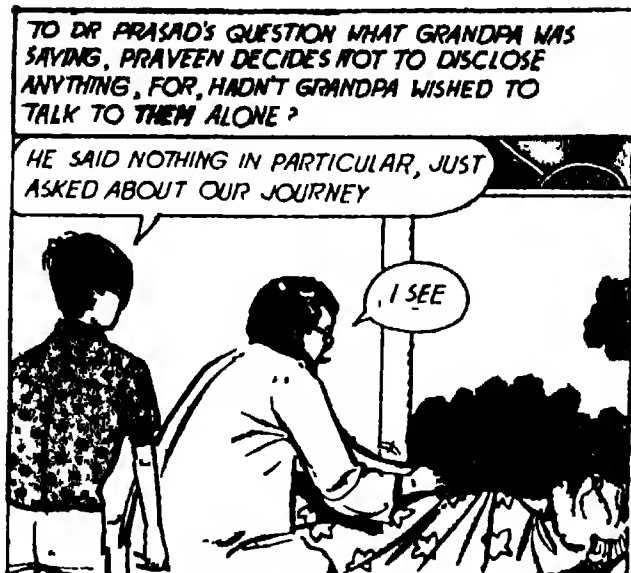
The postmaster's spectacles fell off his nose as he raised his eyebrows in astonishment. "What? What did you say?"

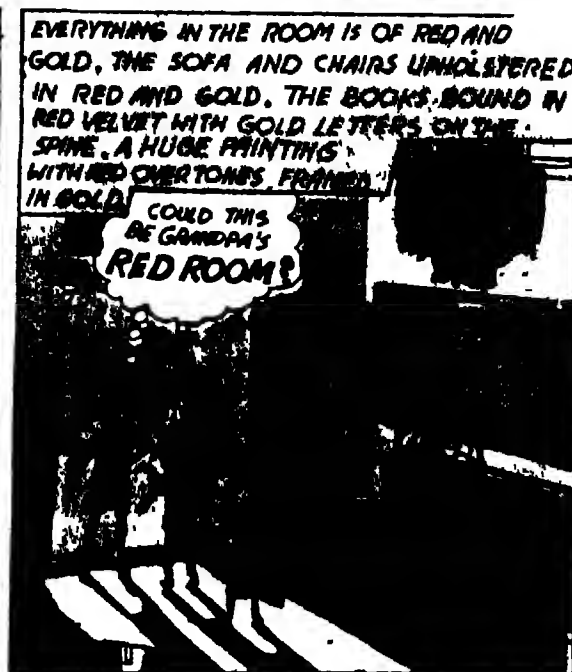
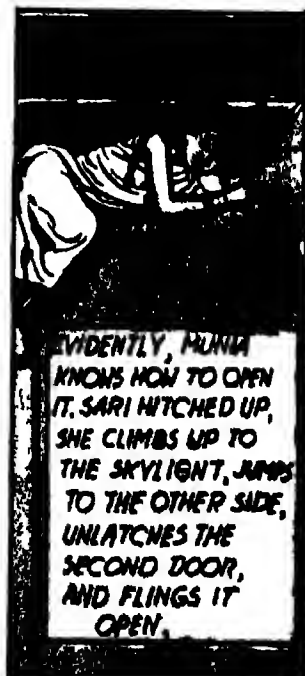
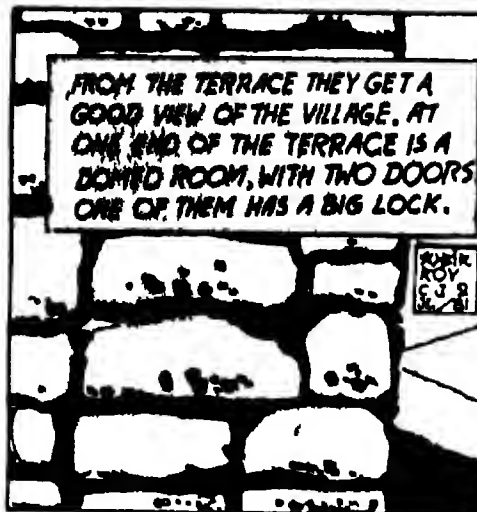
"I I gave the bell to the elephant sahib."

"Gave it to who? An elephant?" the postmaster repeated and began to laugh loudly.

Indira Ananthakrishnan









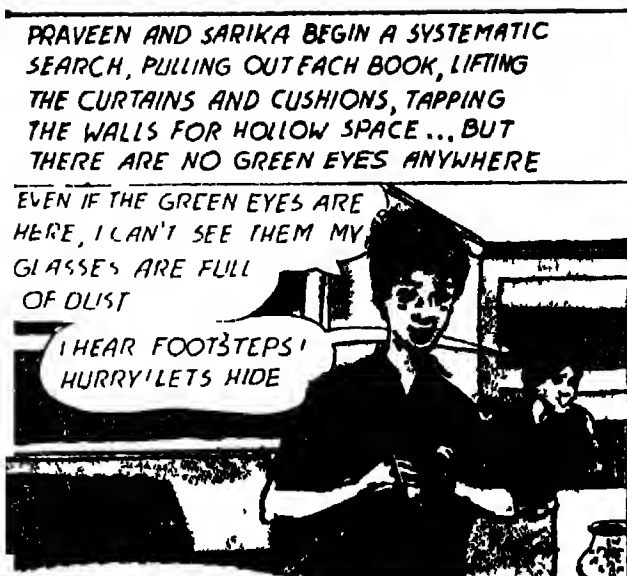
PRAVEEN WINKS AT SARIKA. (NOT ME! I DON'T WANT TO READ THESE OLD BOOKS. WHAT LOVELY BOOKS! WON'T YOU LIKE TO SIT HERE AND READ THESE SARIKA? YOU SUNIL? WE'VE BEEN WALKING FOR A LONG TIME)

YES I'D LOVE TO!



I WILL GO DOWN WITH MUNIA AND PLAY WITH REX.

THANK GOD HE'S GONE! SUCH A LOUD MOUTH, HE WOULD HAVE TOLD EVERYBODY GRANDPA'S SECRET LET'S NOW LOOK FOR THE GREEN EYES YOU TAKE THOSE TWO SIDES. I'LL TAKE THESE TWO



PRAVEEN AND SARIKA BEGIN A SYSTEMATIC SEARCH, PULLING OUT EACH BOOK, LIFTING THE CURTAINS AND CUSHIONS, TAPPING THE WALLS FOR HOLLOW SPACE... BUT THERE ARE NO GREEN EYES ANYWHERE

EVEN IF THE GREEN EYES ARE HERE, I CAN'T SEE THEM MY GLASSES ARE FULL OF DUST

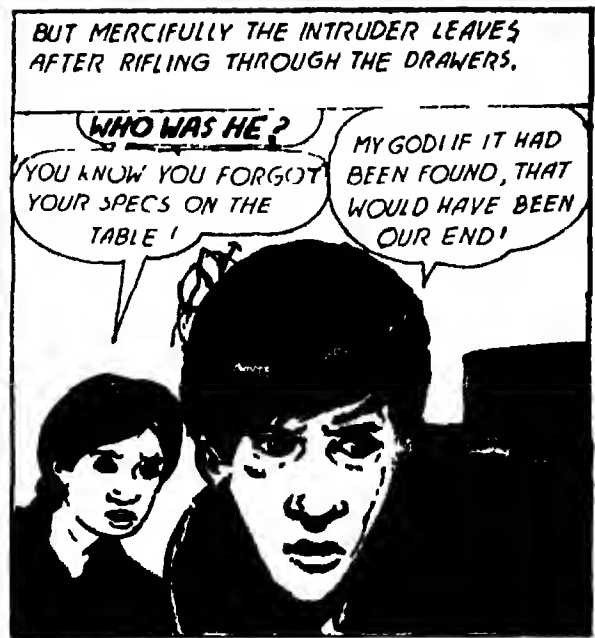
I HEAR FOOTSTEPS! HURRY! LET'S HIDE



IN HIS HURRY, PRAVEEN LEAVES HIS SPECS ON A SIDE TABLE, AS THEY CREEP BEHIND A BIG SOFA THERE IS A CLICK AS THE KEY IS TURNED IN THE LOCK AND THE DOOR OPENS WITH A CREAK



GOODNESS, IF HE SEES PRAVEEN'S SPECS HE'LL BE FINISHED!



BUT MERCIFULLY THE INTRUDER LEAVES AFTER RIFLING THROUGH THE DRAWERS.

WHO WAS HE?

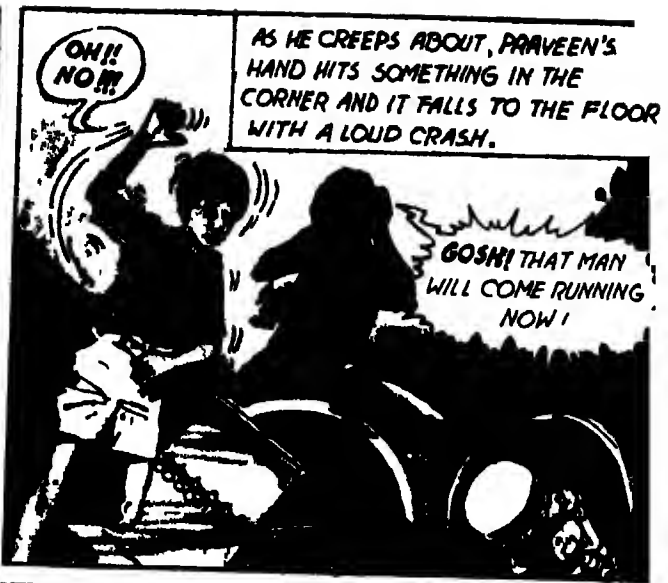
YOU KNOW YOU FORGOT YOUR SPECS ON THE TABLE!

MY GOD! IF IT HAD BEEN FOUND, THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN OUR END!



WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE!

SHH SHH LET'S
MAKE SURE HE'S NOT
COMING BACK



OH!!
NOW!

AS HE CREEPS ABOUT, PRAVEEN'S
HAND HITS SOMETHING IN THE
CORNER AND IT FALLS TO THE FLOOR
WITH A LOUD CRASH.

GOSH! THAT MAN
WILL COME RUNNING
NOW!

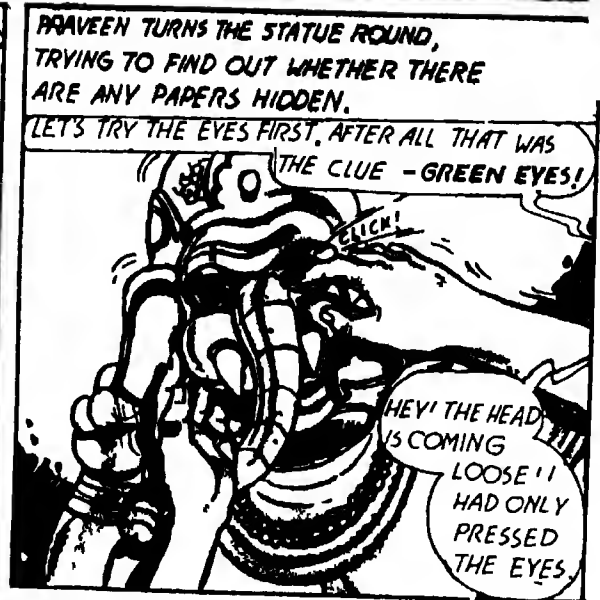


LUCKILY NO MORE
FOOTSTEPS ARE
HEARD.

IT'S A STATUE, A
BRONZE
GANESHA!



PRAVEEN!
THE GREEN EYES!!
THEY LOOK LIKE JADE.

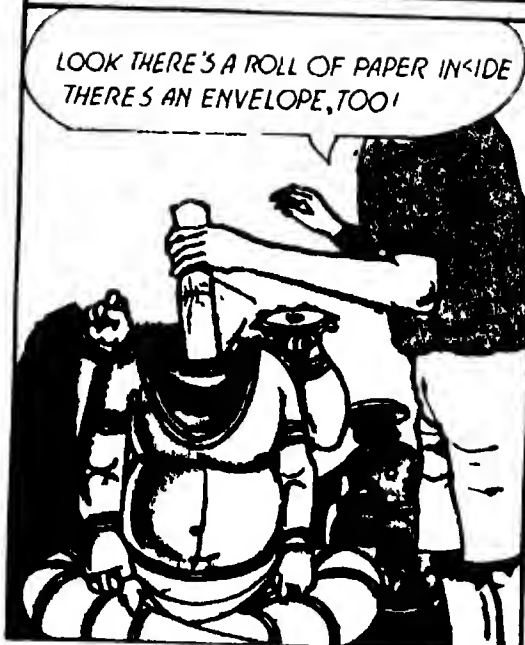


PRAVEEN TURNS THE STATUE ROUND,
TRYING TO FIND OUT WHETHER THERE
ARE ANY PAPERS HIDDEN.

LET'S TRY THE EYES FIRST, AFTER ALL THAT WAS

THE CLUE - GREEN EYES!

HEY! THE HEAD
IS COMING
LOOSE!!
HAD ONLY
PRESSED
THE EYES.

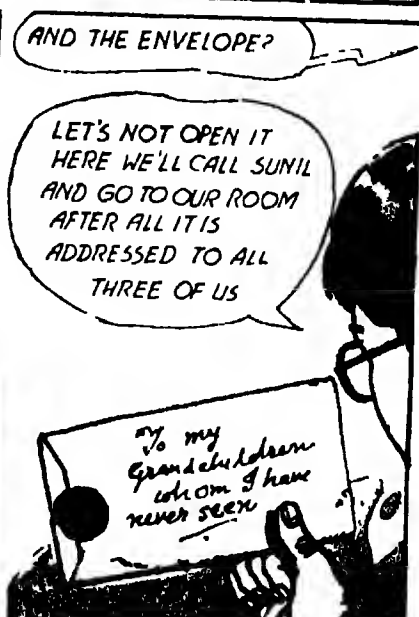


LOOK THERE'S A ROLL OF PAPER INSIDE
THERE'S AN ENVELOPE, TOO!



A SCROLL! WHAT DOES
IT SAY?

NOTHING MUCH IT'S ALL
ABOUT SOME LANDS,
BIGHAS AND ALL THAT



AND THE ENVELOPE?

LET'S NOT OPEN IT
HERE WE'LL CALL SUNIL
AND GO TO OUR ROOM
AFTER ALL IT IS
ADDRESSED TO ALL
THREE OF US

To my
Grandchildren
whom I have
never seen

CONTD

THE COMPENSATION

(Adapted by Rohini Mukherjee from the original in Bengali by
Sunil Ganguly appearing in "Sandesh")

I WAS standing at Arizona's Tescon Airport waiting to emplane for Chicago. The time was ten to eight. Daylight here lingers on and on and so it was not yet dark. I had come out of the lounge and was looking at the sky. I was restless because the plane was late. If it became too dark by the time I reached Chicago, I'd be in trouble. A friend of mine was to wait at Chicago Airport, and I was supposed to go to Cedar Rapids, a small city, nearly 200 miles away. By car it would take me about three hours.

At five past eight the plane could be seen circling overhead, and then landing. It was coming from California where it had rained heavily in the evening. As soon as I saw the plane, I rushed to the counter. I had to get my ticket okayed. Till the plane arrives at the airport, they don't okay it. Luckily there was only one other person in front of me at the counter. That meant I was second and I was bound to get a seat on the plane.

The man in front of me was like a small-sized giant. He was almost 6½ feet tall and just as broad. He was wearing a jerkin. He turned round and looked at me. He was a 'mulatto', which means he was neither white nor black. He had curly hair and wore gold-rimmed spectacles. As soon as our eyes met he said "Hi," as they do in this country. Even I said, "Hi."

Then the man said, "Going to Chicago?"

I said, "Ya."

He had a rather deep voice.

He had only a leather bag on his shoulder and no other luggage. When the clerk at the counter came, the man in front of me started opening his bag. Perhaps out of curiosity, I bent down a little and it happened!



I didn't know the man had such long arms. When he was opening his bag, one of his elbows moved back a little and went straight into my left eye. I yelled, "Baap re" (oh god!) and sat down.

After that I didn't see what happened. Blood was pouring out of my eye. I could hear a lot of voices, and within a few minutes, some people had lifted me carefully and put me on a stretcher. After that, I could hear the siren of an ambulance. I wasn't unconscious, but I remember I was in great pain and knew that I was going to miss my flight. I thought of my friend who would be waiting at Chicago Airport with his car.

After an hour, when the doctor had tested my eye, applied some medicine, and tied a big bandage, I asked the doctor if I could catch the plane which was supposed to leave at a quarter to ten.

The senior doctor told me it was quite out of the question. I would have to stay in bed for at least three days. And if I did not listen to them, my left eye would be permanently damaged.

I sighed. What else could I do? Who wants to destroy one's eye? I lay in a room in the hospital, all alone in a foreign country. Why, I had never been in a hospital in my own country.

In this hospital, there was a TV in every room. The nurse had turned mine on. With one eye in bandage, I had some difficulty in opening the other one. Besides, I did not feel like watching TV, but I could hear people talk and listen to music. The News started at 10 o'clock. They have made News reading very interesting in this country. First, one person reads the news from New York, then suddenly he stops and says, "Hello,

Jack, what's up there?" Just then you can see someone in California, 3,000 miles away, giving you the news of that place. Like this, you can get the news from Washington D.C. Sometimes you get news from Japan, Vietnam, France, or even Africa.

I like the news-reading of Jack Robson of NBC. As soon as he started, I picked up my ears. He opened by saying, 'This evening's Flight No. 572 has been hijacked!'

I sat up in excitement. With great difficulty I opened my right eye and looked at the TV screen. Flight No. 572? But that was the plane I was supposed to take!

For the first time I felt very angry with the giant of a passenger. Just because he poked my eye with his big, fat elbow. I had to miss this golden opportunity! I've always longed to be in a plane when it is being hijacked. The hijackers don't kill the passengers, so I could have watched the whole drama. Jack Robson also said the hijacked plane was heading for Cuba. And then he reported that the plane did not land there. It had gone to some unknown destination. 'Unknown Destination'. What exciting words! I was very very disappointed.

I rang for the nurse.

A cute little nurse walked in. I asked her, "Sister, who brought me to the hospital?"

The nurse said, "The Security Staff of the Airport admitted you."

The man who poked his elbow into my eye — didn't he come?"

'Who poked you? Nobody told me about that!'

'Yes, I'm here, just because of the man whose elbow poked me.'

"Why don't you tell the police? Do you know his name?"

"I don't know his name, but I remember his face very clearly."

"Describe him to the police, they'll find out his name. After that, you can get some compensation from him."

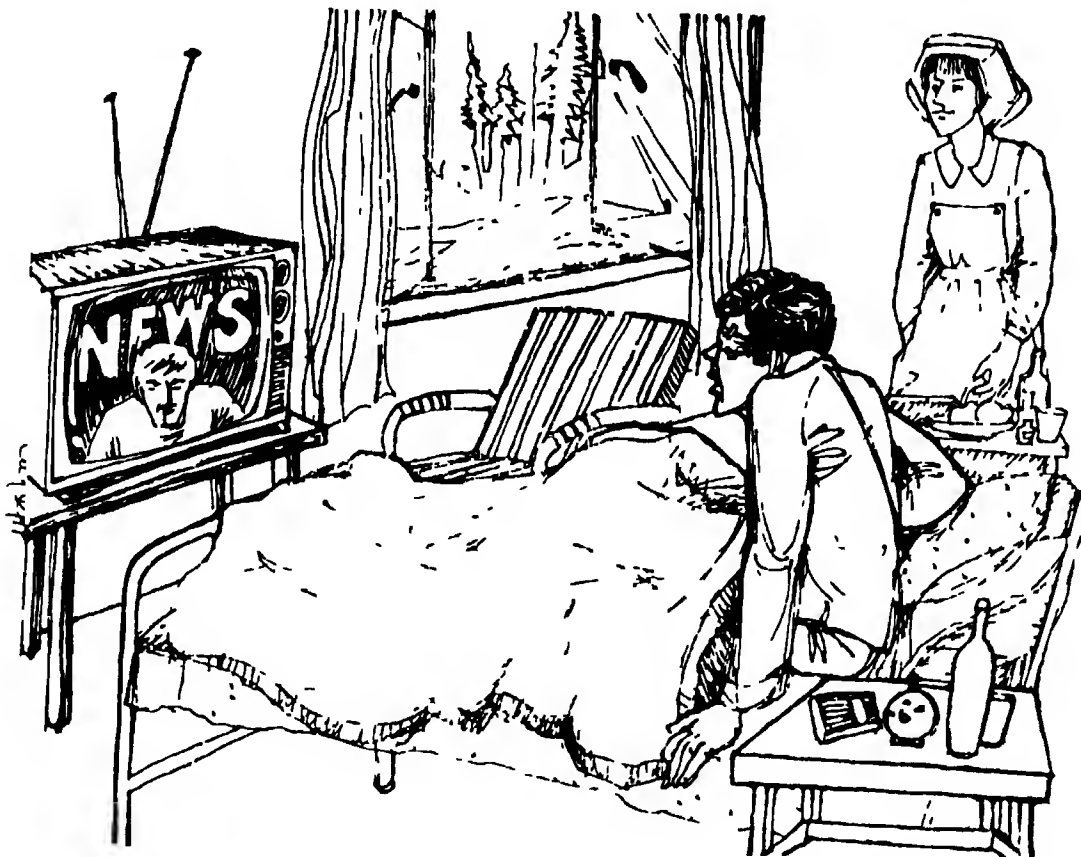
"Let it be, I'll think about it afterwards. Please turn the TV and the light off when you go."

In America, compensation is paid for everything. For every little thing they claim compensation. Even if you don't file a case, the Insurance Company pays. One of my friends while hitchhiking took a ride for 20 cents and that car had an accident near Bloomington. He had only sprained his ankle. A lime-and-turmeric plaster could have cured it. But just for that he got a

compensation of 2,000 dollars.

I didn't want to get mixed up with all this in a foreign country. Who wants to get involved with the police? Still, I thought the man was very rude. Maybe he didn't hurt me purposely, but at least he could have come and said "sorry."

I couldn't sleep because of my eye. Lying awake I started thinking of various things. I could imagine Flight No. 572 flying over the sea and in the cockpit, with his pistol held to the pilot's head, was standing the hijacker. Everybody's face had become pale with fear like in a comic strip. Suddenly, I wondered if the small-sized giant was the hijacker. His face was just like one. Maybe he had friends who helped him. Maybe he was



Kapitza and His Linear Law

IN 1921, a young man from Russia came to England. He was then not known in scientific circles. But his great ambition was to work under the well-known physicist, Ernest Rutherford, who was at that time the head of the world's foremost science research centre — the Cavendish Laboratory, Cambridge. However, when he met Rutherford, the scientist refused to accept him as his student. The problem was that Rutherford already had about 30 research students working under him. But the young man had come from Russia determined to work under Rutherford. What then was he to do? He asked Rutherford how much the margin of error was in his experiments. Well, that was quite an unexpected question from a student seeking admission! But as it concerned research, Rutherford was quite frank about it.

He told the young man that the margin of error in his experiments was about 10 per cent. Those were the early days of nuclear physics, when Rutherford had just discovered the central, heavy nucleus of the atom. It was, therefore, no surprise that the margin of error

was so high. However, the young man told Rutherford that if he had so much margin of error in his experiments, he should accept him as his student! It is because, he argued, one more student to his already 30 students would mean less margin of error in experiments! In short, he meant that Rutherford should take him as a marginal error among his students!

Rutherford was so impressed by such a quixotical yet telling argument by the young man that he had a hearty laugh. He immediately accepted him as his student! That determined and witty young man was Pyotr Leonidovich Kapitza who is today one of the topmost scientists in the Soviet Union. For his contributions to physics and Soviet steel industry he was awarded the Nobel Prize in 1978. In Soviet Union, he was twice given the title of Hero of Socialist Labour. Today, in his late 80's Kapitza continues to work hard and carries on his scientific investigations at the Institute for Physical Problems, Kazan, which he heads.

Born on July 8 1894 at Kronstadt, near Leningrad, U.S.S.R. Kapitza belongs to an

taking the plane to some country in Africa. I fell asleep thinking of a wonderful story.

The next day there were banner headlines in the newspapers about the hijacking. The plane had been destroyed in mid-air and had fallen to pieces in the Gulf of Mexico. All the 56 passengers were missing. It was almost certain that there were no survivors. And all this happened at 10.30 p.m. The rest of the night, the

search parties were busy but nothing was found.

I can't describe how I felt when I read the news. Even in that cold country, I started perspiring all over. I kept quiet for some time. I was supposed to be in that plane. If I hadn't hurt myself in the eye, by now pieces of my body would have been floating in the Gulf of Mexico, and sharks would be tearing my flesh to pieces!

(To be concluded)

Armv family His father was a General in the Tsarist army, engineering corps, his mother was the daughter of a General. He was, therefore, brought up in military style. Fortunately, he had English-speaking governesses, so he could read and speak English tolerably well which helped him later during his stay in England. After passing school, he decided to take up physics which, in those days, was considered to be a strange choice in Russia. He took up an electrical engineering course at the Petrograd Polytechnical Institute, and after graduation became a lecturer there.

On the advice and recommendations of the eminent Russian scientist Abram Ioffe and eminent writer Maxim Gorky, Kapitza came to England to pursue physics. As a student of Rutherford, he did his Ph.D. in nuclear physics. During his stay at Cambridge, he came under the influence of Rutherford and P. A. M. Dirac, another eminent physicist. In fact, on many occasions Rutherford helped Kapitza with money and scholarships whenever he was in a tight corner. His friends at Cambridge remember him as an absent-minded, witty, and a wild kind of character, who had great fascination for high-powered cars and motorcycles. He is also remembered as a very hard-working person and a hard taskmaster, too.

In 1934 Kapitza was called back to Russia to serve his country. By then he had established his standing as a brilliant scientist. Since then he has been living in Russia. It is believed that in the beginning he was forced to make Hydrogen bombs. But here he showed his daring character in not misusing science for destructive purposes. He flatly refused to take part in such a project at the risk of his life. He was, therefore, kept under house arrest for several years. However, he went on doing research on a small scale. It was only when Nikita Khrushchev came to power that he was given back his position and privileges. A new Institute for Physical Problems was built and he was made its head. Among the top-brass scientists



in Russia today, he is considered to be the most bold and outspoken.

Kapitza is known the world over for his fundamental discoveries in low temperature physics — the subject that concerns the behaviour of various substances at temperatures far below 0°C. Although recognised as a physicist today, his first love was engineering. Thus, in the beginning of his career, he used his engineering bent of mind to design very powerful magnets. Subsequently, he began to study how various substances behaved under very high magnetic fields. Here he discovered the now famous "Kapitza's linear law". He discovered that the amount of resistance that metals offer to the flow of electricity through them depends upon the strength of the magnetic fields surrounding them. The stronger the magnetic fields, the higher the resistance the metals offer to the flow of electricity through them.

(Turn to page 61)

“Temples” of Research

INDIA gained freedom on August 15, 1947. On January 20, 1957—just 10 years after Independence, India's first Atomic Reactor was inaugurated by the then Prime Minister, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, at Trombay. This accelerated research in the field of nuclear technology. India is now one of the few countries which have harnessed nuclear energy and exploited it in all possible directions.

April 19, 1975 saw India ushered into the space age, with the successful launching of its first satellite ARYABHATA from a Soviet cosmodrome. This diamond-shaped satellite was designed and built by the Indian Space Research Organisation (ISRO). BHASKARA, India's second satellite, also launched from a Soviet cosmodrome followed ARYABHATA into orbit on June 7, 1979. Then, on July 17, 1980, the ion-stage rocket SLV-3 entirely built in India thrust into space India's third satellite ROHINI from the launching pad at SRIHARIKOTA in Andhra Pradesh, proclaiming that India had obtained self-dependence in this field. India once again asserted its supremacy by launching a second ROHINI satellite on May 31, 1981. And very recently, early in July, India

also sent its own communications satellite, APPLE, which has now started functioning from its geo-stationary position over Sumatra, Indonesia.

The country's achievements in other fields of science and technology have been equally dynamic. Color television is waiting round the corner. Science has aided industry. India has now become a major exporter of numerous industrial products to other countries.

India has shown all this tremendous progress as a result of the painstaking study, research and experimental work undertaken by diligent Indian scientists in the numerous research laboratories situated in different parts of the country.

Do you know what *research laboratories* are? You must have performed experiments under the guidance of your teacher in your school laboratories. Research laboratories are different from the laboratories in your school. They are equipped with sophisticated instruments and have facilities for experimental work of higher and complex nature. Moreover, the scientists in research laboratories themselves devise experiments according to the investigation they have undertaken. The knowledge gained from the results is applied to serve society.

Some of the important research laboratories in the country are the National Physical Laboratory (Delhi), National Chemical Laboratory (Poona), National Metallurgical Laboratory (Tatanagar), National Aeronautical Laboratory (Bangalore), Solid State Physics Laboratory (Delhi), and the Defence Science Centre (Delhi). This summer I had the privilege of visiting two research laboratories

Time and Frequency Standard



Let me tell you what I saw there.

First, we go to the National Physical Laboratory (NPL). It was inaugurated on January 21, 1950 by the then Deputy Prime Minister, Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel. NPL is one of the earliest laboratories to be set up by the Council of Scientific and Industrial Research (CSIR) in the country. In its 30 years of existence, NPL has undertaken research in different fields of science and has made significant contribution to the country's progress in the developing world.

NPL is divided into different units or divisions. Each unit is provided with rooms well-equipped with sophisticated modern instruments, where research in a particular field of science is undertaken.

The unit dealing with X-ray studies is situated on the ground floor. You must have heard of X-rays when you went to the doctor. They are radiations of a special kind having high energy and the unique property of penetrating solids which are opaque to visible light, with an exception of heavy metals and bones. X-rays have many applications among which is the study of the internal structure of crystals, a study undertaken by NPL. When X-rays pass through crystals of minerals, due to diffraction, a characteristic diffraction pattern is obtained on the photographic plate. The mineral can thus be identified. NPL possesses modern X-ray diffraction units and X-ray diffractometers with X-ray generators to identify the minerals and further study their structures and properties. This unit at NPL has a reference section where the standard values of the properties of each and every mineral is depicted on cards. These cards assist the scientists in their research work.

A precious possession of NPL is an ELECTRON MICROSCOPE. This has given scope for a separate division dealing with electron microscopic studies. An electron microscope is a big instrument which permits scientists to see and photograph ob-

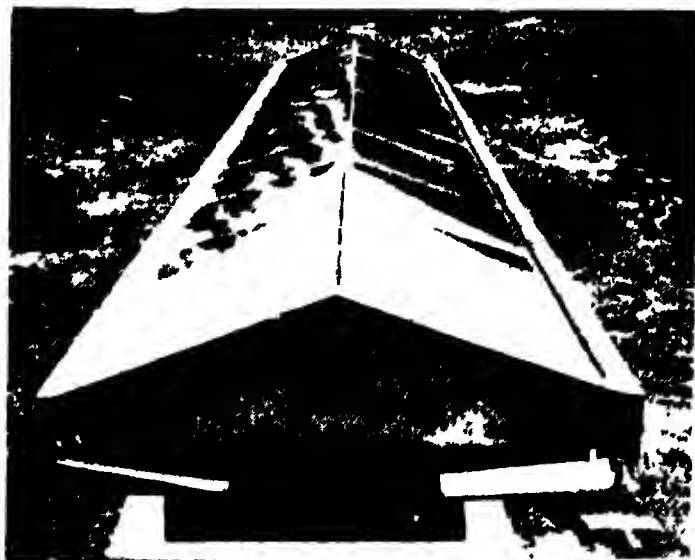


A solar cell panel capable of energizing a fan, a radio receiver, and a 2-in-1 tape recorder.

jects too small to be seen even with an optical microscope. It uses beam power which is 200 times that of the very best optical microscope. Even thin layers of crystals of minerals are studied by this NPL unit and their quality evaluated.

When one enters the SPACE PHYSICS' division, a clackety clack noise greets him. This is made by an instrument that is loaded with a roll of graph paper. As the paper roll unfolds itself, it passes under a rod to which is attached a red marker. The marker moves by itself along the rod and draws graphic lines on the paper as the paper moves forward. The scientist there will tell you that they are messages or signals being received in graphic form from a Japanese communication satellite ELS-II orbiting at an altitude of 37,000 km. This unit of NPL is installed with sophisticated instruments necessary to

A solar still



set up an efficient earth station for satellite communication. In all 28 such earth stations have been planned along the entire length and breadth of the country. India's progress in the field of satellite communication is well illustrated by the increasing number of programmes being relayed on television via satellites.

Two other units closely related to the 'SPACE PHYSICS' division are the units for studying radio propagation phenomena and upper atmosphere. These three units constitute a single group. This group had successfully set up some instrumented payloads in rockets from Thumba and elsewhere for the study of the upper atmospheric phenomena.

You all know that an energy crisis is threatening the world. Coal, natural gas, and oil—our conventional sources of energy—are getting depleted at an alarming rate due to fast industrialization all over the world. Man, on the lookout for substitutes, has found the inexhaustible source of energy from the sun—SOLAR ENERGY. Solar energy is easily available and is free of cost. In its lawn, NPL has set up a 'SOLAR HOUSE' where scientists are developing various solar sources of energy. Numerous devices, which have then importance for industry and home alike, have been developed and are exhibited outside the 'SOLAR HOUSE'. Among them are the domestic solar water heaters, solar cookers, solar driers, and solar stills. The 'SOLAR HOUSE' is itself equipped for solar air-conditioning, solar water-heating, and solar water distillation. Different kinds of solar cells have also been developed by NPL. A number of each type of cells combined together work as a solar generator, which can be used to operate transistors, fans, calculators, cassette record players, television and radio receiver sets and irrigation water pumps. NPL's tremendous progress and achievements in this field prove that in the coming years India will be able to face the energy crisis boldly by exploiting this

unique source of energy—from the sun.

NPL has divisions dealing in ferrite, ceramic, carbon, and glass technology. Antenna rods, radio and television receivers, loudspeakers, ceramic capacitors, cinema arc carbons, searchlight carbons, carbon fibres, and sophisticated glass apparatus are a few products developed by NPL in recent years. After developing the products, NPL transfers the know-how to industry.

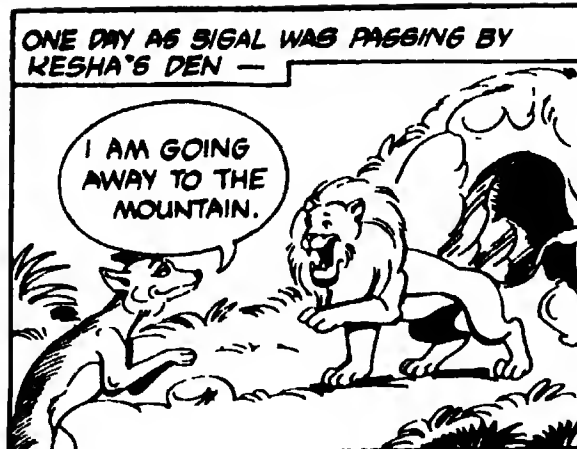
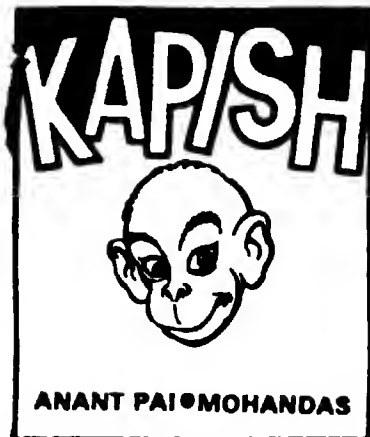
Some other significant achievements of NPL have been the development of an electrostatic photocopying machine costing one-sixth of the imported machines and development of single crystal synthetic diamonds required by the machine tool industry. NPL has also developed the technique of three-dimensional (3-D) photography. Haven't you often marvelled over those colourful photographs which have depth as well as length and breadth? They are known as 3-D photographs and are of immense use in commercial displays, greeting cards, books, and even postage stamps. NPL has released the know-how relating to this technique of 3-D photography to two firms in India.

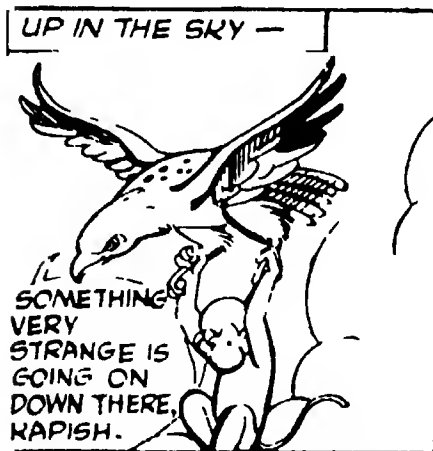
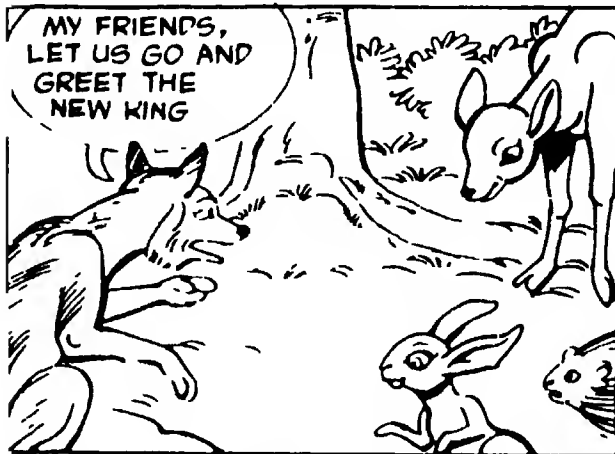
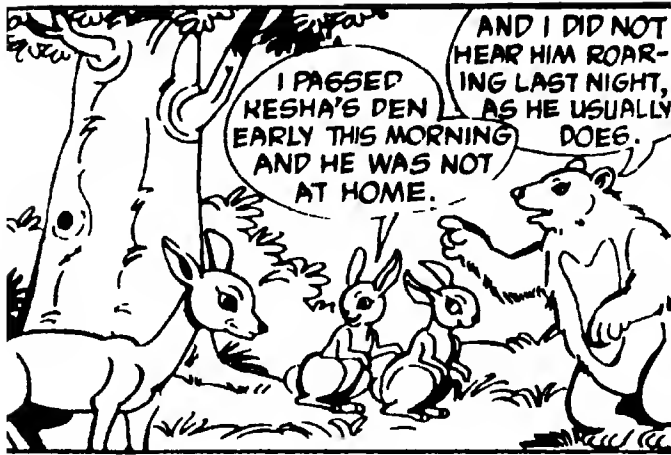
An important work NPL is engaged all the year round is the maintenance of the national standards of physical measurements, which is a time-consuming, highly skilled and costly activity. Research work is undertaken by scientists to define the Basic Standards (standards of mass, length, time, frequency, temperature, current, and luminous intensity) in novel forms and more accurately. Industrial products are also tested for their quality in the NPL laboratory.

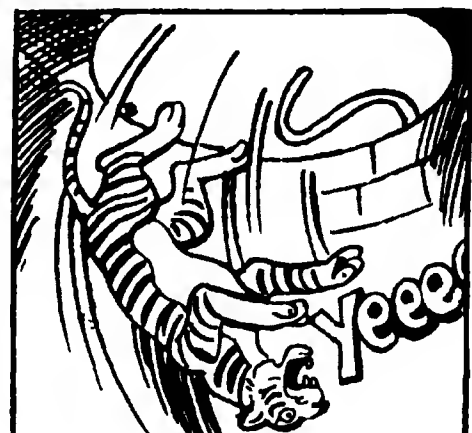
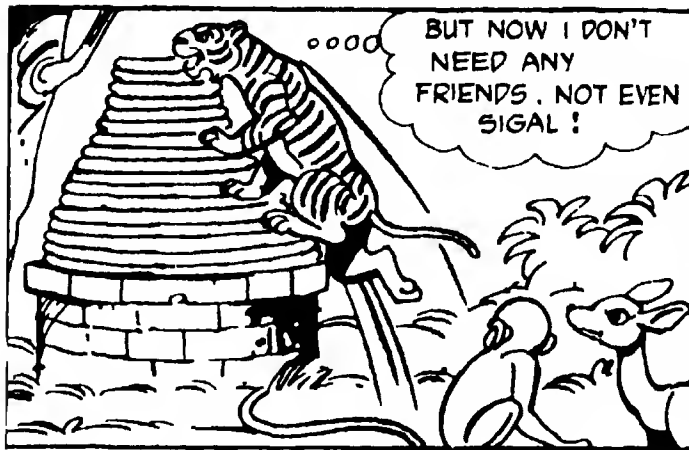
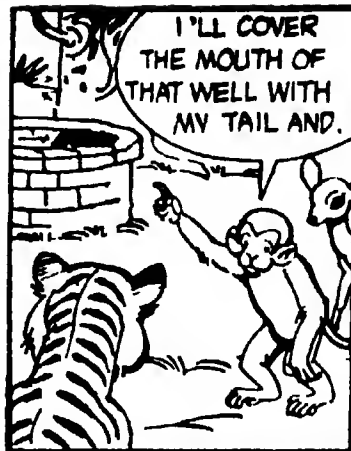
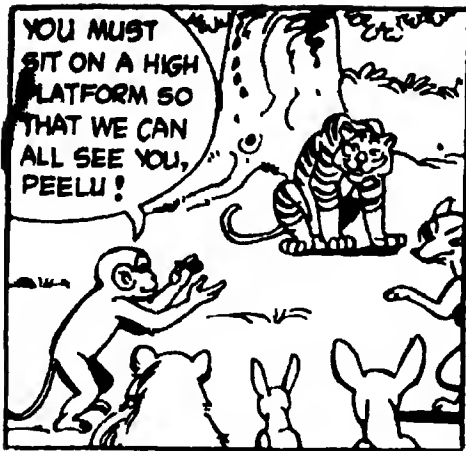
NPL has many other fields of activity, but I would require all the pages of this magazine if I were to tell you about them. Who knows some day YOU will not yourself join this laboratory as a scientist and serve your country? Won't it be a glorious day for you?

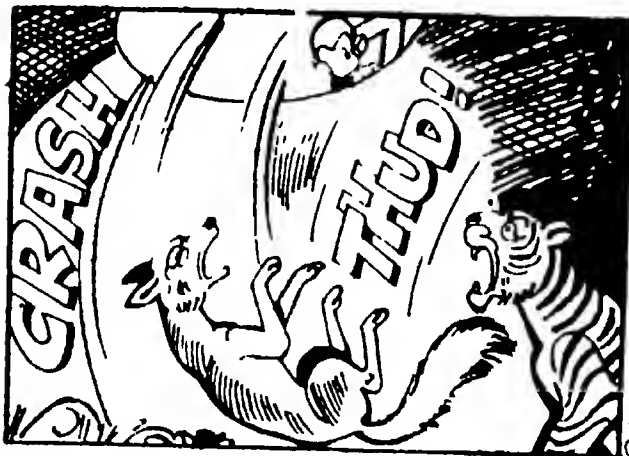
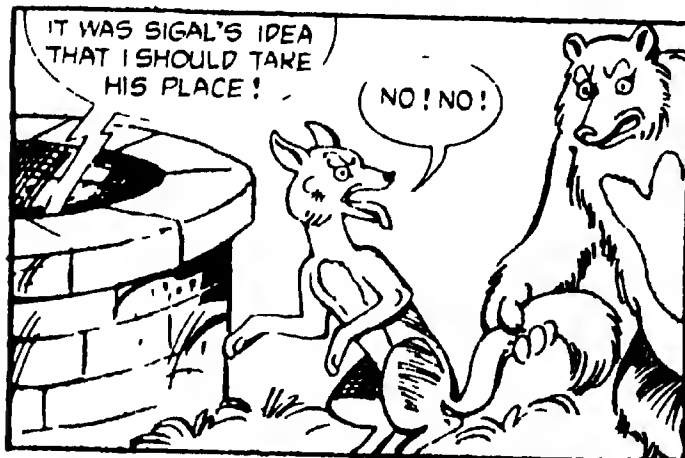
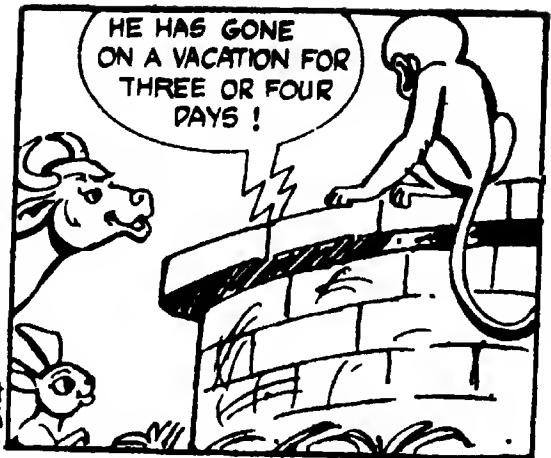
Subhendu Mukherji (16)

(Next Month: Defence Science Centre)









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AND SO, TWO ANIMALS DID NOT SLEEP THAT NIGHT



THE END

THE ENCOUNTER

It was the night of 14th February, 1980. A group of armed men assembled at 10.30 for a hush-hush conference in the courtyard of a deserted old temple on the outskirts of Ramnagar. Towards midnight, the band split into four groups of two each and stealthily crept into the village.

What were they plotting at this inauspicious hour in the small Hanjan settlement? One group appeared to be determinedly heading towards Mamchand Kaka's house. Suddenly, they heard a loud shout, 'Jagte Raho!' accompanied by the dull thud of a bamboo stick hitting the ground, disturbing the otherwise silent night. It was the village chowkidar asking the people to be alert. The two men immediately dropped to a prone position, thus merging with the dark surroundings. Once the footsteps had died away, the plotters recommenced crawling, pausing every now and then to check the chowkidar's position. Edging forward inch by inch, they stopped a hundred yards from the house, and lay flat on their stomach, their eyes trained on Mamchand's hut. Meanwhile, from the east, the other three groups too sneaked up to the main gate close to the two prone men and lay silent, awaiting further orders.

Presently, out of the dense undergrowth behind the hut, there emerged a tall and muscular man with a semi-automatic rifle slung on his right shoulder. His broad chest was crisscrossed with two ammunition belts, while the lower half of his face and entire



Satish Kumar Phul Singh of U.P.,
winner of one of the 1980 Bravery
Awards.

head were covered with a dark brown turban.

Standing motionless in the moonless night, the gigantic desperado warily peered round through his heavy eyes, before giving his men the all-clear signal. Cradling the rifle in his bany palms, he fondly stroked the barrel, while the gang murmured 'Jai Bhavani!' before rising to their feet.

The entire gang moved stealthily into Mamchand's courtyard after forcing open the bolted gate. Once inside, the leader lifted his rifle and fired three rounds in the air.

Hearing the banging on his door, Mamchand wondered who the late-night visitors could be. But, then, the gunshots quickly dispelled any doubts. 'Dacoits!' All the jewellery and dowry money for his daughter's wedding, to be solemnized the following week, were in the house. Was that what the intruders had come for? His revenue was quickly disturbed by another volley of shots, followed by violent thumping on his door.

Hoping they would spare his family if he

were to reason with them, the householder pleadingly opened the door to a burly dacoit. The desperado giving him a contemptuous look, peered beyond at Mamchand's wife and daughter cowering in a corner. With an ugly leer on his face, he signalled to his mates.

It was now or never. Mamchand dodged the dacoits and ran to the main gate shouting, 'Daku! daku! 'bachao!'. But it was useless. Who would want to risk his own life by taking on enmity with a dacoit? It is said that adversity usually makes a hero out of an ordinary man. Seeing his wife and daughter's honour at stake, Mamchand lifted a club and advanced frenziedly at two of the dacoits. Getting one squarely on the head, he felled him, while the other fled to the distant end of the courtyard. Swinging the club, Mamchand began moving in circles, edging closer to his bedroom yelling, 'Har kor jo samene!'. If there are anymore around.

Before he could bluster out the entire sentence, there was a bright orange flash. Mamchand felt a sharp twinge of pain in his chest as his vision blurred. Holding his hands against the bleeding spot with excruciating pain, he staggered to the door and fell, arousing panic-stricken screams from the womenfolk. Attempting to rise slowly, he lost his balance and dropped unconscious.

Hearing gunshots and shouts for help, 13-year-old Satish Kumar Phul Singh, Mamchand's immediate neighbour, awoke with a start. Was it a dream? No, the shouts were still coming, and that too from Kaka's house. Could be dacoits, or maybe some other problem, thought the lad, as he dutifully informed his parents, before rushing out to alert the entire village about the peril.

Now, old Mamchand was loved and respected by everyone in the village because of his generous and friendly nature.

A dacoity in his house was tantamount to looting of the village. Grasping whatever weapon that came handy, the villagers joined the teenager who was running way ahead.

In order to get a better idea of his adversaries, Satish climbed on to Mamchand's terrace. The brave lad crouched towards the edge. It was too dark to see what exactly was happening, but by the sounds he heard, he could just make out that the dacoits were breaking everything in their search for loot. Meanwhile, the villagers were raising merry hell outside, by shouting and throwing stones. Occasionally, a bright flash could be seen and some villager would let out a shrill scream and the next moment fall over — shot!

If only he could contribute to the fight, thought Satish, fingering a loose brick on the parapet. Suddenly, the brick gave him an idea. Patiently waiting for the next flash, he threw the brick in its direction — getting a gun squarely on the barrel! Some of the dacoits, now desperate, began firing indiscriminately, while the others attempted to break down the locked door of the room where Mamchand's petrified family was hiding.

Noting that bricks were not having the desired effect, Satish Kumar climbed down and informed the villagers that the best way of dealing with the desperadoes would be first to learn their positions by lighting up the courtyard with bales of hay that could be set ablaze. Everyone ran helter-skelter collecting hay which Satish took to the top and flung into Mamchand's courtyard followed by an oil-soaked rag.

Within moments the fire caught on, betraying the dacoits stationed inside. But, sad to say, it also showed up the brave Satish silhouetted against the dark sky. An alert dacoit lifted his rifle and fired at the lad.



A sudden spasm of agony caught him off balance. Flinging his arms out to break the fall, he tumbled over backwards. Satish writhed on the terrace, unable to relieve himself of the searing pain coming out the apparently final agonizing moments of his life. Presently, he attempted to rise, but the pain seemed to rip his heart apart as the thirteen-year-old staggered unsteadily to his feet, one hand gripping the parapet, the other clutching his bleeding chest. Unable to bear it any longer, Satish doubled up, the ground seemed to rush up, then a complete blackout just before a sickening thud on the ground!

Seeing the plight of their young hero made the villagers' blood boil. They now fought more fiercely and after two-and-a-half hours

of bloody encounter with sticks and bricks they put the bandits to flight.

The injured were removed to hospital, where Satish Kumar Phul Singh precariously hung between life and death for several days. Slowly he recovered and sat up and greeted anxious friends and relatives. Mamchand was discharged after a few weeks and was able to celebrate his daughter's delayed wedding with all fanfare and the goodwill of the entire village.

Satish Kumar Phul Singh really deserved the bravery award given to him last January. But for his presence of mind, this story could well have had a totally different ending.

Shiv Dhawan

NAT AT THE AUCTION

ON the day of auction I wasn't so sure anymore. When all of us climbed up the stairs to the auction hall of the Fine Arts and Crafts Society, I felt very uncertain. In the hall we were met by a giant of a man, giving us a broad welcoming smile.

'Ah,' he beamed at my mother. "Welcome, welcome. It is my pleasure to see so many charming art connoisseurs on a sunny morning like today."

And favouring aunt Cemeran with a special smile he said "I hope you'll invest wisely."

I was puzzled. I knew why we had come, but I wasn't sure whether that made us art connoisseurs! I was however relieved when I heard my mother reply "I'm sure we'll appreciate the art display and certainly wish you auction every success. We'll do our best to help in every way we can. This boy has gone to the extent of having spent more than a whole week in drawing a portrait of Mother Teresa" and she took Kakul by his shoulders. "Please don't look at his work with the eyes of an art critic. Just take it as the gesture of a boy and his goodwill to help in his own way."

'Ah yes of course' replied the man and gazed at Kakul uncertainly.

And Kakul gazed back at him with his serious dark brown eyes, pushing his glasses nervously up his nose. "It's a portrait," he whispered.

'Ah yes, indeed,' beamed the man and viewed it expertly with one eye closed. "It is quite a good portrait you know. A good contrast of light and shade. A bit expressionistic, a bit impressionistic, and a good deal of art primitive! My compliments to the young artist." He grabbed Kakul's hand and shook it rapidly.

Then he waved vaguely towards the left

of the hall and said "If you'll please keep the picture over there, we will then call it for auction. You might want to have a preview of the paintings and sculptures. Please go ahead."

My mother nodded and aunt Cemeran gave the gentleman one of her psychological smiles and nodded gracefully. Then she pushed us hard and motioned us to move.

We had a good preview of all the art objects in the hall. We looked at pieces of marble that looked like two giant eggs placed on top of each other and bronzes that looked like a shell.

We gazed at them helplessly and listened to the views of some art connoisseurs. "What balance and harmony! How dynamic and expressive!"

I stared at the sculptures and the viewers, but understood neither of them.

'Excellent carving, laconic and highly expressive.' And I nodded, because I could at least understand that it was a sculpture. But terms like "soft lyrical colouring" or "asymmetrical emplacements" - quintessence of the message. Controversion and transcendental art were beyond me. I wondered what people would say about Kakul's painting.

At exactly 11 o'clock the gentleman who welcomed us along with three others settled down behind a table. One of them raised a wooden hammer and brought it down on a wooden plank in a few rapid movements.

'Ladies and Gentlemen,' he smiled and looked at the audience, "please be seated, let's begin. But, first, let's thank the many artists of Delhi who have so generously contributed to this charity auction. Mother Teresa needs no introduction, nor her home for destitutes and lepers, and the orphanages. Help us to help them with your generous

"bids!" He smiled once again and motioned the young man behind him to place the first painting on the easel. It showed a girl with black hair staring out of a window with big sad eyes.

"An early Manchani," rang out the voice of the auctioneer, "a master in modern subtle, spontaneous and versatile, miniatures. Please come forward for a closer look."

Nobody moved and nobody bid for the modern miniature of abstract impressionism and agitated expressionism.

All that left me puzzled and made my head spin. It also increased my subtle doubts whether Kakul's excellent portrait had anything in common with these pieces of art. There was an uncomfortable silence in the

The ever smiling man behind the table nodded at everybody in front, encouragingly, then he brought the hammer down and announced, "Two hundred rupees for the Manchani. Two hundred once, two hundred twice."

"Two hundred fifty," came a call from behind us.

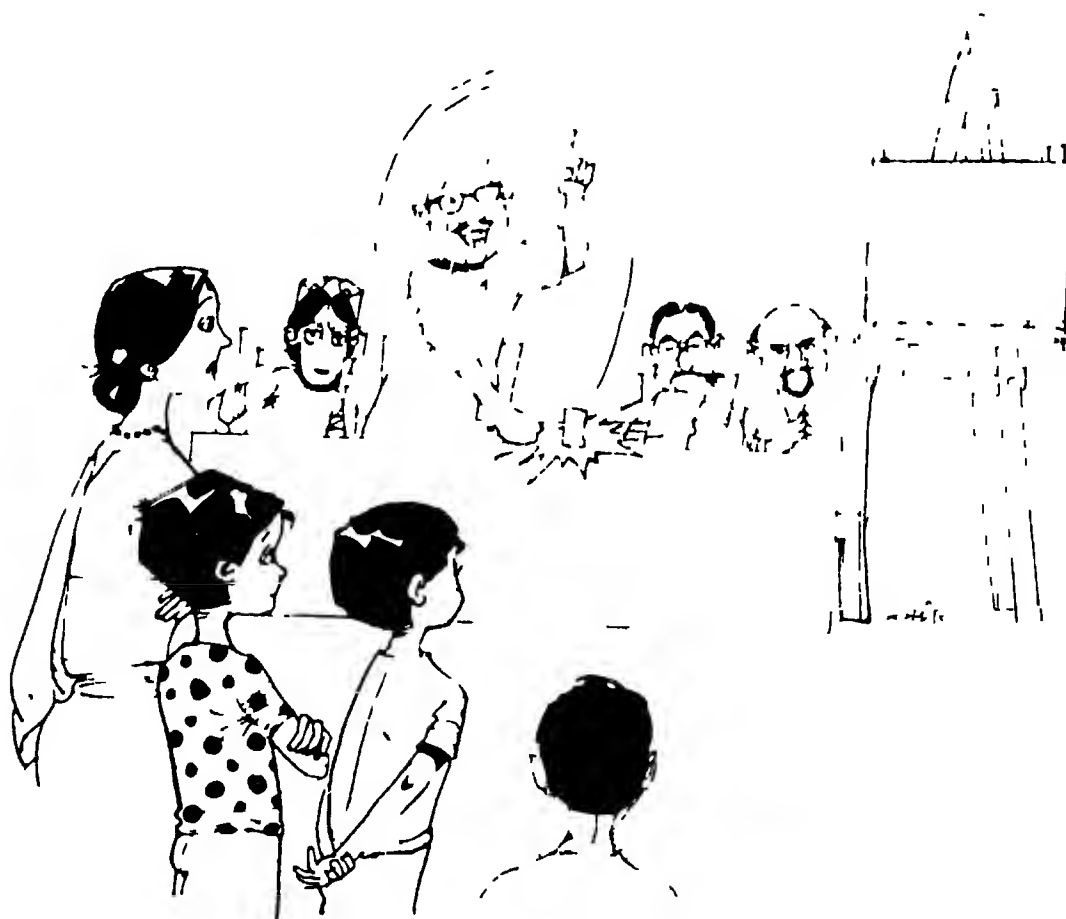
"Thank you, Mrs. Menon," beamed the auctioneer. "I do welcome every bid, even one of fifty rupees so it is two hundred and fifty for an excellent early Manchani, a rarity, a collector's item. Two hundred ."

"Three hundred ."

"Four hundred ."

"Five hundred ."

The auctioneer had no time to repeat the bids. He waved his arms invitingly and



laughed, "Yes, Mr Ambassador, what was your bid?"

"Six hundred," answered a tall blond gentleman beside me "Six hundred!"

"Six hundred once, six hundred twice, six hundred

"Six hundred and fifty," called a voice in the first row

"Seven hundred" offered the gentleman beside me

"Seven hundred and fifty,"

"Seven hundred and fifty once twice three"

The wooden hammer crashed down on the plate. The gentleman beside me smiled, smiled at the small delicate picture of a girl that was his for seven hundred and fifty rupees

After that a late Shrivprakash was put up for auction that fetched nine hundred rupees, followed by a sculpture by Ram Kam that went to a white-haired lady for sixteen hundred

"Sixteen hundred!" exclaimed the auctioneer "Where will you get a Ram Kam for just sixteen hundred?"

Picture after picture came up sculpture after sculpture print after print

And as the time passed as the objects of art passed the bids came more and more reluctantly

"Well well" said the auctioneer with false gaiety "this one is unique K K Heda for just two hundred rupees Ladies and gentlemen we can't let that happen"

But it did happen. It also happened that a picture received no bid at all and was being removed for a second chance in a more favourable moment

My heart sank

I didn't dare look at my cousin who sat next to me knitting his fingers

I wished I had taken some money so that I could bid on it. But I also knew that Kakul wouldn't have liked it. Suddenly my heart missed a beat as the attendant picked up

Kakul's picture, the portrait of Mother Teresa in my Mother's old golden frame

"Oh!" I heard Kakul gasp, and saw my mother reach out to press his hand affectionately

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, the work of our youngest donor. A portrait of Mother Teresa herself. A promising work, I know you will appreciate not only the work, but also the boy's noble gesture. Here is my bid. One hundred rupees"

Al! I gasped too surprised even to try and suppress it. Feeling hot and cold at the same time, I wished fervently that somebody would increase the bid, just by ten rupees or five just a lot for my cousin's sake!

"One hundred and fifty," rang out a voice from behind us

Thank God thank God ' I thought thankfully

"One hundred and fifty" declared the auctioneer. Ladies and Gentlemen. I'm sure we can do better. If this young artist could, so why not we?"

"Two hundred" said someone in the first row

The auctioneer smiled "Two hundred. Not bad for a start"

"Three hundred" said the gentleman beside me

"Thank you Mr Ambassador. Three hundred for the portrait of Mother Teresa" "Three hundred fifty"

"Three hundred and fifty, once, twice

"Four hundred and fifty," said the gentleman beside me

"Wonderful" exclaimed the auctioneer "Four hundred and fifty once, twice and three times. It is yours Mr Ambassador"

"I'm honoured" smiled the tall blond man beside me

And I was glad. I was so happy that I pinched Kakul real hard once, twice, and three! I stopped pinching him only when

I heard the auctioneer say, "Well, since the young artist is in our midst, I would like to introduce you to him"

"No," whispered Kakul, "no, I don't want to go up on stage" And his pale, delicate face with the heavy glasses turned deep red

"Go," insisted my mother

"No, no, no," he protested, "I don't want to"

"Of course," persisted my mother, "you must. Nat will go with you"

"Sure, I'll come along"

Very reluctantly my cousin rose. Blushing and not raising his eyes off the ground, he pushed past the art lovers in our row and approached the ever smiling man at the auction table

"What's your name," he asked and shook his hand

"Kakul Natrijan," answered Kakul bashfully

"We're happy that your picture your gallant effort has raised so much money. Are you satisfied?"

My cousin Kakul's voice rang out very clear over the microphone. "Yes I am. I am very grateful. Thank you sir." Then he shook hands once again and the audience clapped and cheered. And when we went past the rows of people I heard some women say "What a sweet little chap. What a novel idea." And the sweet little chap next to me blushed even more and I knew he felt very uncomfortable

Much later that day when my mother and my aunt must have told and retold the story more than ten times. Kakul pushed up his glasses and looked at me very uncertainly. "Nat," he said "do you think the painting was worth that much money?"

"Of course," I nodded "it was worth that much"

And to make it sound a little more important I added with a lot of air, "And the motivation was worth much more."

Sigrun Srivastava



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Juneli at St. Avila's

THE STORY SO FAR

Juneli is quiet during the long drive back to boarding school. Her father's attempts at cheering her up are in vain. But once their parents have left, the girls cheer up as they exchange all the news.

The great excitement of the term is election-by-vote of a new head-girl. There isn't much to choose from, but Sheila Talwar's election seems hardly fair, when the others get to know of the Swiss chocolates she has been distributing to special friends. Mustachio - the Bengali teacher, well-known for his weird dress-sense - had been an object of mirth but proves to Class VIII that he has a nasty temper to match!

But that is not all. There is fat little Urashu Dastidar who is determined to hate St. Avila's and all its girls. Yet she's the one who not only boasts of being a good singer but goes on to prove it is so completely winning the approval of Baldum (the bald music teacher whose real name is Mr. Chauhan) as also the admiration of her classmates.

Miss Hathi, with proportions to match, is the new geography teacher, this term.

Juneli has been looking forward to reviving her Carefree Club for the newcomers, but two vacancies in the Girl Guide Company means she and Rita can join it. They do so and are lucky enough to attend a meeting addressed by Miss Wylie, a top-class Girl Guide from Canada, who has come to India for a year.

Along with exciting events like Guide meetings are the horrors of letting loose Class VIII in the Domestic Science kitchen. They do it again this term by using C oil instead of G-oil (Cool-lucur instead of Groundnut oil) to make

the 'SUJI HALWA'. The previous term it had been bleaching powder instead of corn-flour. The whole school gets to know of the mix-up, but when even Miss Wylie gets to know Juneli and Rita think it's the limit.

The Juniors decide to add their bit of defiance - and while they are gardening, the girls of Class VIII find them in Forbidden Territory - that is the orchard. Juneli decides to risk severe punishment to get them out. Her reward - a blackmark from the head-girl! As though that encounter with the head-girl isn't enough - Juneli manages to annoy Sheila Talwar and her friend Radha further when Miss Singh, the games teacher, asks for two reserves for the tennis team. The team is made up of Sheila, Radha, Esha, and Razia, and Sheila feels they don't need reserves. But she is snubbed by Miss Singh - who wonders whether she is aware of the rules. Surprisingly only Urashu and Juneli have volunteered, and Sheila is convinced that both don't know the ABC of the game. Neither are the two able to join for practice. So Sheila never gets to know how good or bad they are.

But there's a different kind of excitement for the Guides who are finalising plans for their supper-luke. Each Patrol has been given specific duties and for the supper the Pansy Patrol has to prepare rice. Juneli and Rita are entrusted the job of washing the rice. "You can't do much harm washing it," their Patrol leader Runa says. But at the tap, the two are shooed away by a IX Class girl, who proceeds to wash the rice vigorously.

Will Rita and Juneli be blamed for the broken grams? they wonder.

Now read on.

Chapter 12 : A Camp-fire to Remember

RUMA looked up as the gals arrived with the bucket of rice. "You have taken ages!" she said in a cross voice. "The dixy of water is boiling! If you take so much time to do a simple job like this I can't think what you'll do when we go camping!"

"Shall we drop the rice into the boiling water?" asked Arti, another gal from Standard IX.

"Yes, and be brisk about it!" said Ruma, looking at her watch. "Let it boil for at least fifteen minutes. Then pick up a few grams and see if it's soft. We'll have to strain it then."

The place was full of a delicious aroma of cooking. The Rose patrol were making the dal, the Lily patrol was in charge of the curry. "Smells lovely," said Jimeli, sorting twigs for the fire. "Come on, Rita, help me chop these. We'll need a lot for our fire if the rice is to boil for another fifteen minutes."

Rita peeped inside the dixy. "The rice seems to be sticking to the bottom," she said.

"Stir it a bit," said Ruma. "I'll just run over and see if Sister Sybil needs any help with the costumes. Shan't be ten minutes! Don't mess up things while I'm gone!"

Maya took the long wooden spoon from Rita and turned the rice. "It's not sticking to the bottom, but the water has gone. Very luck. I'd better stir it well."

"Don't churn it like butter!" cried Arti. "The grams were all broken even before we put it in the dixy. It will become absolutely pasty if we don't watch out!"

"Pour some cold water in," suggested Jimeli. "I've often seen our maid doing it."

"No thanks," said the seniors at once. "You two know nothing about cooking, and we're not going to listen to you!"

"Just think of the halwa and what you made of it!" added Arti. Rita and Jimeli

held their tongues.

Ruma came back in a few minutes. "Hi!" she said gaily. "Is the rice ready for straining as yet? I've two napkins here to hold the dixy."

No one said anything. The rice had become a pasty lump already with all the grams sticking together like jelly!

"Come on, show me a few grams and I'll see if it is ready for straining."

"Well, er, the rice seems to have gone some what er sticky," said Maya.

Ruma peeped inside and gave a groan of dismay. "Good heavens! It's ONE solid lump with nothing to strain! What were you gals busy with? Why on earth didn't you call me before?"

No one spoke. They couldn't very well point out that as their leader, it was Ruma's duty to stay by them and see to everything herself! The others had already finished their cooking and were going off to dress for the play.

"Rita! Jimeli! Aren't you coming?" called out Rosita.

"Please go ahead. We'll catch up later!" shouted Jimeli.

Ruma frowned. "What're we to do with this blessed rice?" she asked. "Just my luck to have a lot of duffers in my patrol and a bunch of new kids as well!"

"We'd better get it off the fire," said Jimeli, "or it will burn."

"Yes, yes! Put it on the ground. Perhaps it will harden into grams once it is cold!" said Ruma.

No one said anything. "It looks just like China-grass," whispered Rita to Jimeli.

"Shhh!" said Jimeli, looking around. "We'd better not say anything!"

Most of the others were already in their Red Indian costumes, looking bright and colourful. The girls of Pansy patrol quickly got into theirs. "How nice these beads and coloured feathers look!" said June.

"Yes. And it was a real good idea to decorate our skirts with strips of coloured paper," said Latha. "I'm sure we all look very Red Indian-ish!"

"Hurry up, everybody," said Janula peeping inside the tent. "The audience has started arriving. We must begin exactly at 6.30 p.m."

Mother Benedicta and the members of the staff sat down in the very first row. The boarders and the day-girls who had come for the show sat behind them. The usual march past was not held because practically everybody was dressed up. Miss Wylie, the guest of honour, was invited to light the camp-fire. Indira, a guide from Class X, gave a short talk on the Girl Guides movement. Then came "Hiawatha".

There were cries of appreciation from all sides as June and her friends came in dancing, dressed in gorgeous costumes and stood round the fire. They sang to the accompaniment of tambourines till Hiawatha and Minehaha walked in amidst them.

"It all looks rather nice," said Urvashi to Balbinder. They were sitting right at the back among the audience.

"Didn't you have Guides in your Villa Alpina?" asked Balbinder.

"No, we didn't," said Urvashi. "Our head thought it a sheer waste of time! I wonder if I should join Guides, after all."

"It isn't all play by any chance!" said Balbinder at once. "You've got to work jolly hard, too."

"Shhhhh!" said someone from the front. "No talking here!"

Urvashi and Balbinder sat quietly after that and watched the play with interest.

Everything went smoothly for a while.

Then, all of a sudden, Minehaha gave a piercing shriek and started jumping about. Hiawatha almost forgot her own lines and looked at her in astonishment. What on earth was wrong? Minehaha screamed again and ran right to the other end of the fire. The group of Red Indians started chattering amongst themselves, puzzled by Minehaha's strange behaviour. Jaya, who was playing the role of old Nokomis, walked up to Minehaha (though he was not supposed to appear in this scene at all!) and deftly threw away the fat caterpillar crawling on Minehaha's shoulder. Minehaha almost sobbed in relief, for she was really terrified of caterpillars! Nokomis held her firmly and brought her along to Hiawatha who stood looking non-plussed. Nokomis smartly nodded at them both and walked away. Minehaha took up her lines once again and the play proceeded without a hitch after that! In fact, a good many people didn't even realise that anything was wrong and took it to be a part of the play itself!

"I wonder why Alka screamed like that all of a sudden and ran away to the other end," said Shamila to Swati.

"Oh, I suppose they had to do some queer things because they are playing Red Indians!" said Swati placidly. And this was the general impression. The play was applauded enthusiastically by all. The group dance was encored, too. There was a short break after that, when Mother Benedicta and the other teachers went round the camp and the Guides washed their faces and got into their uniforms. This was followed by a sing-song. All the Guides sat round the fire and sang all their favourite Guide-songs. Everyone enjoyed this very much. Sister Sybil blew the whistle at 8.30 p.m. Sing-song was over and everyone stood up to go. Mother Benedicta thanked them and said they had all enjoyed the evening very much.

"And now for supper!" said Sister Sybil after the audience had departed. "Patrol lead-

rs, please get ready to serve The rest of you, queue up with your mugs and plates”

“I hope our rice won’t be criticized too much” said June! “It looked so awful”

But for once everyone was too hungry and too excited to find fault with anything – even the lumpy rice! Everything was voted “smashing” as they all sat round the fire, munching hungrily. Miss Wyke and Sister Sybil joined

them, too, and told them several interesting anecdotes. Jokes were exchanged and everyone felt that they never had enjoyed such a jovial supper before! Finally, the fire was put out and everyone sang taps.

“Now for our first night in a tent!” said June! in an excited voice. “Come on everybody!”

Swapna Dutta

TRIBUTE TO TEACHERS*

*Teachers, indebted to you are we
The youth of today and eternity
Whom you educate and rear
With such loving care*

*Discipline, honesty and respect
We learnt these traits from you
Forgiveness, independence and zest,
You gave us these too*

*We gained our knowledge from you,
Of obedience, self-control and dignity
We didn't have a clue
Until we came to you*

*With such patience and trust,
You shared long hours with us
You've been so sacrificing and kind
That we'll always remember you thus*

*The light of learning that you radiate,
Will eternally shine in the proud
Hearts of your grateful students*

*We today, thank you dear souls,
For all you've done for our sake
You've taught us too, to live
With the motto, 'Receive that you may give'*

Sonia Radhika Bhalotra

***September 5 is Teachers Day**

An American Wimbledon !

WIMBLEDON has gone the American way!

While John McEnroe the angry American, swept aside Bjorn Borg the suave Swede, 4-6, 7-6, 7-6, 6-1 to claim the coveted men's singles cup compatriot Chris Evert-Lloyd romped home to her third Wimbledon title crushing Hana Mandlikova, the French Open champion 6-2, 6-2.

John McEnroe and Peter Fleming (US) claimed the men's doubles beating Stan Smith and Bob Lutz also of USA 6-4, 6-4,

John McEnroe



6-4. The women's doubles was won by Pam Shriver and Martina Navratilova (USA), who defeated the title holders, Kathy Jordan and Anne Smith (USA) 6-3, 7-6.

While Matt Anger claimed the boys' title for America by brushing past Pat Cash of Australia 7-6, 7-5, Zina Garrison won the girls' title for the country beating Rene Uys (South Africa) 6-4, 3-6, 6-0.

Only in the mixed doubles final, the American brother-sister combination of John and Tracy Austin lost to Frew McMillan (South Africa) and Betty Stove (Netherlands) 6-4, 6-7, 3-6.

In the men's singles event, a Borg-McEnroe final was on the cards from the beginning. The question on everyone's mind was: will the super Swede make it to the sixth successive Wimbledon title or will McEnroe avenge his defeat in the 1980 final? McEnroe reached the final with comparative ease, facing no major challenge on the way. In the quarterfinal he beat the unseeded South African Johan Kriek 6-1, 7-5, 6-1. His semifinal opponent was another unseeded player, Rod Frawley of Australia, who bowed out 6-7, 4-6, 5-7.

Borg, on the other hand, faced a real challenge when he met No. 3 seed Jimmy Connors in the semifinals. Connors, at one stage led Borg two sets to one. But Borg rallied from 0-6, 4-6 to beat Connors 6-3, 6-0, 6-4, a great come back into the game. This was his 41st straight victory in Wimbledon matches.

On the day of the final — 4 July 1981 — McEnroe kept his temper under control and concentrated all his energy in beating his great rival in the tennis world, in a three-and-

a-half hour thriller. In the first set, games went with service till the fourth game when Borg won three points against McEnroe's service. Though the big-serving American came back to make it deuce, he lost the game. Then Borg had only to hold on to his serve to pocket the set 6-4.

The second set produced the very best in tennis from both the great players. Superb volleys, ground strokes and spins kept the spectators spellbound. There was nothing to choose between the performances of the two tennis kings. In the tiebreaker, however, the American won with surprising ease.

It may not be an exaggeration to say that Borg lost the match in the third set. Serving real hard, the Swede made it to 4-1, when many thought he was repeating 1980. But then came the dramatic change in the match. The left hander's tremendous power helped him level at 4-4 and then 6-6. He won the tiebreaker once again without much discomfort.

By the time they went into the fourth set, McEnroe was in sight of victory. Displaying superb wrist work, he proved that he was equally comfortable both at the baseline and at the net. He won the set 6-4 on Borg's serve.

"That was a victory for America, John McEnroe and Independence Day," said the new champion, who perhaps forgot for a moment that he was facing a \$10,000 fine for his bad behaviour on court. "I'm proud to be Wimbledon champion." Borg, in his characteristic way, said, "There is no way you can continue to win all the time. I'll keep coming back as long as I enjoy it."

In contrast, the 60-minute women's final was a tame, one-sided affair. Chris Evert-Lloyd, the 26-year-old American, won the title in her seventh appearance in the final, dropping just four games on the way. She had been champion in 1974 and 1976 and an unsuccessful finalist in 1978, 1979 and 1980.

Chris had better hopes this time as the defending champion Evonne Cawley was out



Chris Evert-Lloyd



Bjorn Borg

of the race nursing her new-born baby. She must have been a little concerned about meeting Tracy Austin. But Tracy met her match in the big-serving Pam Shriver, who overpowered her without difficulty. Pam Shriver was limping a bit when she went into the semifinals. Chris Lloyd, who noticed this, made her run about a lot and in the process won the match 6-3, 6-1. Hana Mandlikova, the French Open Champion, met Martina Navratilova in the semifinals. Martina, who depended a lot on her service, fell flat before the powerful volleys of Hana and was beaten 5-7, 6-4, 1-6.

Hana, however, did not show any sign of her class when she entered the famed centre court to face Chris Lloyd in the final. She double-faulted more than half-a-dozen times and virtually offered the crown to Chris on a platter. Chris's double-handed lobs and volleys just kept her gazing. "I can't remember when I last played so badly," said Hana. "Chris didn't beat me. I beat myself."

There were very few surprises in the 1981 Wimbledon final though the first-round elimination of Ivan Lendl, the French Open finalist, caused a few eyebrows to be raised. Three great Americans, Roscoe Tanner, the 1979 finalist, Brian Teacher, the Australian Open champion, and Brian Gottfried all fell in the second round.

India's Vijay Amritraj was one of the players who earned a lot of attention during the tournament. In the first round, he overcame Jan Kodes, the 1973 champion. Vijay's next opponent was the formidable Brian Teacher, the Australian Open champion and the sixth seed. The 27-year-old Madras player beat him in a five set thriller that will long be remembered as a piece of magnificent tennis. After this victory, Tim Wilkinson, the left-handed American, and Paul Kronk were just mice-meat to him. Vijay's quarterfinal match against No. 3 seed Jimmy Connors was another five setter. Vijay took the first two sets 6-2, 7-5.

But Connors was not to be cornered. He came back with more and more powerful serves and counter hits. He put everything in him in his forehand and backhand volleys and won the match with the score 6-2, 5-7, 6-4, 6-3, 6-3. "Vijay always is a dangerous guy, but he has a reputation of folding up under counter-attack," said Connors. Vijay Amritraj reached the quarterfinals in doubles with his brother Anand and in mixed doubles teaming with Virginia Wade of Britain. This was a record for an Indian player.

And did you know? Kathy Rinaldi, the 14-year-old daughter of a Florida dentist, became the youngest player ever to win a match at Wimbledon when she beat Sue Rollinson of South Africa 6-3, 2-6, 9-7.

G. Radhakrishna Pillai

Vijay Amritraj



THE photograph below is of the Young India Cricketers who left for England on July 25 on a 6 week tour with a message of peace, love, and friendship from millions of Indians—cricketers and cricket-lovers included! This visit reciprocates the English School-boys tour of India in 1978, when the Indian School-boys won the Test series 2-1 under the captaincy of Ved Raj.

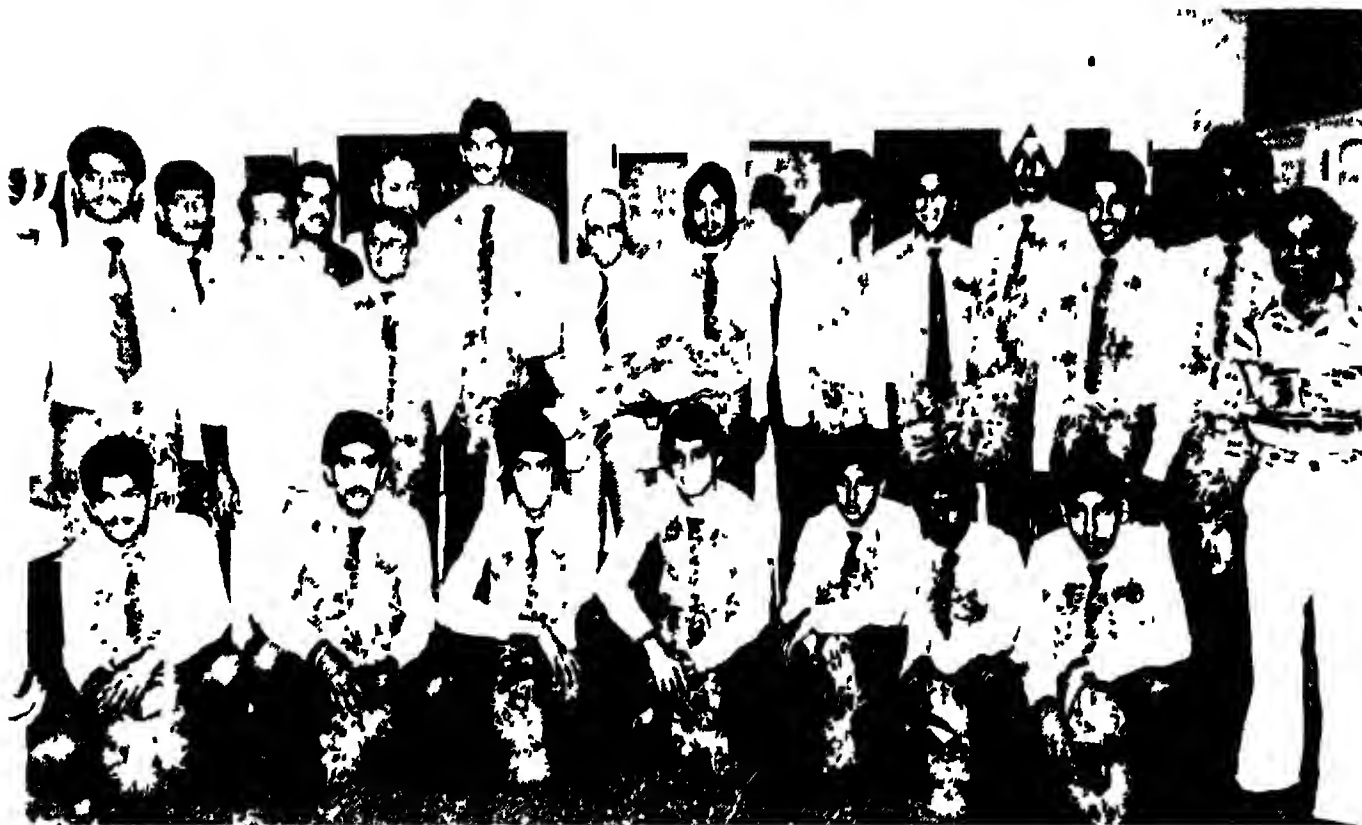
This time, our captain is the lanky all-rounder from Bombay, Ravi Shastri. Shastri has emerged as a promising cricketer of International standards. If you remember, he took 15 Test wickets in three matches against New Zealand this year. Also three wickets in one over in

his first Test match at Wellington. He is a crafty left arm spinner and flights the ball well while slipping in armers in between. Born on May 27, 1962, Shastri led India (under 19) to Sri Lanka early this year.

Another player from the city of Sunil Gavaskar (Bombay) is the quick, medium pace bowler and a useful batsman, Deepak Jadhav. He was born on October 23, 1962. He took 6 for 67 against South Zone in Cooch Behar Trophy this year and should perform well in England.

Four of the players in the team are from Delhi. They are Raju Sethi, Pawan Kumar, Maninder Singh, and Gursharan Singh. Sethi, the Vice-captain, is an ex-

Standing from left to right: B. Arun, Rajesh Dani, Naren Tamhane (former wicket-keeper), Baloo Gupte (spin-bowler), L.Y. Lele, Bapu Nadkarni (former Test player), Ravi Shastri (Captain), Vijay Merchant, Raju Sethi (Vice-captain), Manager Chandu Borde, Shashikant Khandekar, Navjot Sidhu, Deepak Jadhav, Pawan Kumar, and Ramnath Parkar (former Test player). Sitting from left to right: Prasad Pradhan, B.V. Murlidhar, Maninder Singh, S. Vishwanath, Carlton Saidanha, L. Shivarama Krishnan, and Gursharan Singh.



perienced opening batsman. Born on June 22, 1962, Sethi is a student of St. Stephens College, and has played against English School-boys in 1978, Pakistan (under 19) in 1979, and for Delhi in Ranji Trophy. A good leg spin bowler, he toured Sri Lanka with India (under 19) this year. Manindar, Pawan, and Gursharan are all products of the Bal Bharati Air Force School. Born on March 8, 1963, Gursharan is an exciting middle order batsman with all the strokes. He has hit centuries in the Cooch Behar and C K Navadni Trophy. Pawan is an effective medium pace bowler. He bowls excellent bouncers and his best is 7 for 37 this year in Cooch Behar Trophy. He was born on September 11, 1962. A 'Bedi' in the making is 16-year-old, Manindar. He is cast in the mould of his idol. He took 39 wickets in C K Navadni Trophy in 1980-81 and has played in Ranji Trophy even at this young age.

Eighteen-year-old Navjot Sidhu from Punjab is an enterprising opening batsman who has worked hard to improve his game. He is 6 ft tall and a pace bowler. Rajesh Dam is an all-rounder from Hooghly, Calcutta. He bowls medium pace and bats extremely well. He scored 171 runs against South Zone this year in the Cooch Behar Trophy. He toured Sri Lanka with India (under 19) this year.

A batsman of great promise from Uttar Pradesh is Shashikant Khandkar. Born on December 10, 1961, he has played in the Ranji and Duleep Trophy. He should be able to score runs in England by virtue of his experience. Maharashtra is represented by Prasad Pradhan, a wicket keeper of competence and dependable middle order batsman. This seventeen-year-old lad keeps

wicket well against pace and spin.

Tamil Nadu, a State which has produced sportsmen in every game, is represented by B Arun and L Shivaramakrishnan. Arun is a well built all-rounder. He bowls quick medium pace. He toured Sri Lanka with India (under 19) this year. Shivaramakrishnan is the baby of the team. Born on December 31, 1965, this 16-year-old wonder took sixteen wickets in two matches in the mangmal Vijay Merchant Trophy (under 19). He is a good middle order batsman and bowls leg spin. Isn't it amazing that this enigmatic lad bowls googlies at such a young age?

Carlton Saldanha, B V Muthidhar, and Sadanand Vishwanath come from the State of Karnataka. Saldanha won the J C Mukherjee award for the best (under 19) player this year. Do you know who Saldanha's idol is? Of course, the great opening batsman, Sunil Gavaskar! Muthidhar is an elegant opening batsman. Born on November 18, 1963, he scored 125 against Central Zone in the Cooch Behar Trophy this year. Vishwanath is a wicket-keeper of high class and has won praise from the Indian wicket-keeper Syed Khamam. Born on November 28, 1962, he took six catches in one innings in the Duleep Trophy at Kanpur in 1980. He toured Sri Lanka (under 19) this year, and has played in the Ranji Trophy also.

This year's team is thus a well-knit combination, selected from the best available talent in the country, with representation from each zone. The batting is in the dependable hands of Sethi, Gursharan, Navjot, Saldanha, Muthidhar, Khandkar, Dam, and Shastri. They are all competent batsmen with good technique. Pawan, Arun, Jadhav, and Dam are excellent medium pace

bowlers and can swing the ball well. The ball will be spun by Bedi-like Manindar, Chandrashekar — like Shivaramakrishnan, with Ravi Shastri to boost them with his left arm spinners. And our wicket-keeping is in the safe hands of Vishwanath and Pradhan. These youngsters have achieved this distinction through sheer hard work and dedication which took long years of practice in heat and rain. Hidden among them are the Gavaskars, the Vishwanaths and the Kapil Devs of tomorrow. And this tour to the Mecca of cricket will

shape their career.

They are under the care of a very considerate Manager, Chandu Borde, himself a veteran of 55 Tests. His assistant will be Y. Lele.

The team will play in England three Test matches and 11 other matches, including six one-day matches. The Tests will be of three-day duration. A resume of their exploits on the English soil will appear in the next issue. Meanwhile let us wish them all the best!

Vijay Lokapally

Cricket Career for Disabled Boy

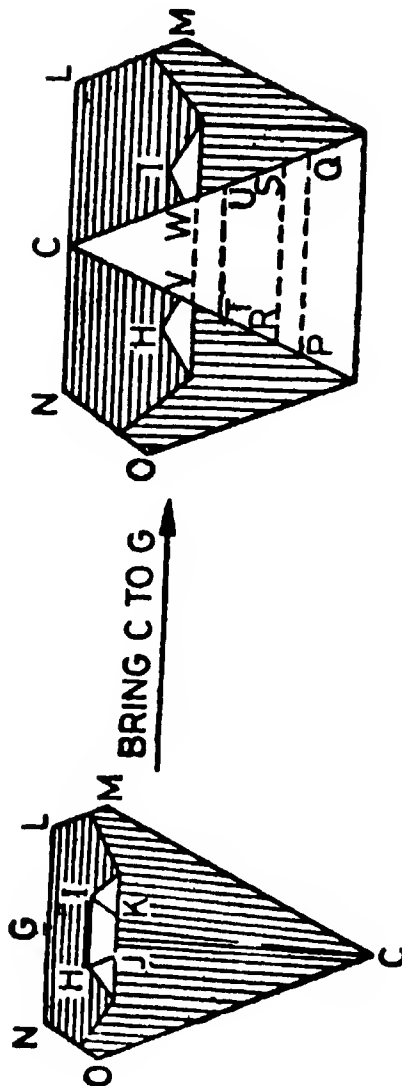
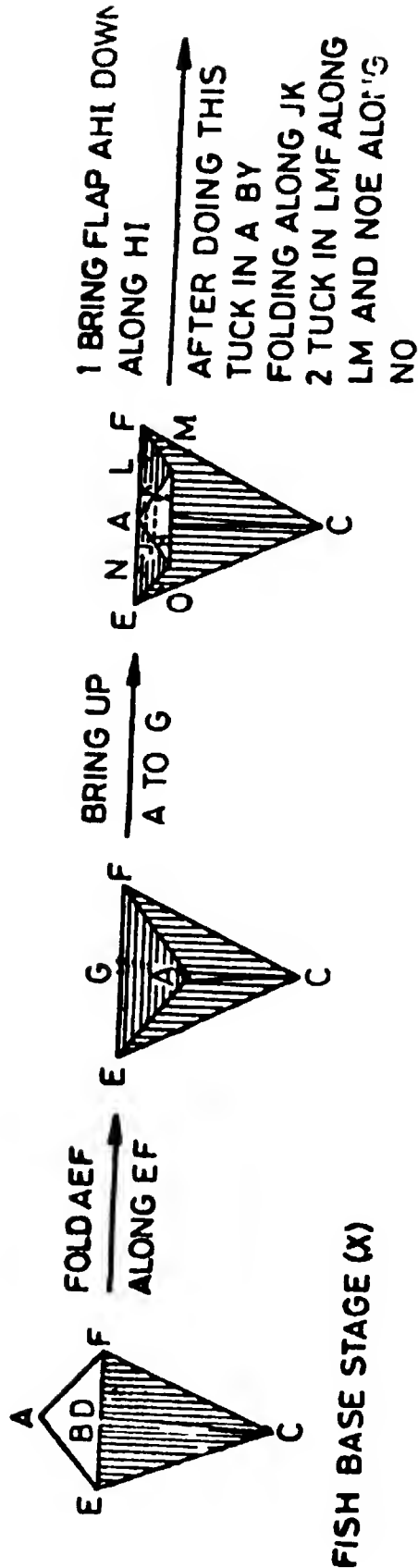
PAUL CRUMP, 16, who was born with only his right arm, has achieved the remarkable distinction of winning a cricket apprenticeship at Lord's, home of England's premier cricket club. Don Wilson (left), head coach of the Marylebone Cricket Club, with whom he is now training, describes his performance as "phenomenal".

Crump, who comes from Merthyr Tydfil in Wales, started playing cricket only in 1979, yet he scored two centuries and took 58 wickets for his local club last summer. He was selected for the MCC's Young Professional Cricket Scheme after passing a test earlier this year.

Don Wilson, a former Yorkshire and England bowler, says that Crump has overcome his handicap by determination and natural ability, and that he strikes the ball quite beautifully. He relies totally on his right arm, using no artificial aids.

(Courtesy : B/S)

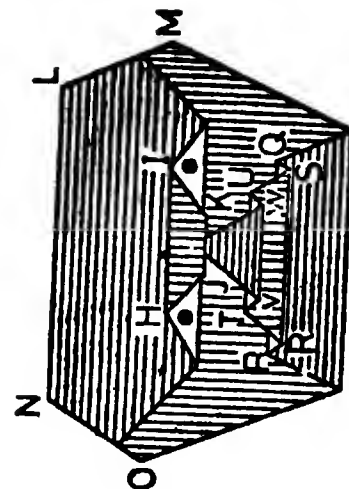




2. PUT EYES

Origami Through Geometry—10 : FACE

By S. Ranganathan
(This series concluded)





Stamps to Remember Policemen

THE Metropolitan police force of London has come a long way since the days of the top hat and swallow-tail coat. Not long ago it celebrated its 150th anniversary when the British Post Office issued a special set of stamps.

The first members of the force, which was later to become the 'Met', began patrolling the streets of London in 1829. This was shortly after Robert Peel's Act for improving the police in and near the metropolis had become

law. Today Britain is policed by 51 different forces, with a strength totaling 123,000 men and women.

The drawings on the four stamps portray members of the modern police force carrying out their day-to-day duties. A police constable on the beat is shown on the 10p stamp and another directing traffic, on the 11½p. The 13p features a policewoman on horseback, while a river patrol is seen in action on the 15p stamp.

(Courtesy: BIS)

Tikki-Tikki-Timbo....

THIS is the story of a little boy called Tikki-tikki-timbo-nosi-numbo-hoi-poi-puski-poi-pando - hikki - pan - pan-nikki-nomi-adam-poi. He lived in a part of China long ago. In those days, the Chinese people had a most peculiar custom. It went like this

'If you love your child and want the world to know it
Do not give your child a little name like Wong.

If you love your child, the proper way to show it is to give your child a name that's very long! ..

like for instance, Tikki-tikki-timbo-nosi-numbo-hoi-poi-puski - poi - pando-hikki-pan-pan-nikki-nomi-adam-poi

This little Tikki-tikki ei, you know who I mean, had a little brother whose name was Choi, a dear little boy but, obviously, not the favourite

Now, then mother said, one bright and sunny morning, "Do run out and bring some apples for me, but be careful when you climb the apple tree. Do not climb on the branch that hangs over the well for I fear that it is too thin, and you might fall in."

Out raced the two brothers into the sunlit yard. Little Choi, being smaller, soon got left behind, and by the time he got to the tree, huffing and panting, Tikki-tikki-timbo - nosi - numbo - hoi - poi-puski-poi-pando-hikki - pan - pan-nikki-nomi-adam-poi had already scrambled up, picking the apples as fast as he could and dropping them to the ground. Choi set down to work gathering them

in a little basket. Suddenly, there was a loud **C-r-r-a-c-k!** followed by a splash and, in the twinkling of an eye, the elder boy had fallen into the well.

Poor Choi, nearly frightened to death, scrambled home as fast as his short little legs could carry him. He burst in at the door so out of breath, he could hardly say, "Oh Mother, something terrible has happened! My brother Tikki-Tikki-timbo-nosi-numbo-hoi-poi - puski - poi - pando - hikki - pan-pan - nikki - nomi-adam - poi, has fallen into the well!"

"Oh dear!" wailed the mother. "Whatever shall we do? Go run and fetch the



gardener. Hurry, Choi! We must save our poor, sweet Tikki-tikki-timbo-nosi-nimbo-hoi-poi-puski-poi - pando - hikki pan-pan-nikki-nomi-adam-poi."

The gardener came running. The mother cried, "Oh gardener, do something quick to save my dear little Tikki-tikki-timbo-nosi-nimbo-hoi-poi-puski-poi-pando-hikki-pan-pan-nikki-nomi-adam-poi," who, by this time, had reached the bottom of the well.

So, the gardener got a ladder which

he lowered into the well. And there was a lot of shouting and screaming and, finally, up came Tikki-tikki-timbo-nosi-nimbo-hoi-poi-puski-poi-pando-hikki-pan-pan-nikki-nomi-adam-poi. He was wet, and cold, and very nearly drowned.

And from that day, the Chinese have taken to giving their children shorter names that need very little time to say, like Wong and Choi.

Ariba Ali Shah

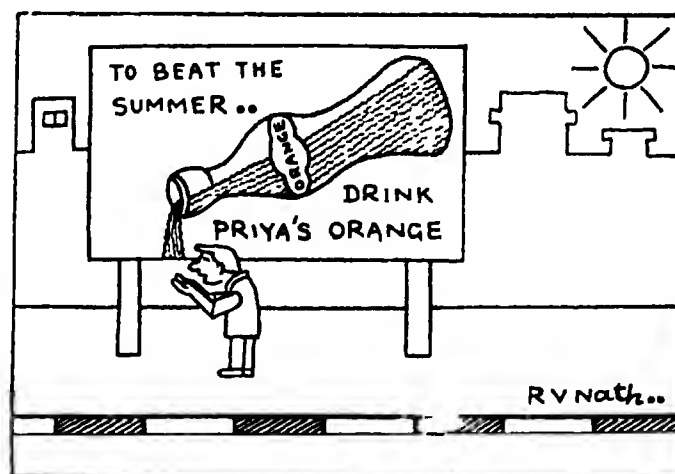
(Continued from page 33)

When Kapitza found that such behaviour of metals became more pronounced at temperatures below 0°C , he shifted his research to low temperature physics. In this new field he made a remarkable discovery. He found that when Helium in liquid form was cooled down to an extreme extent — about the maximum supercold temperature that can be reached — of -271°C (the theoretical limit is -273°C — it behaves in an unusual manner. The power of conducting heat of liquid Helium then becomes 800 times that of copper, which is the best conductor of heat at ordinary temperatures! His researches in this field have been put to beneficial uses in the Soviet steel industry and are likely to be of great value in transportation systems in the near future.

Besides, Kapitza has also investigated the mysterious natural phenomenon of ball lightning — the sudden appearance and disappearance of luminous balls during a thunderstorm. Equipment designed by him for converting gases into liquids is now being manu-

factured and used all over the world. At present he is carrying on research on controlled thermonuclear fusion, which has a great potential to solve our present energy crisis in the near future. Let us hope that Kapitza would succeed in bringing this new source of energy a step closer to mankind. *(This series concluded)*

Dilip M. Salvi



PEN-FRIENDS CORNER

INSTRUCTIONS

Those who wish to enrol themselves as members of the Children's World Pen-friends Club may do so by filling up the form on page 63. Cut out the form, paste it carefully on a piece of paper and mail it to us. As the form facilitates indexing and preservation of records, its use is a MUST.

All those who send in their particulars in the form will get priority in enrolment. Limit your hobbies and choice of countries from where you wish to have Pen-friends to TWO. Members may, if they so desire, correspond with those whose names appear in these columns. Whenever members write to their pen-friends, it will be advisable to mention their Member Number.

3086

Pawan K. Batra (boy, 16)
C/o Mr. M.L. Batra
P.O. Box No. 630
Dar-es-Salaam
Tanzania
Drawing, stamps
Kuwait, Argentina

3087

Ritika Pasricha (girl, 14)
C/o Col. S.K. Pasricha
Indian Military Academy
Delna Dm, U.P., India
Swimming, guitar
U.S.A., U.S.S.R.

3088

C.N. Md. Snaj (b, 13)
E-115, Anna Road, Block-19
Newch, 607803
Tamilnadu, India
Chess, cricket
Any country

3089

Bhakti Verma (g, 14)
C/o Consulate-General of
India
P.O. Box 871
Zanzibar, Tanzania
Stamps, coms, badminton
Sweden, Japan

3090

Shiv Verma (b, 12)
C/o Consulate-General of
India
P.O. Box 871
Zanzibar, Tanzania
Skating, reading
U.K., New Zealand

3091

Vandana M. Chokshi (g, 11)
No. 15, Hind Cross St.
Karpagam Gardens
Adyar, Madras 600020
Dance, music
U.S.A.

3092

Piyush Kumar (b, 14)
C/o Mr. Santosh Kumar
125, Kavastwara
Muzaffarnagar 251002
U.P., India
Coms, stamps
Any country

3093

Sari Jajunen (g, 16)
51760 Nuntilanmaki
Mikkeli, Finland
Swimming, dancing
India

3094

Sandeep Pasricha (b, 9)
C/o Col. S.K. Pasricha
Indian Military Academy
Delna Dm, U.P., India
Stamps, cycling
Any country

3095

Sara Haantola (g, 15)
Hemasmontie 158
00130 Helsinki 43
Finland
Correspondence
India

3096

V. Mahadevan (b, 15)
15/516 Thivand
Tiruvannam 695014
Cricket, comics
U.S.A., Australia

3097

Monika Muttreja (g, 13)
166, Double Storey
New Rajender Nagar
New Delhi 110060
Painting, mystery books
U.S.A., Japan

3098

Roshan Kuruvilla (b, 13)
Kuruvilakkunnil
Post Kuruvamuzhi
Erumeli 686509
Stamps, stickers
Any country

Marjo Gadd (g, 16)
 Koskenrannantie 3-5 AS 6
 04600 Mantsala
 Finland
 Correspondence
 India

3100
Jaikumar (b, 15)
 5, 67 BPT Quarters
 Reynolds Road
 Wadala, Bombay 400037
 Music, Painting
 Any Country

101
K Kousalya (g, 15)
 3 Sreenivasa Avenue Road
 Landavalli, Madras 600028
 Music, dance
 U K, Australia

3102
A Ravindra (b, 12)
 15, 4th Floor
 Anga Naving Society
 Naupada Thane 400602
 Maharashtra, India
 Cycling, painting
 Kenya, Singapore

3103
Ulla Aittoniemi (g, 16)
 Keltakankaantie 21
 SF - 46860 Anjalankoski
 Finland
 Music, dancing
 India

3104
Manjinder Pal Singh (b, 13)
 SMQ, Q No A2
 New Airport,
 Air Force Station
 Srinagar, J&K, India

3105
Geeta Bhatia (g, 14)
 Shyam Nivas
 Model Town
 Ghaziabad, India
 Badminton, reading
 U S A, Finland

3106
G Sreenivas (b, 13)
 House No 5-7-67/T
 Manvam Chekha
 Nalgonda, India
 Stamps
 Japan, U K

3107
Zareena Kola (g, 11)
 C/o Mr Kola Abdulla
 69 Sultan Street
 Bhatkal 581320, India
 Viewcards, Reading
 U K, Japan

3108
Gurdeep Sabharwal (b, 15)
 1, Sunder Nagar
 New Delhi 110003
 Swimming, comics
 Any country

3109
Sameera Dalvi (g, 14)
 M-9, Green Park Main
 New Delhi 110016
 Postcards astrology
 Spain, Bulgaria

3110
Sudhir Goyal (b, 16)
 42, Golimar Garden
 Bhiawani Singh Road
 Jaipur, India
 Stamps, viewcards
 Any country

**CHILDREN'S WORLD PEN-FRIENDS CLUB
 ENROLMENT FORM**

Member No

Issue dated

Name Master/Miss

Age years*

(IN BLOCK LETTERS)

Address

Hobbies

Pen-friend wanted in (Country)

*Age limit 16 years

Signature

JADUGAR JIM

CARTOONIST
Sudhir Tailang



SHANKAR'S INTERNATIONAL CHILDREN'S COMPETITION 1982

Dear Children,

This Competition is open to all of you, wherever you are, provided you are below 16, that is born on or after January 1, 1966.

You can paint, draw or write on: An event you have witnessed, or any activity, sport, or hobby you are interested in, or how to make your neighbourhood a better place (*The United Nations want to make ours a cleaner and healthier world to live in. For this they have an Environment Programme and would like to know what ideas children have for improving their neighbourhood. For example, a cleaner place, with less disease, more parks, trees, fresh air and so on*).

Now for other details of the Competition

There is no entry fee. With each entry should be a certificate from your parent, guardian or teacher that it is your original and unaided work done in 1981.

Every entry should be an individual and not a joint effort.

All entries should carry: Your full name, boy or girl, date of birth, nationality, full address, subject/title of entry.

These particulars, in that order, should be written in English, in block letters, at the back of every painting or drawing or at the end of every written entry.

The organisers will not be able to accept any entry without these particulars.

Entries from one or more of you can be sent together. Entries will not be returned.

For Paintings and Drawings

Use any medium, except black lead pencil. No painting or drawing should be less than 30 cm x 40 cm (12" x 16") in size. You can submit up to six entries each. But please do not mount or frame them.

For Entries in Writing

Only entries originally written in English will be considered. Every entry should carry a certificate to this effect from your parent, guardian, or teacher. Please note that translations do not qualify for the Competition.

You may submit up to six entries each. Entries may be in the form of short stories,

essays, poems, plays, descriptive writing, and the like.

The last date for receipt of entries is December 31, 1981. Those of you who live far away from Delhi should send your entries well in advance, especially if you are sending them by sea mail.

Send your entries to me at the following address: The Secretary, Shankar's International Children's Competition, Nehru House, 4 Bahadur Shah Zafar Marg, New Delhi 110002.

Prizes.

The entries will be judged, for the award of prizes, by the organisers with the help of a panel of judges.

For the best painting or drawing The President of India's Gold Medal;

For the best entry in writing The Children's Book Trust Gold Medal;

Also to be awarded are 24 Jawaharlal Nehru Memorial Gold Medals, about 400 Prizes and 400 Silver Medals;

In addition, Certificates of Merit will be given to deserving entries.

No competitor will get more than two prizes.

All rights in paintings, drawings, and written work entered for the Competition shall vest in Shankar's International Children's Competition.

The best of them will be published in a prestigious annual compendium called *Shankar's Children's Art Number*, of which the 33rd Volume is due to be brought out in December 1982. Selected entries will also appear in *Children's World*.

All competitors are entitled to a copy of the Art Number at half price. You can reserve a copy by writing to me. You do not have to buy a copy of the Art Number in order to enter the Competition.

Well, children, you have all the answers now. Go ahead and good luck! With love,

Yours truly

Yamuna Shankar

(Yamuna Shankar)
Secretary, SICC

RECESS IS TIME TO HAVE FUN,
NOT A TUMMY ACHES.

RAM AND SHYAM IN

SILVER STRIPE

TUMMY ACHES?
WHAT DID YOU
EAT?

POPPINS!

NOT POSSIBLE!
SHOW US THE WRAPPER

RED, YELLOW,
ORANGE

GREEN, WHITE...

SILVER?
WHAT
SILVER?

NO WONDER YOU GOT FOOLED!
REAL POPPINS NOW COME IN A
SHINY PACK WITH
SILVER AND COLOUR STRIPES.

NEXT TIME, MAKE SURE
YOU DON'T GET
AN IMITATION

AND A
BELLYACHE!

BEFORE YOU
POP 'EM IN...

MAKE SURE
THE POPPINS ARE
GENUINE

WATCH FOR THE SILVER
STRIPES ON THE
COLOURFUL ROLLPACK.



PARLE POPPINS. WATCH FOR THE SILVER STRIPES BEFORE YOU POP 'EM IN.
NOW THE IMITATORS CAN'T FOOL YOU.

